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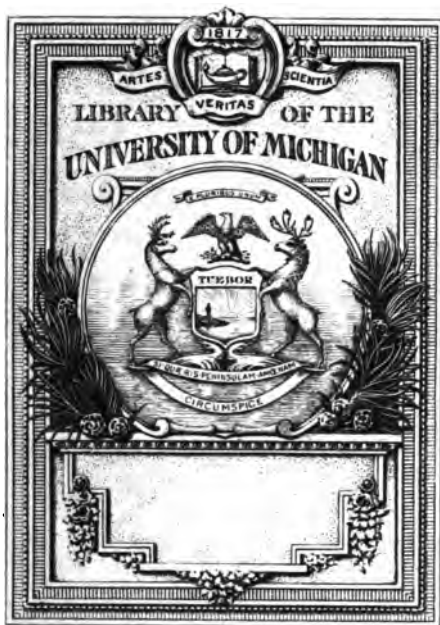
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The Old Cottages Sheep Street

J. Edward Gkins.



THE
S P I R I T
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS
FOR
1797.
BEING
AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION
OF THE MOST EXQUISITE
ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS,
PRINCIPALLY PROSE,
THAT APPEAR IN THE
NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES
OF
MANY OF THE PERSONS ALLUDED TO.

VOL. I.
THE THIRD EDITION.

To be continued Annually.

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OF THE

EDITOR.

THE idea of this compilation was suggested by the great value that has frequently been set upon collections of scraps cut out of newspapers—the title, by that of a French book*, of a nature somewhat similar.

In making the selection, recourse has seldom been had to publications of earlier date than the year 1793; a period when the collision of political parties, and the momentous incidents of the war, and of the French revolution, began to elicit stronger flashes of wit and satire, from the mind of genius, than had been produced for a long time before.

By far the greater part of the *Essays and Jests d'Esprit* thus rescued from oblivion, are of an

* *L'Esprit des Journaux.*

antiministerial tendency; but this is not the consequence of any partiality. It was equally the wish and interest of the Editor to gratify all parties; and that he might do so, he waded through a great number of files of ministerial papers, till he was wofully convinced of the truth of Mr. Burke's observation, that "the balance of intellect is entirely on the side of the *Jacobins*." The wit and humour of the adverse faction, as far at least as he could judge from the evidence of the Public Journals, may be compared to "*two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search* *."

The just application of the foregoing words will indeed be manifest to the reader himself, when he sees the inferiority of the few ministerial articles that have been introduced, one or two excepted. They are, however, the best, as has already been intimated, that could be obtained, after long and laborious researches. The opportunity that better leisure may afford, of extending those researches in future years, may probably diminish a disproportion, of

* Shakespeare.

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It is intended that a similar volume shall appear at the commencement of every year. As there will be more time for its production, the plan will receive every improvement of which it is susceptible; the Notes and Anecdotes will be more copious; and the selection will be made with still greater care.

THE EDITOR.

N. B. In ascribing the articles to the various publications whence they have been taken, the Editor is aware, that several errors may have been made. In some cases he was forced to depend upon memory. In others, he has probably mistaken borrowed articles for originals.

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THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS.

EPIGRAMMATA BACCHANALIA.

Being Epigrams on the Subject of Messrs. PITT and DUNDAS going DRUNK to the House of Commons, on the Day when his Majesty's Message was to be delivered relative to an immediate WAR with FRANCE.

EPIGRAM I.

THAT *Ca Ira* in England will prevail,
All sober men deny with heart and hand;
To talk of *going's* sure a pretty tale,
When e'en our rulers can't so much as *stand*,

II.

D. TO P.

SINCE now John Bull we've led into a dance,
And each man joins *cross-partnership* with France,
Shall we presume the joyful scene to aid?
For who like us these generous joys should feel?
You, gentle youth, shall tip them a *cascade*,
While I contribute by a Scottish *reel*.

III.

THE *swinish multitude* see Burke disclaim,
 And Pitt rejoin, "Thy sentiments are mine."
 Say, shall the mob presume his creed to blame?
 When e'en our rulers *got* as drunk as—*swine*.

IV.

IN what old ways we taste *misfortune's* *cup*!—
 While France throws *down* the gauntlet, Pitt throws *up*.

V.

P. loquitur.—ST. STEPHEN'S.

"THE foul misdeeds to state" of humbled France,
 Would ask the tongue of Roman or of Greek;
 But while this solemn truth I griev'd advance,
 I'm so o'ercome, Sir, that I cannot *speak*.

VI.

P. loquitur.

SINCE now but naval war there's nothing for 't—
 God send us all *laid snugly up*—in *Port*.

D. respondet.

I hate French principles, French taste, French mirth,
 Almost as much as festivals at Perth;
 But this indeed I'll say, if say I dare it,
 God sink French land, and fill the chasm with *claret*.

VIII.

THE multitude at best are only swine,
 The mildest Judge will this admit, at least—
 But does it therefore follow, casuist fine,
 A Statesman may not be in *drink*—a *beast*?

IX.

Solace to Senators who may happen to be overtaken in their Cups.
 YOUR gentle brains with full libations drench—
 You've *then* Pitt's title to the Treasury Bench.

X.

Loquuntur ambo.

IN *Bedlam's* prison all the *mad* we throw,
 Who near *St. James's* come, or *Kew-gate*:
 'T is ours the safe *infanity* to know,
 To get as nobly drunk as *New-gate*.

XI.

Colloquy between ditto on the Stairs, from Bellamy's.

SAYS Pitt to Dundas,
 "May I ne'er taste a glass,
 But I'll give that d—n'd Fox a good wiper."
 Then to him, quoth Dundas,
 "May I ne'er kiss a lass,
 If you are not as drunk as a piper."

XII.

THE French are wild, irregular, insane,
 Yet still, says Pitt, strict justice we'll retain;
 Still some regard to fair-play should be had,
 The *drunk* alone should combat with the *mad*.

XIII.

THE multitude are swine, with truth we say,
 Though to their King and Church they meekly bow;
 Resolve me then, what animals are they,
 Whole attributes are those of—*David's* sow?

XIV.

OF war's expense Pitt dreads the dire amounts,
 And wise began with—*casting up accounts*.

XV.

YOUR foe in war to over-rate,
 A maxim is of ancient date;
 Then sure 't was right, in time of trouble,
 That our good rulers should—*see double*.

XVI.

WHEN war's declar'd, Pitt holds his tongue,
 For which, on him, his foes turn short round ;
 This in their teeth he might have flung—
 That *that*, like other craft, was—PORT-bound.

XVII.

FIRM as a *rock* is England's land,
 Ye French we scorn, and mock ye ;
 Not only on a *rock* we stand,
 Our rulers too are—*rocky*.

XVIII.

WHEN England's jovial rulers fight with France,
 Hurtleless on both should fall the blunted lance ;
 Sure from *that* war no danger should be dreaded,
 Where the *light-beel'd* contend with the *light-beaded*.

XIX.

P. and D. loquuntur.

BRITANNIA's sons complain, and say
 These horrid wars will gripe her ;
 Remember, Sirs, though *you* may pay,
 In drink, *we* beat the *piper*.

XX.

THE *Spartan* rulers drench'd their slaves in wine,
 From beastly vice their peop'le to refine :
 Not so the moralists of modern time,
 The *Anti-Spartans* of Britannia's clime ;
 They make the people *free*, and then they think
 'Tis only fair to drench *themselves* in drink.

XXI.

"THE mob are beasts !" exclaims the *Knight of Daggers*.
 What creature's he, that's troubled with the *staggers*?

XXII.

OUR leaders are like British oak,
 And so away with dastard croaking !
 A truer word was never spoke,
 For they get stouter, Sirs, by—*soaking*.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Encouragement to Englishmen to stand to their Posts in Battle.

BY flight, my friends, you ne'er will save your bacon,
Since e'en our very guides are—*overtaken*.

XXIV.

HAPPY the land, whose guides and it
Are join'd in interest's tether ;
We sure enjoy that benefit,
Who go to *pot* together.

XXV.

On the judicious Rejection of the Nottingham Petition.

THE mob complain—our rulers drink and storm,
And cry, who doubts it ?—that they hate—*reform*.

XXVI.

WHAT equal cares the various minds o'erwhelm
Of those that save, and those that guide the realm !
In different ways they equal offerings yield,
And neither, sure, are done against the gristle ;
The soldier with his blood shall *wet* the field,
While loyal Ministers shall—*wet their whiffle*.

XXVII.

YOUR politician deems it wise
To put on this or that *disguise*,
Than Proteus changing quicker ;
And hence, perhaps, Dundas and Pitt
Suppose themselves for bus'ness fit,
E'en when *disguis'd* in liquor.

XXVIII.

IN vino veritas, they say,
Yet lying is so much the custom
Of certain folk, the safest way
Is, drunk or sober, not to trust 'em.

XXIX.

WHEN Pitt announce'd the war which now
Affords us all such pleasure,
Although as drunk as David's sow,
He scarce could speak, we must allow
The speech became the measure.

XXX.

THE salt'ring tongue which, t' other day,
Prov'd Billy's dire disaster,
Was so accustom'd to *betray*,
That it *betray'd* its master.

XXXI.

"FILL a bumper," cries Pitt to his colleague Dundas,
"Since it all one a hundred years hence is;
And a drunkard may sure for a Solomon pass,
When a nation is out of its senses."

XXXII.

WHEN Billy found he scarce could stand,
"Help! help!" he cried, and stretch'd his hand,
To faithful Harry calling;
Quoth Hal, "My friend, I'm sorry for 't;
'T is not my practice to support
A Minister that 's falling."

XXXIII.

P. loquitur.

WHO real drinking rage inherits,
When out of wine will fly to spirits;
Now the direct reverse was mine,
I, out of spirits, flew to wine.

XXXIV.

PITT, that his words and actions still
May suitably accord,
When seeking Democrats to kill,
Gets drunk as any Lord.

XXXV.

XXXV.

IF the national bark in this war should be sunk,
It will be a fair answer—the pilot was drunk.

XXXVI.

SAYS Harry to Billy,
“ I look very silly,
And think of my budgets with sorrow;
From the Company's trade
I promis'd you aid,
But, alas! for to lend, they must borrow!”
Says Pitt to Dundas,
“ I too look like an ass,
And folks at my surpluses laugh;
The wondrous supplies,
Which I swore would suffice
For the war, will not do by one half.”
Says Harry to Pitt,
“ The cause I have hit
That has brought us both into this trouble;
When we stated th' amounts
Of our diff'rent accounts,
By G-d we were drunk, and *saw double*.”

XXXVII.

D.—“ How bravely our tried friends all stand their
ground!”
“ Do they?” says Pitt; “ I think they all *turn round*.”

XXXVIII.

Accedit fervor capiti numerusque lucernis.

P.—“ I can't discern the Speaker, Hal; can you?”
D.—“ Not see the Speaker! damn me, I see *two*.”

XXXIX.

The Apology by Ministers.

THE French are mad—then we've a just excuse
To drown our senses in the madd'ning juice;
By this we put the nations on a par,
For none but Drunkards make with Madmen war.

EPIGRAMMATA BAGGHANALIA.

XL.

P. loquitur.

I HAVE no spirits for this curs'd affair,
I can't encounter Charles's critic stare.

D. respondet.

Pooh! ample reasons war itself affords,
Contracts for Commoners, and jobs for Lords;
Let wine then chase the lily from your cheek,
And say your *spirits* are too full to *speak*.

XLI.

WHAT hope in a war with these French can be put,
When our leaders e'en now are so dreadfully *cut*?

XLII.

WHILE coiner base
From George's face
Each rough-edg'd beauty strips;
Pitt, who'd ne'er harm
One Royal charm,
His *English* only *clips*.

XLIII.

HAL drinks claret—Pitt sticks to solid Port,
And both potations take nor slow nor short;
But sure this difference can't be deem'd a sin,
When both are bent to dash—*through thick and thin*.

XLIV.

FOR mothers and for wives we moan,
By tender partings scar'd:
Why Pitt and Hal were fairly *gone*,
When war was first declar'd.

XLV.

Comfort to Mr. Pitt, on his being abused by the Faction for getting drunk.

THE party foam in angry tone,
'Cause Pitt, forsooth, was dumb;
Much by a man is *under-gone*,
Where he is *over-come*.

XLVI.

XLVI.

Dundas loquitur.

SINCE ten is now the full amount
To which we've brought the faction down,
We have no noses now to count,
Let us well *fuddle* then our *own*.

XLVII.

*Mr. Dundas's Apology on mistaking the Patch on Mr. Sergeants
Watson's Wig for a devil'd Biscuit, thereby pulling it off.*

I BEG your pardon, Sir; indeed I fear
I've got for once the *wrong* sow by the ear.

XLVIII.

Defence of Messrs. Pitt and Dundas, by Lord Mountmorres,

ALL the perversions wit can put,
I value not a feather,
Since they but fat down, *foot to foot*,
To lay their *heads* together.

XLIX.

"IF *you* touch pot, *we* touch penny,"
Is a good saying, sure, as any;
But then a man's a little loath
To see our Ministers touch—*both*.

L.

D. loquitur coming into the House.

SAYS Hal, "I declare I'm a son of a whore,
If this body of mine can perceive where it goes;
Never mind, my friend Billy, as you go before,
I have nothing to do but to follow my *nose*."

LI.

TO Pitt says a Being * that looks over Lincoln,
"I'll give you a hint, my good patron, to think on;

* We cannot here clearly make out whether the author means to allude to the devil, or the worthy Bishop of the Diocese—the latter, indeed, Dr. Prettyman, is more particularly known as his friend.

No Persian of old, till he fuddled his nose,
 Any measure in senate was wont to propose."
 Pitt lays up this history snug in his noddle,
 And makes it, next meeting, his practical model.

LII.

SAYS Pitt, as on the bench he sunk,
 With Harry reeling a'ter,
 " 'T could not be wine, Hal, that we drunk,
 For I am weak as—*water*."

LIII.

AT great surplusses, who like Pitt so knowing?
 He surely knows the art of *over-flowing*.

LIV.

FITT and Dundas the coals of war have blown,
 Th' insidious sons of faction dare to tell us;
 But ev'ry way to good inclin'd they're shewn—
 They fairly kick'd—*Old Rafe, and burnt the bellows*.

LV.

On the new Echo that was discovered in the Gallery of the House of Commons, the Day his Majesty's Message was delivered.

Pitt *loquitor*.

" FOR England's glory, Sir, I firm will stick up—"
 To which the stranger Echo answer'd—*ic-cup*.

LVI.

THERE are *drops* of all sorts—some bad and some good;
 A *drop* for your crimes, and a *drop* of your blood:
 " Now, damn me," says Hal, " and I'm sure I don't lie,
 If I like any *drop*—but a *drop* in my eye."

LVII.

WINE gives the slave his liberty, they say;
 Thence we may boast *two* freemen in the realm:
 If this be doubted, look about I pray—
 You'll find them *reeling* somewhere near the *Beftin*.

LVIII.

WHEN Billy twinkling could not see
 Either to th' left or on right;
 'T was the first time, we all agree,
 When he stood in his own light.

LIX.

WHEN Pitt in cascade
 Calls to Henry for aid,
 For Harry was somewhat the stouter;
 "Now, damn me," quoth Hal,
 "If I wonder at all
 You were always, my lad, a good—*stouter*."

LX.

P. loquitur:

FOR supineness I'd borne the reproach of the town;
 So I took off a bumper to quicken my zeal;
 Since the first-rate authorities all lay it down,
 That a *spur in the head is worth two in the heel*.

LXI.

On the Proclamation for a Fast to take place—a Month hence.

GOOD cheer they found would never do
 In peace to keep us lasting;
 So now they'll try—at distance though,
 What may be done by—*fasting*.

LXII.

NEXT month, some time, we're all to fast and pray,
 A job well-suited to an April day.
 This text to preach from, *Pretymann*, he shins,
 "The devils were driv'n into a herd of swine."

LXIII.

THE devils were driv'n into the sea like swine;
 Poor devils! they could not, like Pitt and Hal, get foun'd in
 wine.

LXIV.

PITT to the House a bill brings down,
 And gives it what support he's able;
 For while through form it lies upon,
 He lies himself beneath the table.

LXV.

"WHO'S up?" inquir'd Burke of a friend at the door—
 "Oh, no one," says Paddy, "*though Pitt's on the floor.*"

LXVI.

"FROM the fair borders of the Rhine,
 Now by the blood of Frenchmen fed,
 Came," says Report, "the generous wine
 That sent our rulers drunk to bed.
 When to the House they reeling came,
 Of whom could it escape the notice?
 Though war for conquest they disclaim,
 Most plainly *Hoc erat in votis.*"

LXVII.

P.—"Europe's true *balance* must not be o'erthrown."
 D.—"Damn Europe's balance—try to *keep your own.*"

LXVIII.

P.—"We fairly are in *for't*—our places are lost."
 D.—"You ne'er were so fix'd, for you're drunk as a *post.*"

LXIX.

A WAR of principles—a war of blood—
 On some stale argument of public good.
 "No, none of these," says Pitt, "are mine;
 My war's original—a *war of wine.*"

LXX.

FRIEND Horace, I doubt,
 You were cursedly out,
 With your *Quem non fecere disertum?*
 When the wine is got in
 To the Ministers' skin,
 Their talents for speaking desert 'em.

LXXI.

LXXI.

TO urge us to battle and slaughter,
 What opposite causes combine!
 Mynheer is embolden'd by *water*,
 And Billy deluded by *wine*.

LXXII.

“ I ’m sick,” quoth Pitt; “ Oh, Lord! what shall I do?” }
 “ Take comfort, man; this war if you pursue, }
 “ I ’m damn’d if we sha’ n’t all be sick as you.” }

LXXIII.

*On sending to Holland between one and two thousand Men as our
 full Subsidy of 12,000 Troops: said Troops going drunk.*

OUR treaty ’s fulfill’d—how the Dutch we shall cozen!
 Each man on the march takes the room of a dozen.

LXXIV.

On sending our Troops to fight in the Ditches of Holland.

THE secret ’s out, and here ’s the simple matter—
 A war begun in *wine*, will end in *water*.

LXXV.

A VICAR and Clerk once, to keep out the weather,
 When they went to a burial, got muzzy together:
 Our Ministers thus, after soaking their brains,
 Make a fun’ral oration—o’er Freedom’s *remains*.

LXXVI.

IF *crooked* be our British *ways* of late,
 Why wonder Premier Billy can ’t *walk straight*?

LXXVII.

Another Answer by Echo.

D. loquitur.

COLOSSUS-like o’er Gallia’s land we ’ll straddle—
 The tripping Echo partly answer’d—*adulle*.

LXXVIII.

LXXVIII.

On the Bills respecting Cyder and Perry being passed in the House of Commons, immediately after Mr. PITT's ineffectual Attempt to speak.

WHEN Pitt, as a fith, in the Commons was dumb,
'T was surely the moment to legalize—*num.*

LXXIX.

Pitt loquitur—penitential and crop-sick, feeling his Budget.

“AFTER Christmas comes a Lent,”
(He pious said, in sickly tone ;)

“With equal truth I do lament,
That after Lent there comes a—*tax.*”

LXXX.

Parody—Eulogy on Mr. Pitt.

SYDNEY's cousin, Chatham's brother,
Britain, ere thou shew another,
Virtuous, chaste, and drunk as he,
Ocean himself shall swallow thee !

LXXXI.

WHEN this frail life to man was given,
Charg'd with misfortune's bitter load,
Women and wine were sent from heaven
To help him o'er the rugged road ;
But fare our Billy well may grumble,
Fate views him with unequal eyes,
For Bacchus always makes him tumble,
And Venus never makes him rise.

LXXXII.

On the Appearance in the Gazette of a Proclamation for a General Fast, on account of our Sins and Wickedness, a few Days after Messrs. Pitt and Dundas came drunk to the House of Commons.

ONE Royal proclamation pass'd
Because the swinish herd got thinking ;
Another tells them they must fast,
Because the swineherds took to drinking.

LXXXIII.

LXXXIII.

OUR day is come! our die is cast!
 Ah! weep for Britain's hopeless lot,
 While we, poor swine! are left to fast,
 Our drivers all are gone to pot.

LXXXIV.

*Addressed to the People of England by Messrs. PITT and
 DUNDAS.*

IF noble blood 'mong swine may lurk,
 As masters you must needs endure us;
 You're but the frogs of Edmund Burke,
 But we, the frogs of Epicurus.

LXXXV.

Messrs. Pitt and Dundas to the Bench of Bishops.
 MY Right Rev'rends, you'll fast, if you please,
 But by G— we will drink while we're able;
 Your devotion looks well on your knees,
 And ours while we're under the table.

LXXXVI.

“A TIME for all things,” the bale turncoats say;
 “Existing circumstances” guide the way.
 Thus tyrants war, to please degenerate Whigs,
 And Ministers get drunk—to please the pigs.

LXXXVII.

E'EN by their own success 't is fam'd
 The mighty oft' are lower'd;
 Thus Ministers on power declaim'd,
 Till fairly over-power'd.

LXXXVIII.

WINDHAM, with metaphysic art,
 Describes the politician's part,
 And aids him most who merits least.
 Indulgent Windham! on this plan
 You surely must support the man
 Who makes himself a beast.

LXXXIX.

THOUGH drunk as fish our rulers be,
The thing sure little matters ;
Only it forces you and me
To fish in troubled waters.

XC.

PARODY.

JOLLY *statesmen*, fill your glasses,
Noble deeds are done by wine—
Edmund's creed is now Dundas's,
That the mob are only swine.
Pitt and Harry, loving drinking,
Toast about at Council-board:
They can steer the realm with *thinking*,
When they cannot *speak* a word.

XCI.

IN happy time the *squad* went o'er,
And seas'nably their love was shewn—
Our leaders in their arms they bore,
Just—when they *could not stand alone*.

XCII.

FIFTEEN or ten
Seditious men
Gave Pitt prodigious trouble:
And yet they cry,
He looks awry,
To see their numbers double.

XCIII.

On Pitt's relieving the distressed Inn-keepers, by building Bar-
racks.

'TWEEN those that *buy* and those that *sell*,
Pitt knows the sympathy full well ;
The owners then of pot and tank-ard,
Sure *they* should favour who have *drank hard*

XCIV.

XCIV.

THOUGH Europe shakes beneath tremendous war,
 Yet *well-drench'd* Harry shall their fears dismiss;
 He comes like either Pleiad's humid star,
 To quench the conflagration in a peace.

We must appeal here to the well-known *Doric* simplicity of Mr. Dundas's pronunciation, to set right any supposed errors in the rhyme.

XCV.

THAT George is high in power is justly stated,
 His very servants too are *elevated*:

XCVI.

O FRANCE! that *thy* blind leaders could discover
 The arts to which *our* pilots have retort;
 Who guide the helm of Britain *half-seas over*,
 Yet *double-fighted* keep an eye on Port.

XCVII.

WHEN Fortune they invoc'd, the Greeks
 Of wine oft made libations;
 While our more frugal Premier seeks
 To win her by potations.

XCVIII.

THAT Pitt does ill, to say were wrong;
 What, Pitt! the great law-giver!
 Beside, 't were strange—a *don-vivant*
 Should be, Sirs, a *bad liver*.

XCIX.

SAYS Harry to Pitt, "Now that faction's no more,
 We may safely indulge ourselves deep in our cup;
 And though it be true that you ne'er kept before,
 Yet this is the time when we may keep it up."

C.

"DRUNKARDS are fools," the wife will say;
 I don't deny their rules;
 In war to *drink* then's sure the way,
 Since "Fortune favours fools."

CI.

*From the Appendix to the second Edition of Bishop Horley's
30th of January Sermon.*

Ρητωρ *, ως ΜΕΘΥΟΙ ΤΟΙΣ ΠΡΑΓΜΑΣΙΝ, ειπες Φιλίππος
'Αλλ' ἡμῶν μεθυσί προς πραγμασι νυν ο προβουλος.

MR. PITT'S DEATH.

[From the Telegraph.]

VARIOUS reports having been circulated concern-
ing the manner and circumstances of Mr. Pitt's
death, we hasten to lay before our readers the parti-
culars of that melancholy event. This we are ena-
bled to do with perfect accuracy, having been favoured
with a very minute detail by the learned physician who
attended him in his last moments.

The disorder of which this great Minister died, was
a violent *diarrhœa*, which continued, with very little
interruption, from Saturday morning to last night,
about a quarter before eight, at which time he ex-
pired. For two days, the symptoms were the same as
in ordinary cases; but it is remarkable, that, from the
first, he had a great dread that the disease would be
mortal. He was inclined to attribute the whole to a
few bottles of claret, which he drank the preceding
evening at Mr. Dundas's, and which he imagined was
a little sour. But Mr. Dundas affirms it was of the
very finest quality, of which he can produce the best
proofs, having still two hundred dozens of it in the
cellar, besides eleven pipes, which Mr. Rose let him
have at prime cost, out of the cargo he bought up
the day before the additional duty took place †. And

* Demosthenes.

† It was strongly affirmed at the time, and it remained undenied,
that immediately before the last impost upon wine, Mr. R— purchased
a large quantity for his own use, if not for that of his Majesty's Mi-
nisters.

of this quantity, Mr. Dundas has no objection to bind himself to drink eight bottles every day, as long as it lasts, for the complete satisfaction of the friends of the deceased. This worthy gentleman, with his usual frankness, confesses that claret is apt to disagree with stomachs accustomed, as Mr. Pitt's was, to the stronger wines: but from the quantity of brandy which he drank with it on that fatal day, he thinks its bad effects must have been entirely counteracted.

Mr. Powys, who has picked up much knowledge, by reading occasionally in Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, and Arthur Young's Warning, remarks, that claret is a French wine, and consequently must partake, by innate sympathy, of the horrid qualities of that wicked country. "Now," continues Mr. Powys, "it is natural to conclude, that wine of such damnable principles, entering into the patriotic stomach of the Minister, must necessarily be rejected and expelled in the violent way we have all witnessed." This ingenious idea he confirms by an accident which befell himself, about two years ago, at Lilford; when, after incautiously drinking a glass of claret in the morning, with a bit of Queen's cake (of which he is very fond), there immediately arose within him such a prodigious *civil war*, as he terms it, that he was forced to take measures with his apothecary for bringing both ingredients up. Since that period, he avoids all wines but those of Portugal, a country whose regular government and order are preserved, both in Church and State.

Unluckily for the nation, the heaven-born Minister bought his experience at a dearer rate than Mr. Powys. Alas! it was no petty *intestine* commotion with him, no trifling Quiberon disturbance, as one may say—but a furious sweeping deluge, as if the roaring torrent of French republicanism had visited him in all its wrath. The help of man was in vain. The sons of *Æsculapius* hung down the head. George Rose, who officiated

as usual *about the person* of his patron, was amazed. A Council was summoned; and the Statesmen of England were employed, for the first time since the Regency Bill, in speculating on the progress of the disease.

The placid Under-Secretary produced the abundant proofs of the disorder, which he had collected and preserved for that purpose. The Counsellors, on inspection, gave a general groan; and the Minister lifted up his haggard eyes, which seemed to ask if no help could be found?—"Yes," says the intrepid Windham, "I know how this disorder is to be cured. The body natural is as the body politic. Now the body politic, when afflicted with revolutionary motions, can be cured, as we are all agreed, only by *starvation*. At this moment we are applying that remedy to the *loose* principles of the French and English; and shall we not also find it efficacious, when applied to remove the *lax* state of the body natural? If nothing goeth in," continued the Secretary at War, "it is manifest that nothing can come out. Extreme cases require vigorous applications. I say, therefore, *starve him*. Perish the stomach; let the constitution live!"

Mr. Dundas perfectly agreed with the worthy Secretary on the wholesomeness of *starvation*; but, with becoming modesty, hinted a doubt how far it might be possible to preserve a man's constitution, after his stomach was destroyed. He would have no objection, he said, to try the experiment on any number of *acquitted felons* that Mr. Windham pleased, or even on a few of his own *spies**, but he considered it dangerous to tamper with so valuable a life as that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Let us rather," said Mr. Dun-

* This is an allusion to Watt, a Government spy, hung at Edinburgh, a short time before this article was written—the only man who has suffered death for treason in Great Britain, from the beginning of the war to the present day.

das, "replenish his stomach with abundance of food, and take an obvious method to prevent its escape."

This idea was eagerly applauded by all present; and it is impossible to say what good effects it might have produced, had it been adopted. But as it involved an operation in surgery, not admitted into regular practice, the medical gentlemen present refused to act; and their plea was allowed to be perfectly good by Sir John Mitford, who declared, that in no case whatever ought a professional man to advance a single step without a precedent; and, least of all, in so delicate and momentous an affair, as the stopping up of a Prime Minister.

An end was thus put to all further proceedings, and the Council broke up, leaving the poor Minister in the most deplorable state of mind.

It was now towards the middle of the third day of his illness, when he began to entertain very serious thoughts of dying, which agitated him extremely.— "Ah, George!" said he, seizing Mr. Rose's hand, "I fear I have been a sad dog, and have much to answer for." The Under-Secretary shook his head, but said nothing.

"I wish, George," continued the Premier, "I could recollect some of the good actions I have done; it would be some relief to me at the present moment to think of them. My *memory*, alas! fails me: but canst thou not assist me to recall some of my good deeds, my dear friend?"

As he said this, he looked up very tenderly in Mr. Rose's face; who, with corresponding looks of sympathy, slowly passed the back of his hand over his eyes, to wipe away the precious drops of pity that were overflowing them.—"Ah! my dear master," said this faithful squire, "your good works are without number. Do they not extend over all the Continent? Is not the red book a durable and ample memorial of
your

your good works and your charity? But why do I go so far for examples? I have only to point to myself. Did you not find me a purser, and have you not made me a Minister of State*? You found me dealing out my slops, with my ink-horn at my button—and, lo! by your favours, have I acquired gold and silver, lands and forests, with power over many cities.”

“Oh! do not torture me,” exclaimed the Minister, “with the recital of my crimes. Tell me—oh! if possible, tell me—if I ever raised one worthy man into power, or ever employed one individual in the service of the State from pure motives. I employed *you*, indeed, and others, whom I tremble to think of; and grievously I fear must I answer for it. Last night, methought, I saw the angry shade of my father, which frowned on me as it passed, but deigned not to speak. It seemed to reproach me with my degeneracy, with the baseness of my associates, and the perfidious duplicity of my conduct. I am seized with horror, when I view the injuries I have done mankind. I am——”

He was proceeding, in a very solemn tone of voice, when the Under-Secretary clapped his hand on his mouth, and entreated him, for the love of God, to hold his tongue, as there were people in the room. Then turning round to the physician, he whispered him not to mention a word he had heard, as the Minister was evidently out of his senses. This learned person, however, very properly considered that Mr. Pitt's last speech was as necessary to be given to the public as that of *Avershaw**, or any other great man, who raises himself, by his abilities, over the rest of his species. And

* It is supposed by many, that the wonderful rise of this *quondam* *ship-cheefe* has made him very proud of his own abilities. This is not the case. One day, when Mr. R. was inviting a gentleman of great and acknowledged talents to dine at his house, he told him that he would ask *another sensible man* to meet him.

† A highwayman, who was hanged for murder.

our readers, we trust, will rejoice that he judged in that manner.

We omit that part of the learned physician's report which relates to the medicines he prescribed for his illustrious patient. It may be proper, however, to mention, that a large bolus of opium was found to have considerable effect in quieting the violence of his emotions, by inducing a kind of stupor. While this lasted, it is incredible what odd conceits he took up, mistaking the names and qualities of persons and things. He insisted that a vessel which stood under the bed was the river *Scheldt*, and he eagerly desired that Mr. Burke might be called to drink up the contents, to prevent the French, as he said, from giving them away.

A little scabby cat having got into the room, he charged Mr. Rose to take particular care of it; swearing it was worth fifty thousand men, and fifty millions of money: and that if the Catholic King persisted in his attempts to steal it, he would raise an army, and destroy all the cats and dogs in Spain * †

"And that hero shall be my General!" he exclaimed, pointing to Mr. Jenkinson; who immediately protested he was no General, but a Senator.—"I cry you mercy," said the Premier; "I took you for Alexander the Great."

Mr. Canning, grieved to see his friend making such mistakes, asked him if he knew who he was?—"O yes," replied the Minister, "perfectly well; you are the *tame magpye* that flew out of Sheridan's *parlour* into Lord Hawkebury's *pantry* †." Upon this, poor Mr. Canning fell a-crying, and could not be comforted, till the housekeeper brought him a slice of bread and butter, sprinkled with sugar!

* An allusion to the armament against Spain, on account of our trade in skins at Nootka.

† This young gentleman, before he enlisted under the banners of the Minister, is said to have received a great deal of political instruction from Mr. Sheridan.

My Lord Hawkebury, hearing his name mentioned, steep up; but the moment Mr. Pitt saw him, he covered his head with a blanket, roaring out that the *devil himself* was at length come to fetch him. And so great was his terror, that the virtuous Nobleman was obliged to leave the room.

The violent agitation into which the Minister was thrown, brought on a furious fit of his disorder, accompanied with what our friend the physician calls a colliquative sweat; which weakened him so much, that it was thought necessary to dismiss all the visitors, and send for a clergyman. Fortunately, Dr. Prettyman, his old preceptor, entered the room at the very moment he was wanted. This venerable Prelate had taken care to instil into the mind of his pupil, in early youth, those upright principles for which he has been remarkable in his maturer age. He had especially instructed him never to utter a *falsehood*—unless his interest evidently required it. And the grateful pupil had deservedly rewarded him with the mitre of Lincoln. The good man saw at once that no time was to be lost, the Minister's nose being now exceedingly pointed, and of a dark blue colour at the tip. He therefore sat him down on the bedside, and kindly taking hold of the Minister's hand, asked him how he felt himself; to which he replied, that he feared all was over with him. The Bishop then asked him if he was afraid to die. The Minister made no answer, but only shook his head, and wept. The Divine was exceedingly moved to observe such symptoms of apprehension, and began to inquire if any thing troubled his conscience. The poor Premier sobbed most piteously, and remained several minutes almost choaked with something that appeared too big for utterance. At length, he sighed out, with dreadful signs of horror and agony, "*The war, the war!*"

The Bishop hereupon began to administer consolation;

tion; reminding the Premier, that the war (as he himself had often proved) was a war for *religion*, and was therefore the most meritorious of all things.—“No, no,” said the Minister, with a deep groan; “such pretences will not avail me now. Religion cannot be served by war.” The astonished Divine asked him hastily, if he was not a Christian then; or what religion he was of? To which the Premier replied, that he *did not recollect*. The surprise of the pious Churchman may be easily conceived. However, he thought it useless to enter into any dispute, and therefore proposed to read some prayers. For this purpose, he drew out his book; but in turning it over, he found that, instead of the Book of Common Prayer, he had, in his haste, brought away *Swift's Essay on Political Lying*; and there being no prayer-book in Downing Street, the service was of course given up. It was suggested to the Bishop to pronounce a prayer from memory; and he instantly asked Mr. Pitt if he would join in the *Lord's Prayer*. But the Premier, mistaking his meaning, warmly answered, that he hoped neither *Lords* nor *Commons* would join in any *prayer* or *remonstrance* without his consent. The right reverend Divine, nevertheless, began the prayer; but, by reason of imperfect recollection, from want of practice, he blended it with parts of the *Creed*, and scraps of the *thirty-nine Articles*, in such a manner, that the dying Premier asked, with emotion, if it was kind thus to torment him in his last moments with discourses as *unintelligible* as his own acts of Parliament?

The worthy Prelate, however, preserved his temper; and, in the spirit of meekness, asked him if he forgave his enemies? to which the Premier replied, that he was sure no man had so many to forgive. He said, he thought it almost impossible to bring his mind to so extensive an act; never having forgiven an injury in the course of his life. He was positive he *could not* for-

give Sheridan and others, who had attacked him with their wit; and that he *ought not* to forgive those who had advised him to plunge the nation into a war, in which its glory and wealth must be sunk for ever.

He spoke these words with remarkable emphasis. And they were the last he ever uttered, except something which could not be understood about one *Watt*. He then gave a shriek, and died with his nails fixed in the bed-clothes.

[Thus far we had written from the dictation of the learned Physician, when, lo! we *awoke*, and found it was but a *dream*.]

DISSECTION OF MR. PITT.

[From the Telegraph.]

WE have already given our readers some account of this great man's death, together with the conjectures that were formed respecting the cause of it. We have now to add some extracts from the report of the Surgeon who opened his body. The entire report would occupy too much room, and would be tedious to many of our readers.

After making some remarks on the outward appearance of the body, which was entirely covered with spots, the surgeon proceeds to give a minute description of the internal parts, beginning with the cavity of the head.

On sawing through the *cranium*, the first thing that struck an observer, was a remarkable accumulation of the *brain* on the *left* side of the skull, while the cavity on the *right* side was almost empty. The whole organ seemed to have an involuntary tendency to press in that direction; insomuch that, when it was put in its proper situation, it acted with the force of a spring, and recovered its former place immediately after the hand was taken

taken away. So remarkable a deviation the reporter had never seen, except in one subject dissected a great many years ago at Surgeons' Hall. It was a fellow who was hanged at Tyburn, and had so constant and uniform a bias towards every thing that was wrong, as nothing but an unlucky formation of the brain could account for.

The *tongue* was cut out at the request of the Lord Chancellor, who wished to preserve it in spirits. It is uncommonly smooth and soft at the point, but full of purulent pimples towards the root. But what distinguishes it most from other tongues is, that it is quite hollow; and, in short, the most deceiving tongue, in all respects, that ever came under the operator's knife.

Round the *neck* there was a sort of depressed mark, or groove, as if it had been occasioned by a rope. The surgeon had seen the like before; but never knew an instance till now of a person so marked escaping a halter.

On opening the *thorax*, the lungs were found totally sound; but the appearance of the *heart* was so remarkable, as to deserve a particular description. The *pericardium*, or membrane in which the heart is enclosed, was much distended; but what is most singular is, that the liquid which it contained was frozen into a solid lump. No application of heat could dissolve it; but by pouring a large quantity of wine upon it, and afterwards touching it with gold, it became sufficiently soft to get out the heart itself; which at first view appeared as large as that of a *bullock*; but, on the least pressure, was reduced to the size of a *turkey-cock's*. A Russian surgeon, who was present, said he always expected it would be found so. The heart was extremely cold to the touch, and very hard; yet it exuded abundance of moisture, which blistered and swelled the fingers like the most violent and rancorous poison. The inside was perfectly black, and consisted of a sort

of powder, which emitted an exceedingly fetid smell. When this powder was narrowly inspected, with the aid of a *microscope*, a great many small shining objects were visible, shaped like swords, daggers, and bayonets. They moved with great rapidity, and exhibited a threatening appearance; but they were found to be quite pointless.

The *liver* was perfectly white, except where it was studded with purple eruptions. The *gall-bladder* was of an uncommon size, and overflowing with a superabundance of dark-coloured *bile*.

The whole course of the *intestines* was lined with a red tough coat, exactly resembling that which is formed by Port wine, after remaining long in the pipe.

The delicacy necessary to be observed in a public print does not permit us to enter minutely into the remaining part of the report. Suffice it to say, that the marks of *sexual* distinction in this case were not easily to be discerned.

FUNERAL OF MR. PITT.

[From the Telegraph.]

YESTERDAY the remains of the late Prime Minister were interred, with suitable solemnity, in the churchyard of St. Giles in the Fields. The order of the procession was as follows:

Sir WATKIN LEWES, on horseback;

Lumber Troop, two and two,

smoking;

The other City Members, abreast.

BROOK WATSON*,

In

* A gentleman nearly connected with a family resident at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, affirms, that Mr. Brook Watson lived as foot-boy in that family, of which the name is PROCTOR. It is highly honourable to him, that he does not on all occasions forget his humble origin.
When

In a splendid carriage,
 Drawn by 200 Merchants ruined by the war.
 Contractors, two and two.

SPIES,

Divided into companies,
 And headed by the Duke of PORTLAND,
 The LORD ADVOCATE of Scotland,
 And other Officers of that Department.

MR. JOHN KETCH,

With the *cordon*, and other insignia of his profession.

THE BIER,

JEALOUS and others.	}	Covered with a crimson pall, surmounted with emblems of war, a cork-ferew, & a large flagon of wine.	MACMANUS and others.
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Chief Mourner,
 GEORGE ROSE,

(The Earl of CHATHAM not having got up in time.)

Members for the rotten Boroughs,
 two and two :

Sinecure Macmen and Pensioners,

(Taking precedence according to the amount of
 their salaries.)

Wounded soldiers, on crutches,
 three and three ;

COL. MACK—MR. WINDHAM,

With drawn swords and Kevenhuller hats.

Certain volunteers made offer of their services; but

When he gave a dinner, in consequence of his being chosen *First Magistrate of the first city in the world*, the Lord Mayor said he was but a worm in the sight of the Duke of York. Truth, however, requires us to say, that on some occasions he is a little pompous.—A young officer of the Guards being brought before him, in consequence of a dispute with a coachman, reminded him, that they had served together on the Continent.—“ If,” answered his Lordship, “ you served under me on the Continent, you must know that it is impossible for me to decide contrary to propriety and justice.”

it was declined, on this ground, that, in a solemn procession, it would not be proper to afford the populace any occasion for laughter. The Members of the Cabinet were engaged in disposing of the *vacant places*, which prevented them from attending round the corpse; but we are happy to state, that their deputies from Bow Street filled their places very respectably!

It is with grief that we advert to the behaviour of the *mob* on this occasion. Neither respect for the memory of the deceased, nor hunger itself (which appeared in most of their countenances), could restrain their levity from breaking out into shouts of laughter and indecent merriment.

A monument, we understand, is to be erected, at the public expense, to perpetuate this Great Man's memory. The sculpture is to be in *alto relievo*; and will represent, on one side, the Premier surprising the Goddess of British Liberty *asleep*, and striking off her head with a sabre. In the back ground is a prospect of Botany Bay.

Another side exhibits the taking of *Dunkirk* by the British troops, and the glorious landing of the emigrants at *Quiberon*.

The third represents the city of Paris in ruins; the Bastille rebuilding, under the direction of Mr. Burke, and the immaculate Minister hoisting the white flag.

On the fourth side, the *Genius of War* will be shewn in all his majesty, attended by *Desolation*, *Murder*, and *Famine*. *Peace* is seen, flying from the British coast, and conducting *Commerce* and *Plenty* to the shores of America. The epitaph is as follows:

Hic conduntur reliquiae
GUL. PITT, ARMIG.

QUI

SUMMUM POTENTIAE CACUMEN

ATTIGIT,

AC PER MULTOS ANNOS RETINUIT;

NON

NON TAM SOLERTIA
 (QUIPPE IISDEM ARTIBUS FICTUS EST,)
 QUAM
 DEORUM IRA
 IN
 REM BRITANNICAM.

PITT'S GHOST.

[From the Telegraph.]

THE most dreadful consternation prevails about Downing Street and Whitehall, in consequence of the re-appearance of the late Prime Minister in that neighbourhood. This alarming apparition is said to have been first seen about eight days ago by Robert Smith, who had served the Minister several years in the capacity of coachman. At first his report was but little attended to, as he is unfortunately addicted to drinking; but, now that the fact is put beyond all doubt, we think it our duty to lay before the public the particulars he has given us.

The poor fellow, who is still extremely agitated, relates, that on the 10th of this present September, after smoking his pipe at the Bunch of Grapes, he walked home, and went to bed in the hay-loft as usual. He had not been long asleep, as he supposed, when he was awakened by a dreadful trampling of the horses in the stable. But, on looking up, who can describe his terror, when he beheld the revered image of his deceased master standing before him! A blueish light proceeded from every part of him, but particularly from the nose, by means of which Robin was enabled to mark his deplorable plight, as he stood shivering, wringing his hands, and crying in all the bitterness of anguish.

His body was bare, and his hands seemed stained with blood; the drops of which, as they fell on the floor, were transformed into hideous spectres, that glared

glared on the dismayed Minister, and vanished, each in its turn, with a frown of indignation. They seemed to be the ghosts of men, women, and children, of various nations; all of them bearing the marks of deadly wounds or of famine.

The Premier often turned round, as if to avoid the horrid sight, and as often shewed his back, all gashed and torn with stripes. But whichever way he turned, the horrid phantoms still continued to rise and torment him. At length, he seemed addressing himself to speak: but a sudden noise arose, and a mighty hand, seizing him by the hair, removed him in an instant, leaving the coachman petrified with horror.

Though this account may be heightened by the imagination of the relater, yet we have no reason to doubt the truth of the groundwork of it, because it is confirmed in most points by the testimony of several respectable individuals, who were witnesses to the like appearances, in Downing Street, last night and the night preceding.

What we have collected, by a diligent inquiry, is, that the apparition has paid several visits to the different offices about the Treasury, alarming some of the clerks, and imposing on others, who believe it to be the Minister himself. But Rose, and others, who saw his body committed to the ground, are satisfied that it must be his perturbed spirit, suffered to walk the earth for a while, to contemplate the benefits it has derived from his happy administration. They are satisfied he cannot have "hurt his carments" to point out any thing "*rotten in the State*;" because in this State there is nothing rotten, except the *rotten boroughs*, which (like the *blue mould* in cheese) are deemed by the intelligent the *choicest portion* of the whole mass. It has been remarked, however, that those philosophical gentlemen have lately appeared much dejected, and avoid all conversation with the
shade

shade of their former coadjutor; afraid, perhaps, that he might "a tale unfold," not suitable to the ears of flesh and blood. What follows may explain this matter farther.

The gentlemen, who were witnesses to the first appearance of the spectre in Downing Street, all agree that he wore a *red night-cap*. In other respects, they concur pretty nearly with the coachman. They know not from whence he came; but he seemed extremely weary, and would have lain down in the street, had not a tremendous figure, who walked behind, continually goaded him on with a pitch-fork. The reluctant Minister carried a burden on his back, of enormous bulk, which his tottering legs were hardly able to sustain. It consisted of a number of packages, which were entitled *War, Corruption, Deception, Perfidy*, and the like; the weight of which, to appearance, would have sunk a navy. He had also a rope fastened round his body, by which he dragged after him many large weights of iron, inscribed *Taxes, Poor-rates, Oppression, Excise, and National Ruin*.

Whilst he moved along in this woful condition, he met no pity from the crowd of apparitions that surrounded him, who seemed, by their frequent shouts, rather to take pleasure in beholding his sufferings. Some of them would ask him, whether the French were all starved yet? others, how he liked the *existing circumstances*, and what *window-tax* he paid for his new lodging? To all which he replied only with a grin of rage. One fellow asked him, why he had not brought a *bumper* of wine with the rest of his luggage? when another archly observed, that he supposed he had been refused a *permit*! The wretched Premier, irritated by these multiplied indignities, would have made an appeal against them; but his guide reminded him, that, amongst spirits, there was no *Habeas Corpus*. The dismal procession advanced as far as his own house, when it disappeared.

The ceremony was repeated last night, with some alterations. His load consisted chiefly of *ambiguous Acts of Parliament, Commissions of Bankruptcy, and ponderous Lists of Spies and Informers*. Every few steps he was forced to eat one of his own speeches, which (if we may judge by the contortions of his face) must have been exceedingly unpalatable.

Whether this portentous vision is to be continued every night, we pretend not to conjecture. But what has been already seen, we trust, will serve to convince the present and future Ministers, how dangerous it is to indulge too frequently in the sport of arming nations to cut each others throats, and (on pretence of religion and order) to fill the world with misery and blood.

SCARCITY OF IDEAS ;

AND A PLAN FOR PUTTING THEM IN REQUISITION.

AT a meeting in Downing Street yesterday, Mr. Pitt declared to several of his friends, that he found himself entirely destitute of any ideas to meet Parliament with, for the purpose of finance, peace, or war. It was held advisable to send to the Duke of Portland's office, and inquire if any were to be had there. The clerks returned for answer, that they were totally unprovided: the last two ideas that were left in the Treasury had been sent, by Mr. Cox, to the Emperor, on Saturday; which, it was confessed, should not have been done without the consent of Parliament, but that it was thought the safety of Germany depended upon it.

Mr. Pitt then inquired, if the Right Honourable Sylvester Douglas * had brought any ideas with him, when

* The life of this gentleman has been of rather a singular tenour: he was originally bred to physic; and being reckoned a man of liberal accomplishments,

when he so lately took his seat at the board? and was informed, that the few he had were, by accident, packed up for the Cape of Good Hope, and had sailed with Lord Macartney. Lord Mornington declared, upon his honour, he had put his whole stock into a pamphlet three years ago; and Lord Hawkebury and Mr. Canning said they lost all theirs, with a variety of speeches, and other light baggage, in a forced march to Paris.

Mr. Rose suggested a plan of putting ideas *in requisition*, which he had found very successful at a Verdurer's meeting on the New Forest Bill; and proposed, as the most *intelligible* mode, *the plan of the new Cavalry Act*.

“Gentlemen, who are supporters of the ministry and the war, might be classed according to the number of ideas they possessed, or were supposed to possess, respectively. Ten in a class, for instance, where each gentleman had only one idea apiece; so in proportion, if any such gentleman happened to possess more. That the gentleman on whom the ballot fell:

accomplishments, was chosen to attend a youth of his own name, called by way of eminence *the Douglas*, in his travels on the Continent of Europe. When they resided at Paris, it sometimes happened, that while the pupil was engaged in soft dalliance with one opera girl, the tutor made it up a *partie carrée* by caressing another: so, at least, it is said. It is, at any rate, certain, that by some kind of indiscretion he lost his occupation, and found a temporary retreat both decent and convenient. Accordingly he took up his abode in small chambers in the Temple, where he studied the law, and eked out his scanty means by a translation of Beccaria's work, *Su'lli Delitti e' sulla Pena*, and other literary labours. His social talents, and the assurance for which his countrymen are noted, introducing him once more to genteel society, he found a richer harvest in a marriage with Lady Cecilia North—a lady by no means remarkable for her personal accomplishments. This was his first step to eminence. The means by which he has risen to a seat at the Treasury are less public, though not difficult to divine.—It seems rather unjust to have given him a place in the above article. The want of *ideas* is not the greatest reproach that may be made to S——D——.

should be bound to furnish one idea for the use of the state, the fitness of which should be judged of by the Deputy Lieutenants of the respective counties. When the whole return was complete, Mr. Dundas might be directed to put the ideas into a large decanter, and Mr. Pitt and he might pour them out, as *existing circumstances* might require."

Sir William Young observed, that such a ballot would fall very inconveniently on many gentlemen, who might thereby be deprived of the only idea they ad in the world.

Sir Gregory Page Turner * said, he did not pretend to deny his having an idea; but he declared to God, if it were rejected by the Deputy Lieutenants, he should not know which way to turn for a *substitute*.

Sir James Marriott and Doctor Lawrence gave it as the opinion of the *best publicists of the old school*, that it might lead to a very unpleasant disclosure in the case of acting Justices and landed gentlemen in the country, and that it might affect the rights of corporations, most of whom had only ideas granted by ancient charters from the Crown, certainly not impaired by use, but still most important to be preserved entire and undiminished.

Mr. Boyd † offered the Minister ideas, dated Ham-
burgh,

* Sir Gregory, in his short speeches in Parliament, often appeals to the Almighty, in proof of his neither knowing what to do or say.

† This gentleman was first an inferior clerk in a banking-house at Dunkirk, or Ostend. He was afterwards at Paris in the same situation, whence he rose to be at the head of a banking-house himself. The *great consequence* he has since acquired is well known. His obtaining the loan two or three years since, without any other of the monied men being allowed to enter into competition with him, is still fresh in every man's memory; but the reason of this preference being given him is not equally well understood. It is supposed, however, that immediately before the explosion of the 18th Fructidor, he endeavoured to give the Minister *reciprocal facilities* in a secret negotiation carried on at Paris. He is said to have carried over to France a number

though, and on very moderate *discount* they might be drawn in London, and accepted by the Treasury.

Mr. Pitt said, he could rely on the *candour* of the majority of the House of Commons for their adopting, in a time of scarcity of ideas, the same patriotic conduct they had shewn in the scarcity of bread-corn, namely, to be satisfied with ideas of an inferior quality; that it always gives him pain to distress the country gentleman, as he felt this particular requisition would; but he had the satisfaction of adding, that very few ideas would be wanting, and those *redeemable* at a short date. Seven or eight of any sort would enable him to make six speeches of three hours and a half each, which would carry on the *Session* perfectly well till the Easter recess; and as the Secretary at War had kindly consented not to expend any, he was under no difficulties but about the Admiralty.

Mr. Pybus assured the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the Board had done so well *without ideas* of late, that he need not give himself any concern on their account.

Mr. Pitt thanked Mr. Pybus very politely; and observed, that in that case, without any violation of the Appropriation Paper, the Admiralty ideas might be put into the *peer-bill*.

The Duke of Dorset hoped, that, if the Minister persisted in the plan of putting ideas *in requisition*, his Majesty's *menial* servants would be exempted. Mr. Pitt assured his Grace that he need be under no sort of anxiety, the case being perfectly analogous to the powder license, as they were both a sort of *poll-tax*.

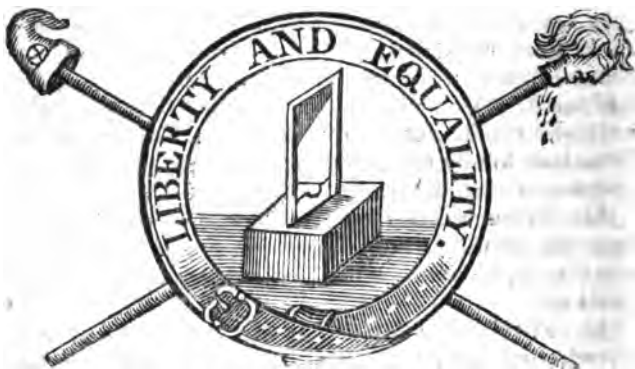
Mr. Pitt returned the Gentlemen present a great many thanks for their very obliging hints; told Mr.

a number of carriages, as presents to the members of the French Councils adverse to the Directory. This was about the time that Mr. Wickham drew for immense sums from Switzerland, which will probably appear this year in the shape of secret service money.

THE NEW TIMES.

ose to take a minute of the transaction, and to write a civil note to Mr. Alderman Curtis, requesting him to second the motion he should make on Tuesday, for leave to bring in a bill, "for the better supplying his Majesty's Ministers with ideas in the present embarrassing posture of their affairs with the public."

The New Times*



First Year of the Republic, One and Indivisible.

SATURDAY, June 10, 1800.

Price One Shilling in Specie; or, Five Shillings in Paper.

OPERA.

THEATRE OF EQUALITY.. This Evening will be presented, for the first time, a new Opera, called,

THE MITRE IN JEOPARDY;

Or, The Triumph of CIVISM over RELIGION.

Under the direction of *Citizen* PRIESTLEY.

* This was in the newspaper called the Times, in the year 1794, in the form of a new journal, and as a speculation upon the state to which we might be brought by a revolution in England. In the original this article filled a folio page.

The

The Music by the celebrated Authors of *Ca Ira*; and the *Marseillois Hymn*.

After the Opera will be performed the favourite Ballet, which had such a popular run at Paris, called, **THE MARCH OF THE CLERGY TO BEDLAM.** ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Citizen *Paine* (being his first public appearance in this nation since the year 1792); ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, Citizen *Skirving* (being his first public appearance since his return from Botany Bay); BISHOP OF DURHAM, Citizen *Winterbottom*; and BISHOP OF LONDON, Citizen *Fytche Palmer* (being his first public appearance since his return from transportation).

A *Pas Deux* will be introduced between the first and second Act, called *Sedition on Foot*, by Citizen *Hamilton Rewan*, and the Female Citizen *Deifin*.

The Characters will be all dressed in the modern *Sans Culotte* fashion, and the whole will conclude with the enthusiastic song and chorus of *Ca Ira*.

Pit, 5s. in Money, or 1l. in Paper. Currency; First Gallery, 4s. in Money, or 16s. in Paper. Second Gallery, 2s. 6d. in Money, or 10s. in Paper.

* * It is expected, that Ladies and Gentlemen will come full dressed to the Pit in red Caps and Bonnets; and that the Patriotic *Sans Culottes* will scrape their shoes at the door, and wear clean shirts. A Woman attends at the door to take care of the Female Citizens' Pattens. Those of the first requisition, who come in chaise-carts, are desired to order the carter to set down with the horses heads towards the *Permanent Guillotine* at Charing Cross.

Good Small Beer, Gin and Water, and other elegant refreshments, will be prepared in the Anti-room.
Vivant Equality and Republicanism.

THEATRE

THEATRE OF THE SANS CULOTTES,
ci-devant ROYALTY THEATRE, *Saltpetre Bank,*
Happing.

This Evening the Theatre will open for the first time,
 with an entire new entertainment, called,

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S APOTHEOSIS.

The Music and Scenery entirely new.

The whole to conclude with a *Scio* on the Salt-box;
 and the favourite *Marseillois Hymn*, with Marrowbones
 and Cleavers.

MEETING OF BANKERS.

A GENERAL MEETING of all the BANKERS
 of the City of London will be held this day, the
 11th of June, at One o'Clock precisely, at the London
 Tavern. The Dividend to be made to the Creditors
 will be then finally determined upon. The Head
 Clerks of all the bankers killed in the late massacre
 will be allowed to present the accounts of their *ci-*
devant Principals.

TO BUILDERS.

ANY CITIZEN wishing to purchase that spot of
 Ground on which stood the Houses lately demo-
 lished in Horne Tooke Square (*ci-devant* Grosvenor
 Square), are desired to send in their Proposals to Citizen
 HARDY, President of the Committee for the Sale of
 the Effects of the Nobility.

CITIZEN HOPPING, of Aldgate, Shoemaker,
 informs the Public, that in order to supply the de-
 ficiency of leather, which at the present moment is
 become very scarce, he offers to their notice his new-
 invented Shoes, made of wood, in which he has en-
 deavoured to combine, as much as possible, elegance
 with convenience. He is just arrived from Paris,
 where he worked for several Members of the Con-
 vention, and means to remain but a short time in this
 Capital.

To,

TO PROPRIETORS.

To-morrow will be published, by Order of the Executive Power,

A VERY accurate EXPLANATION of the PRINCIPLES upon which the FORCED LOAN is to be established.

It may be agreeable, in the mean time, to many Proprietors, to know, that, by the most exact arithmetical calculations, the FORCED LOAN will not, in the first instance, absorb more than 13-20ths of their capital; and that, if it should be found necessary afterwards to make some trifling addition, by way of voluntary Loan, it can never exceed 16-20ths of their whole property.

This interesting Publication is to be found at Citizen Eaton's.

CHEAP ORDINARY.

CITIZEN WELFJE, *ci-devant* Purveyor at CARLETON HOUSE, now *Barrere Place*, and who is just arrived from Paris, informs all Republican Citizens, that he has just taken and fitted up in the *Sans Culotte* style, that large House, formerly called WHITE'S, in HORNE TOOKE Street, *ci-devant* ST. JAMES'S Street, where there will be an Ordinary every day on the cheapest scale, from Twelve at Noon until Eleven at Night. *Soup Maigre*, *Frogs fricassé*, *Garlic Broth*, and other Carmagnol Soups at all hours. *Shins of Beef* and *Ox Cheeks* baked at One o'Clock, with Leek and Parsley Pies, in the Cornish style. *Buttock of Beef* boiled *à la mode de Paris*, and roast Mutton at Two o'Clock, with hard Dumplings and Pease Pudding. Excellent small French Wines, which are much wholesomer than heavy Porter. The Bread is made with leaven, in order to give it a fine French acidity.

To PARENTS and GUARDIANS.

THE Female Citizen HONORA GOODWILL informs the Public, that she has taken a house in a healthy situation near Hounslow, which she has fitted up for the reception of a few young Ladies, and educating them in the truest principles of pure Republicanism. Parents who choose to trust their children to her care, may be persuaded great attention will be paid to prevent their minds from being tinctured with any foolish religious superstition: Nature's laws alone will be their guide, and Reason and Philosophy the sole object of their daily worship. Such being the outlines of the plan, she hopes she may promise that the young persons intrusted to her care, will in a very short time acquire that Republican energy, so preferable to the silly timidity, which was one of the female characteristics during the reign of despotism.

BRITISH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

SITTING OF THE 9th OF JUNE.

PRESIDENT CITIZEN TELWELL.

President.—"It is my duty, Citizen Legislators, to lay before you some letters of importance, which I have received this day; you will there see to what a height the public spirit has arrived, and the astonishing progress which our regeneration has made in every part of Great Britain."

The Secretary then read:

"Nottingham, June 8.

"CITIZEN PRESIDENT,

"I am this moment arrived from a patriotic expedition, the success of which has filled the minds of all the friends of the people with joy and exultation.

"Too long has the foil of Nottinghamshire groaned under the oppressive weight of four immense edifices,
and

and its humble inhabitants been insulted by their disgusting magnificence. *Welbeck, Thoresby, Clumber, Worktop*, could no longer be permitted to exist in the land of equality. A band of chosen *Sans Culottes* proceeded from Nottingham, and, with an energy worthy of the confidence placed in them, passed the plane of the revolution over these ostentatious and useless mansions. The flames did the rest.

“ I send to the Convention, as a patriotic gift, all the plate of the *ci-devant* proprietors that could be preserved in the general confusion. D*NN*N,

“ Mayor of Nottingham.”

“ LIST OF PLATE :

“ Three silver spoons, two soup ditto, and one shoe-buckle.”

The reading of this letter was frequently interrupted by applauses from the galleries; and the Assembly ordered honourable mention to be made of it in the minutes.

Read the following letter from Sheffield, dated June 9.

Liberty! Equality! Sans-culotism for ever!

“ CITIZEN PRESIDENT,

“ Treason surrounds us, and *terror must be the order of the day*. In pursuance of the order of the Secret Committee, we have let loose the instruments of national vengeance, and they are now executing their high commission throughout this neighbourhood. Nineteen proud dwellings and forty-two farm-houses have already been destroyed by the flames of patriotism, and one hundred and sixteen fathers of families have received the just punishment of their atrocious crimes. We should have carried still further the glory and terror of the national arms, if the approach of an insolent and desperate individual had not caused us a sudden alarm. The *ci-devant* Earl of WINCHELSEA has marched from Rutlandshire, at the head of a considerable number of banditti, known formerly by the name

name of yeomen. These dangerous men, animated by their fanatical attachment to property, act in concert with the Royalists in Devonshire, and create a great alarm in the minds of our Republican troops. If we do not receive considerable reinforcements, we shall be obliged to evacuate Sheffield, which place, by the by, swarms with suspicious persons.

(Signed) "YORKE,

General of the Armed Citizens of Sheffield."

Citizen *Garnage*.—"I have not been able to attend to the reading of this letter before you without shuddering. How long is it, Citizens, since I first warned you of the danger attending your criminal moderation! You affect to say you are desirous of shewing some respect to virtuous principles; but you are still to learn, that what was virtue under the yoke of despotism, becomes vice under the reign of Equality.—Beware of those men who were formerly the object of public esteem; if you lend an ear to their speeches, their hypocrisy will soon triumph over your civism. They talk of respect for property, obedience to the laws, and the duties of religion, merely to stop the progress of reason, and suspend in its course the torrent of the Revolution. What miseries has not your moderation already heaped upon the patriots! Awake from your lethargy, Citizens, and decree, for once and all, as a principle, that the establishment of the Revolution is incompatible with the respect for property; that it is not by an absurd obedience to the laws, that you can succeed in sapping their foundations; and that the destruction of all superstition is not to be effected by a scrupulous observance of the duties of religion.—(Reiterated applauses.) I propose that ten thousand men shall be chosen from the French auxiliary *Sans Culottes*, and be immediately sent to garrison the town of Sheffield."

Citizen *Martin*.—"I participate heartily in the admiration of the speech of brother *Garnage*; but by what

what fatality does it always happen, that the best patriot can never join the boldness of conception to the vigour of execution? Who could suppose, that the animated speech of brother *Gamage* would have ended in the feeble proposition of sending a garrison to Sheffield? I shall therefore endeavour to supply his want of energy, and propose, as a decree of urgency, that all persons known before the Revolution under the denomination of country gentlemen, yeomen, or housekeepers, be put in a state of arrestation."—(The hall resounded with applauses.) "Equality for ever! housekeepers to the guillotine, huzza!"

The President rings his bell violently—the bell breaks—another bell brought by one of the Secretaries—rings—rings. The President puts on his hat.

Citizen *Mendoza* holds up his fist in a threatening posture. The President knocks down Citizen *Mendoza*. (A calm ensues.)

The Assembly decree unanimously, and by acclamation, "that all persons of the denomination of country gentlemen and yeomen, are in a state of arrestation."—Adjourned.

THE NEW TIMES.

BRITISH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Business in the House.

TO-MORROW.

Debate upon the *Maximum* of Provisions.

MONDAY.

A new System for the more regular Operation of the Holy *Guillotine*.

LONDON.

* * * *The PROCEEDINGS of the REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL are obliged to be omitted for want of room. Thirty-two persons were yesterday convicted of a conspiracy against the Republic, and are to be guillotined this evening.* This

This day, June 10, at twelve o'clock, the Rev. Citizen Joys, Minister of the NATIONAL CHURCH, will celebrate in the *Temple of Reason* (*ci-devant* ST. PAUL'S CHURCH) a festival, for the happy destruction of the Parliament.

On Sunday last, in consequence of orders from the Committee of Public Safety, the MAYOR, at the head of a body of armed Citizens, repaired to Hyde Park, where he seized on all the horses, and declared them to be in a *state of requisition*, for the use of the Republic. The grooms were conducted to the town-house, and from thence immediately sent, under a strong escort, to join the Southern Army as volunteers.

It now appears certain, that the COLONIES refuse to send their SUGARS to England; the constant pillages of the shops having alarmed the Colonists for the safety of their property; and, in consequence, the price of sugar is raised sixpence per pound. We have now no other chance of drawing to ourselves the commerce of the Colonies than the establishment of good laws. The late fire amongst the shipping, and in the several dock-yards, precludes us from any hopes of forcing the Colonies to send us their commodities, unless they choose to do so.

We have reason to believe, that the Ambassador from the French Republic, Citizen *Santerre*, has entered into an arrangement with the Committee for the sale of the effects of the *ci-devant* NOBILITY, and is to take for himself and suite CARLETON HOUSE, with all the furniture.

The ROYALISTS in DEVONSHIRE have completely defeated the brave Republicans, and killed 4000 of them. General SEMPLE was taken prisoner, and is closely confined. Want of discipline, and proper officers, it is feared will be in the end the ruin of our new forces. The Convention, it is said, mean to decree it death to all the surviving officers of any part

of their forces who run from, or submit to the Aristocrats.

There is reason to hope, that the CITIZENS of LONDON will soon be relieved from their suspense in regard to the articles of subsistence; the Committee for the Department has, by perseverance, discovered the method of making bread of *decayed bones*. This resource will unquestionably be as agreeable as it is unexpected, as the *eaten bread* begins already to be very scarce.

Citizen BARRINGTON, Representative from Botany Bay, was yesterday detected in picking the pocket of the President of the National Convention of a gold snuff-box. He was reprimanded, but defended what he had done on principles of *Equality*.

Yesterday the following proclamation was stuck up in various parts of the metropolis:

“ MARGAROT, MAYOR of LONDON.

“ In order to arrive at some precise knowledge of the resources of the Republic, and to form a basis for a more just distribution of the public burdens, the National Convention has decreed, in compliance with the request of the Committee of Finances, that every citizen shall be obliged to give in a true and circumstantial statement of his property, and that such statement shall be verified by Commissaries established for that purpose in every section.

“ This is therefore to give notice to all proprietors of every denomination, whether landholders, bankers, merchants, shopkeepers, or others, that they do give in, without delay, a true account of all their property, whether it consist in land, bills, or merchandise of any sort whatsoever; and they are desired to take notice, that any prevarication, or false declaration, is, by the decree of the Convention, to be punished with death and confiscation; half of the property of the convicted to go to the informer.

“ *Dated at the Town House, June 9.*

“ BONNY, Secretary.”

“ Br

BY ORDER OF THE MAYOR.

"In order to stop the foul breath of slander, the Municipality has resolved to publish a true and exact account of all the houses which, during the last week, have either been burnt or pillaged. These documents will prove more forcibly than all reasoning upon the subject, the humanity and moderation of the patriots.

"*Bond Street*, nineteen shops pillaged, and three burnt.

"*Horne Tooke Square* (*ci-devant* Grosvenor Square), twenty-two houses burnt.

"In the whole extent of *Oxford Road*, only one hundred and eighty-eight houses pillaged, and eighty-one burnt.

"*Cheapside* has been rather more severely handled; the right side has been almost entirely consumed, but the left was only pillaged.

"The fire near the *Bank*, in a quarter of the town where the streets are much narrower, raged of course with greater violence; but the public may be assured, that the plan of the patriots did not extend to so general a conflagration.

"The Municipality with satisfaction informs the public, that upon the minutest inquiry, no more than 8000 citizens have suffered on this occasion.

"BONNY, Secretary."

~~THEATRE~~
THEATRE of the SANS CULOTTES.

A new piece of considerable merit, entitled, The
CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S APOTHEOSIS,

OR,

DRESS NO ORNAMENT TO REPUBLICANS,

Was performed yesterday evening.

We have not room for the characters of the drama, nor would the story be at all entertaining to our readers—this is a kind of anticipation we detest—The CHIMNEY-SWEEPER must be seen, and, when seen, *Ca Ira*.

The author of this piece sufficiently shews, that titles and rank are not in the least obligated companions to genius.

Being

Barring a few coarse expressions, and now and then a want of grammatical precision, we cannot help recommending the CHIMNEY-SWEEPER to the notice of all republicans. The satire on the heads of the church, in making a *ci-devant* bishop Chimney-Sweeper to Old Nick, is at once a laughable and admirable hint at those who formerly pretended to bind our reason in fetters.

The characters were admirably cast, though we do not think the piece was got up with all that professional excellence appertaining to the *ci-devant* THEATRES ROYAL;—but we cannot eat our cake and have it too. Those actors and actresses of both houses were convicted of singing “God save the King” with “heart and voice,” almost every night of performance. They were of course delivered over to the Revolutionary Tribunal; and when they went to the scaffold, such was the obstinacy of the loyal wretches, that the guillotine alone prevented a repetition of their favourite tune; in short,

Those sung now who never sung before,
And those who always sang, now sang the more.

The Prologue and Epilogue, in a happy vein of ridicule, glancing at former times, compared them with the present. One couplet in the Epilogue was particularly appropriate:

“Citizens male and female, since here so long you’ve tarried,
Go home, break lamps and order, let the constable be married.”

The scenery did great credit to the manager.

The view of Tyburn, Billingsgate, Mendosa’s Theatre, and a revived display of Hockley in the Hole, may be deemed the *chef d’œuvre* of the art.

During the performance, the civism of the audience was sufficiently evinced by a call for Citizen Morris’s songs. A lady in the stage-box was particularly happy in the fashionable air of “Jenny Sutton.”

50 THE EMPEROR'S RETURN TO VIENNA,
SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORTSMOUTH, AUG. 9.

The Grand Fleet, commanded by Citizen SMUGGLER, in the REPUBLIC, *ci-devant* *Royal Charlotte*, with Commissioner GRAY on board, weighed anchor this morning, with a fair wind, to join the French fleet, and proceed with them to Cadiz, in order to assist in the reduction of Spain, and plant an everlasting republic there.

Came into harbour *Le Couteau*, a French brig, laden with *guillotines*, for the use of the fleet.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Amsterdam	-	-	o	Namburgh	-	-	o
Leghorn	-	-	o	Lisbon	-	-	o
Cadiz	-	-	o				

English Bank Notes and French Assignats at par.

PRICE OF SPECIE.

Silver, 22s. per ounce, in paper.
Guineas, 5l. 2s.

PRICE OF STOCKS.

Bank Stock 44 3-8ths
3 per Cent. Reduced 11 a 10 1 half a 9
3 per Cent. Consols 12
4 per Cent Consols 16
5 per Cent. Ann. 26
Bank Long Ann. 2
Short Ann. 0 1-half
India Stock 0

THE EMPEROR'S RETURN TO VIENNA*.

[From the Gazetteer.]

AFTER foundering innumerable posts, and outstripping their own fame, Francis II. and the mag-

* This Essay appeared when the Emperor, after publishing a proclamation, indicating his intention not to leave Flanders till he should have conquered the French Netherlands, thought fit to return to Vienna in great dudgeon at the loss of part of his own dominions.

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nanimous Colonel Maek, reached the vicinity of Vienna, in somewhat of a doleful mood, looking back at every moment, to see if the French buffars were not behind them, and little expecting the honours that awaited them without the gates of the Imperial city.

Some loyal Germans, anticipating the conquests of their Sovereign, had there erected a triumphal arch, adorned with emblematical figures, and covered with inscriptions in excellent Latin. The gentle Emperor*, who was shivering beneath his cloak and a dog-day's sun, hardly knew who was meant by a brawny *Hercules* treading upon a *Hydra*; but as to Colonel Maek, he recognised himself immediately, on seeing the words, "*The Saviour of the Netherlands*," written over a river-god, with a trident in his hand, *making water* †.

"*Cæsari invicto*," said the Emperor, lifting up his beaver to read an inscription on the arch—" *Cæsari invicto*," repeated he, pulling it down again over his eyes, and sitting for some time after in silent dudgeon. The mighty Colonel, who perceived that his master felt something like the sting of irony in this well-intended praise, wished much to stop the career of his reflections, and to offer a few consolatory words.

The subject, however, was so ticklish, that he did not know where to begin. He twirled his whiskers; but if he had eradicated every hair of his beard, he would not have found a sentence suited to the occasion. At last he luckily thought of invoking the German muse, and took up his pipe, which was smouldering away in a corner of the carriage. Then pressing the

* His Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, King of Bohemia, Hungary, Naples, Jerusalem, and Arragon, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Anjou, Guelders, Brabant, and Barr—the mighty Cæsar, in a word—is a "puny insect, shivering at a breeze."

† Colonel Maek proposed to defend the Austrian Low Countries by inundations.

ashes with his little finger, for the brave Colonel never was afraid of fire, and administering the tube to his mouth, he drew in an enormous whiff, full six feet long, Rhinland measure, and blew it, puff! into the sacred face of Francis the Second. The sudden gust of smoke, by G—d's blessing, awakened the Emperor from his painful reverie; but, as the D-vil would have it, it had such an effect upon his weak lungs, that his Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Majesty was very nearly suffocated.

By this time the good people of Vienna had learnt the approach of their Sovereign, and were standing at their doors and windows, in expectation of hearing the horns announce his arrival. "After conquering France," said the good people of Vienna, "and being so long absent from his wife, he will certainly come back *with horns* *." No horns, however, could they hear; but at length they perceived their mighty master stealing down the bye streets to the council-chamber. "Ay," said the people of Vienna, "he is modest like his uncle Joseph, and, like him, he makes no parade of his victories."

The Council was sitting.—The hoary Kaunitz, finding by his last dispatches that the Emperor had promised his faithful Flemings not to leave them till he should have conquered French Flanders, and not doubting but he would fulfil his royal word, had called together the counsellors to make a division of the spoils of the enemy. After a very short debate, they had determined that the Dutch should have all the conquered country—as a barrier, in the hands of their ally, to protect them from the French; that the English should have all the honour—of paying for it; and that

* Great personages and good news are introduced to Vienna by postillions blowing horns, sometimes not less than thirty-six in number.

the Emperor should keep nothing but the sovereignty and the revenues.

This disposition they made known to Cæsar when he entered, with manifold congratulations on the speed of his triumphant career. "I have not as yet conquered all the French Netherlands," said the Emperor.—"Your Majesty," said Kaunitz, "has probably taken no more than Hainault, the Cambresis, and Artois."—The Emperor shook his head. "You must be master of Dunkirk and Lisle, to be sure."—The Emperor shook his head.—"Maubeuge, at least, is in the hands of your troops."—The Emperor shook his head with some impatience. "Oh!" said old Kaunitz, "I see how it is: your victorious army is at Courtray and Menin, ready to seize its certain prey."—"The French army is at Menin and Courtray," said the Emperor, pettishly.

"The French army is at Menin and Courtray!"—All the aged counsellors drew their chairs close to the council-board; planted their elbows upon it; and resting their chins upon their hands, sat looking each other in the face; and in that posture, no doubt, they would be sitting still, if they had not been roused by the sudden sounding of a horn.

It was a messenger from the army.—"The French have taken *Ypres*," said the messenger. "*Tantara!*" It was a second horn, and a second messenger.—"The French have taken *Charlerai*."—"Tantara!" A third messenger came in. "The French have taken *Mons*." "*Tantara!* The French have taken *Brussels*," said a fourth messenger.

As the messengers successively brought in the doleful tidings, the jaw of the aged Kaunitz kept dropping an inch at a time; but when he heard that the Carmagnols were in *Brussels*, the poor old man, who, like Ulysses's old dog, had protracted his feeble existence to see his master's return, was seized with the mortal

convulsion, and gave up the ghost*.—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

THE ROYAL DOG AND HIS MINISTER.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE Abbé Blanchet gives the following as an Indian tale: A viceroy of Johor governed his province with such cruelty, that, being massacred in an insurrection, Chaon Malon, the King of Siam, seizing the chiefs of the rebels, contented himself with punishing a few of them. Afterwards, assembling the states of Johor in the hall of the palace: "Vile insects!" said he, "you are no longer worthy to be governed by one of my mandarines. Prostrate yourselves, therefore, before the viceroy I have chosen for you." Then calling a huge mastiff, "Come, Barkhouf," said he, "reign over these wretches in my name, and exterminate them if they do not obey you." Then addressing himself to a Chinese, who had long resided at Johor, "You," said he, "shall be Barkhouf's prime minister; serve him faithfully, and give him counsel if he stands in need of it." Mani, for that was the name of the viceroy, had no difficulty in making the King of Siam believe that he understood the canine language; for immediately turning to the dog, and bowing three times to the earth, his *bark* was answered by another from the throne, that made the whole palace resound; and the answer being suitably interpreted by the minister, gave the utmost satisfaction to the whole assembly. Even Chaon Malon could not help admiring the forcible eloquence of the new viceroy, and the singular erudition of his interpreter. Barkhouf, notwithstanding a little ferocity in his exterior, proved the best

* Prince Kaunitz actually died immediately after the Emperor's
7.

of the canine species. In the council-chamber he was perfectly docile to the instructions of Mani; and in the Chamber of Audience his appearance was always without hauteur; as, upon certain signs from his minister, he never failed wagging his tail, or presenting his paw to any person formally introduced to kiss it. His dinner was always simple, but solid, and generally eaten with the appetite of a rustic. He sometimes amused himself with hunting, and at other times in observing the manœuvres of the troops in his territory. All dispatches were signed by his paw, dipped in ink for the purpose, which served both for signature and seal, and his reign was long and happy.

APPROPRIATE TEXTS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SOME of our reverend gentlemen, who are denominated *popular preachers*, display great ingenuity in their choice of suitable texts. At an anniversary sermon preached before the Chelsea pensioners, a discourse was a few days since delivered from the following apposite text: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the days in which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." A gentleman who preached a sermon before the Society for recovering Persons apparently drowned, selected the following: "Trouble not yourselves about him; the man is not dead." For a wedding sermon, preached a short time since at a country town in Shropshire, a reverend gentleman took part of the story of Jephthah's daughter: "And she went upon the mountains, and bewailed her virginity." A reverend dean, who published a sermon for the benefit of the poor clergy in a provincial diocese, properly enough selected the following: "Set on the great pot, and seeth pottage for the sons of the prophets."

S C A N D A L.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

HOW variously are different people affected by the same subject! A late matrimonial *fracas* being brought on the carpet, at a tea-drinking party at the west end of the town: "Poor woman!" said a young lady, with a deep sigh. "Poor woman! poor woman, indeed! poor man, I think!" replied an old citizen, rather peevishly. "Vile woman!" cried an old maid. "We shall have her in the Commons," said a civilian. "We shall have her in the papers," said a politician. "She should be brought to a white sheet," said a curate. "She should be tossed in a blanket," exclaimed the old maid. "Mercy upon us all!" cried the young one; "and yet, somehow or other, one cannot suppress a sigh."—"Somehow or other one cannot suppress a laugh," cried the civilian: "I suppose in the end they must be divorced; and our court settles all these differences."—"The devil settles all these differences!" roared the citizen. "Most likely he may," said a country gentleman.

 THE YOUNG LARKS.

*Hoc erit tibi argumentum semper in promptu situm,
Nequid expectes amicos, quod tute agere possies.*

ENNIUS *apud* GELLIUM, II. 29.

ONCE on a time, so says the parable,
 In a fine waving field of arable,
 A lark amidst the corn had rear'd her brood;
 It would have done you good
 To see how she with grain had cramm'd their maws;
 And how, with winking eye,
 And neck awry,
 Panting, they lay behind their bursting craws;
 And scarce could chirp, or say
 "Mamma, good day!"

No

No larks of Dunstable were ever fatter,
 What then could be the matter?
 —'T was this: the corn she knew was ripe and brown,
 The neighbouring fields already down;
 And much the prudent mother was afraid
 They should be forc'd to quit their calm retreat,
 And emigrate to some less happy seat.
 "My dears," says she, "we are betray'd;
 Listen, and be upon the watch,
 Mind what the farmers say
 From day to day,
 And bring it me. A little eaves-dropping
 Is now and then a very useful thing."
 The little birds rous'd from their stupid sleeping;
 And being very perfect for their age
 In the best system of espionage,
 Leaning half o'er the nest
 Their speckled toad-like breast;
 By day, by night, were now alert and peeping.
 Next morning, sure enough, the farmer came,
 Himself and son. Quoth he, "We're much to blame;
 This corn our husbandry disgraces,
 So bearded, ripe, and bristling in our faces;
 Next morn to cut it we'll begin,
 And therefore call our neighbours in:
 'T is a rare crop!" he said, and walk'd away.
 The little larks, in wild dismay,
 Before they went to bed,
 In terror told what he had said.
 "This time you need not fear," mamma replies;
 "Trust what I say, by long experience wife."
 And so it prov'd. The neighbours huff'd and chaf'd,
 A civil answer scarce vouchsaf'd:
 They leave their dinners and their ale,
 Sweating beneath the sun of July,
 To help two clumsy boors! A likely tale!
 Hodge had forgot his distance, truly.
 Hodge scratch'd his head.—"Well, let it be!
 We now our real friends shall see:"
 For many a friend the farmer had,
 Who all to serve him would be glad;

And eating kin, and Christmas cousins,
The farmer reckon'd them by dozens.

"Go, tell our friends it must be done,
(This job) before next Friday's sun."

The friends and kinsmen promis'd meeting,
And sent him many a cordial greeting.

The little larks were now quite sure
They in a hurry must decamp.

"Peace!" said the parent; "be secure
That yet you need not tramp:

This bustle only serves to make me laugh;
Old birds, like me, are never caught with chaff."

Next morn a number of excuses came:

Friend Ralph was seiz'd a little lame;

Friend Simon gone to sell his mare;

Hob to buy cheefe at Stourbridge fair:

Some were detain'd within their houses,

For fear of fever, by their spouses;

And cousin John declar'd 't was plain

The glas foretold a deal of rain:

'T was not, he thought, with sky so fickle,

A proper time to use the sickle.

"My son," said Hodge, now undeceiv'd,

"A useful lesson we've receiv'd:

Do thou, before to-morrow's dawn,

For thee and me two sickles bring;

We'll help ourselves, whate'er betide."

"Now, now, 't is time," the old one cried,

"That we were on the wing:

This was the only stroke I fear'd,"

She said; and all, before the day appear'd,

Most wisely were withdrawn.

My tale, I know, is somewhat old:

We'll try the moral to unfold.

You, who have feather'd well your nest,

Scripts, placemen, pensioners, and Co.,

Living in ease and clover blest;

I grieve to see you fretting so,

Running distractedly about and frighten'd,

At every false alarm by fancy heighten'd;

'T is, without question,

Exceeding bad for your digestion:

Wherefore,

Wherefore, I beg you, hear a little reason,
 And keep your terrors for the proper season.
 When, in petitions form'd to sooth and flatter,
 Beginning with Most Gracious!
 Its loving subjects hope that Government
 Will, in its wisdom, give them full content,
 Redressing all that is vexatious ;
 " Let not your noble courage be cast down,"
 Sons of the silk or the prunella gown !
 Its wisdom scarce will stir about the matter.
 I hope you do not think 't was meant
 (A thing so sacred and so high)
 To drudge and labour for the good
 Of the poor Swinish Multitude,
 Just like an eagle stooping to a fly.
 Their coarse petitions they 'll be scarcely able
 To bear upon the table ;
 No, no, depend upon 't, your doom
 Will never from *this* quarter come.
 Nor yet, when opposition-patriots warm,
 Raising of eloquence a storm,
 In speech and writings bold,
 Tell us we 're bought and sold,
 And thunder out *reform*,
 Need you with fretting, or with fear, grow thinner ;
 You will not lose one corporation dinner :
 Their tropes are good, it is divine to hear them ;
 I only say—you need not fear them.
 But should the people once begin
 Themselves to put the sickle in ;
 (The sickle—mind, I say no more,
 For fear of misrepresentation :)
 O should John Bull himself prepare :
 Of his own crop to take the care,
 He, and his sturdy sons together,
 Coarse-grain'd, who fear nor wind nor weather,
 Your golden days indeed are o'er :
 To borough-jobbing then adieu ;
 Loans, contracts too,
 Smug sinecures and pensions, all good by !
 " No song, no supper," then will be the cry :
 And soon you 'll be no more, I guess,
 Than *ci-devants*, or French Noblesse.

FRENCH IMPIETY.

OF all the impieties that have been imputed to the French, the following, which appeared in one of the Paris Papers, is perhaps the most abominable—

Conversation between a young Priest and an old.

The young Priest.—What are you doing, brothers?
I am indignant—

The old Priest.—Against whom?

Y. Against every body, and against you.

O. What have I done to offend you?

Y. You have married, and ask me this question!

O. Love of morals and of my country induced me to marry. It is said, and not without reason, that he who has not a wife of his own, reckons little on the wives of his neighbours; and this scandal I wished to avoid. Besides, freemen cannot be too much multiplied; and I am desirous of contributing my mite, according to God's command.

Y. You are a schismatic.

O. That I am not; for I side with the great family of society.

Y. You are unworthy of being a priest.

O. Admitted: I do not expect to be one long.

Y. And if each of us were to do as you do, who would pray for the faithful?

O. Nobody; which would induce the faithful to pray for themselves.

Y. And who would sing the praises of the Lord?

O. Those who wish to praise the Lord.

Y. Who would confess?

O. People would do as in the primitive times of Christianity; they would confess to one another.

Y. Who would say mass?

O. Jesus Christ never instituted mass.

Y. Who would marry?

O. The

O. The magistrate.

Y. Who would baptize?

O. The first Christian that came in the way, as the church empowers every Christian to do.

Y. Who would bury?

O. That the civil magistrate is to look to.

Y. To hear you, the people might do without priests.

O. If the people think so, I have no objection.

Y. And to what would you reduce religion?

O. To morality.

Y. But if our laws and institutions should teach morality, religion would then be useless.

O. Absolutely, in your sense of the word. To love and to serve our country, to be just to our fellow-citizens, is to do all that is most agreeable to man and to God.

Y. You are an innovator.

O. By no means; for my opinion was the same when we had grand almoners and cardinals.

Y. God will punish you.

O. He has the power; but I honour him too much, to be afraid that he will.

Y. What! no more priests!

O. I do not say that we will have no more priests; I say only that we can do without them.

Y. Why! this is precisely what ought not to be said; for if the people once believe that they *can* do without priests, they *will* do without them.

O. So much the worse for the priests.

Y. You are an impious wretch! an Atheist! and you will repent the hand you have had in contributing to make the French unhappy in the world to come.

O. I will console myself with seeing them free and happy in this world.

MILITARY ECONOMY *.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

HOBBS has maintained, that the natural state of mankind is a state of war. Notwithstanding the offence which this assertion has given to many, I cannot but be disposed to think it well-founded. When we see sovereigns wilfully plunging their people into wars, which must, at least, put to some hazard the advantages of their personal elevation—when we hear the multitude clamouring for hostilities, the only consequence of which to them must be burdensome imposts—when we see the soldier impatient for a battle, in which his life and limbs are to be risked, without the prospect of any benefit to him in the opposite scale—what can be inferred, but that the innate propensity of the animal overbears every dictate of reason? This being the case, it is the part of a true philosopher to refrain from hopeless attempts to correct this obliquity of the human mind, and to bound his endeavours to extracting a partial benefit from this general perverseness of disposition. Military arrangements must be considered under two conditions, that of rest, and that of exertion: for it is the characteristic of man's evil inclination, contrary to that of any other animal, that immediate provocation is not required to excite his malignity. But upon a remote and indistinct view of eventual opportunities, he fashions and concocts beforehand the mischief which he is to exercise against his fellow-creatures. Physical causes may, upon due reflection, be found for every singularity in nature: The difference of man, in the respect alluded to, from the rest of the brute creation, may, perhaps, arise from his dereliction of that quadruped posture, so ably proved

* This whimsical plan is not so very distant from fact as it may appear. Attempts have been made to fertilize barren tracts of land, by encamping cavalry upon them.

by Lord Monboddo to have been the original habit of the human race. I do not infer, as short-sighted arguers have done, that man taking from his erect posture a wider scope of view, thence embraces at once more objects to animate his passions: because I think the extension of horizon gained by an additional elevation of two or three feet, entirely inadequate to the effect. My hypothesis proceeds upon a much simpler principle. We know that it is the nature of effluvia from all substances, to mount directly upwards; at least, where not exposed to a current of air. Now my conceit is, that, from the erect posture of man, the vapour generated in his entrails—which we know from its casual escapes to be highly exalted—must continually titillate and exacerbate his brain. Hence, when no present cause awakens him to fury, he is nevertheless gratified with the shew of preparation for mischief. This I take to be indubitably the cause why standing armies have become reconcilable not only to those who compose them, but to those also who, by their contributions, maintain them. The peasant, it is true, feels it a grievance, that the pittance hardly earned by his labour, should be squeezed from him to furnish subsistence to those enrolled machines; and he may perhaps at times consider their force as no very comfortable curb on his convenience. But he rationally consoles himself for these petty dissatisfactions, with the gracious hope that, some time or other, another community will suffer out of all proportion more from those tormentors than he does himself. If one can leave to the true-born Englishman this pleasing imagination; and, on the other hand, give him a *commutation* for his discontent, it must be deemed a national service of no ordinary importance. The late augmentation of the army in this country, and a grateful expectation that it will not be speedily reduced, led my mind to reflect whether it was indeed impossible to extract somewhat of utility from such a host, supported

ported at the expense of their fellow-citizens. Fortune seemed to have smiled in granting, at this juncture, the concurrence of a novel establishment, most admirably suited to the point of my lucubrations. Nay, I am almost tempted to believe, that a special Providence, acting always by modes inexplicable to men, has directed the formation of a National Board of Agriculture, for the express purpose of giving adoption to my system. To that Board, with great veneration, but with equal confidence, I present a plan for rendering the soldiers contributory to the public weal; and with the simplicity which ought to mark a proposal so unprecedented, I display my system without further introduction.

The number of effective men, including the militia, now embodied in Great Britain, I shall suppose to be forty thousand. From this number must be deducted the guards necessary for the person of the Sovereign, in the capital of his empire. The Duke of Richmond, also, will indubitably require to have a camp formed somewhere; but as a camp any where, of two thousand men, might be called the army, and his Grace only wishes to have the command of an army, five thousand men will be found sufficient for the two objects; that is to say, for this exhibition, and the protection of St. James's Park. There will then be five and thirty thousand men at liberty. I say at liberty, because, occupied as the French are in resisting the *irruption* of our allies on the continent, and covered as the seas are with one of the most formidable naval armaments ever set afloat by this country, I cannot suppose that the mind of man has ever harboured an idea so ridiculous, as that the Sans Culottes could molest us at home. I would, therefore, have these five and thirty thousand warriors assembled as speedily as may be, within one district; which, for the sake of the experiment, I could with might be of the most barren soil
that

that can be pitched upon in England. This army of Cincinnati should be under the absolute direction of the New Board of Agriculture. The ground destined for improvement should be accurately measured, and subdivided into the partitions, that will be obvious, according to the following scheme. For the sake of round numbers, I would allot five and thirty men to each acre; by which means, a thousand acres would be undertaken in the day. On the morning fixed for the operation, an ounce and an half of strong purgative salts, dissolved in a quart of spring-water, should be administered to each individual on the parade; after which, the whole body should be marched to the spot destined for improvement, where each squad of five and thirty should take possession of an acre. The men should then station themselves, as nearly as may be, at equal distances; in which situation they should be liberally supplied by their wives, or by drummers, with their gruel, prepared for the purpose. It is impossible to compute, with entire precision, what may be the quantity of manure yielded to an acre by this process; but assuredly it is not necessary to be very minute in ascertaining it. If the respectable members who constitute the new Board deem it advisable to be more particular, they can try the experiment by their own persons; and from the result establish a scale whence calculations may be unerringly drawn. Experience would, no doubt, extraordinarily improve the soldiers in their art; so that, when they were thoroughly disciplined, a much smaller number of men would equally meliorate an acre. For this we must look to time. In the present calculation, as I said before, I only reckon upon one thousand acres radically and effectually manured, in one day, by five and thirty thousand men. I apprehend that it would be scarcely held politic to subject the troops to this operation oftener than twice a week; that is, if they were to be worked for a constancy

stancy the year through, it is not only that the soldier might, by too great frequency of service, relax in attachment to the business, but it is also to be considered, whether, by a drain too suddenly repeated, the manure might not be rendered defective in quality. Economy likewise must here interfere, because it would be an expense in bounty-money to replace these implements of husbandry, as they may be honourably entitled, should they be worn out by unconscionable scouring. Upon these data it will appear, that one hundred thousand acres may annually be rendered capable of producing the richest crops, at an expense to the public so moderate as not to be worth notice. Ten years, then, will give one million of acres thus improved; and so on until the whole island shall be fit to bear asparagus. I have not taken into my account the contributions of the officers in this way, although it is clear their public spirit will naturally instigate them to shew the most active examples in this service. That their duty may be pleasing to them, I would, in their case, have the nature of the cathartic left entirely to their own discretion; so that, where habitual indulgence had rendered calomel, or any other drug, more grateful to them than salts, they might enjoy—provided it be out of their own pocket—the innocent luxury of that preference. I am aware, that all beneficial projects are coldly received at first. It is the prerogative of genius to soar, at once, to a height which ordinary minds cannot attain but by gradual stages and successive efforts. I therefore anticipate the reluctance with which this scheme will be adopted; for adopted, at length, I am confident it will be, it being impossible to advance any colourable objection to it. I know that, in these days of ostentatious economy, the expense of so comprehensive a purge will be loudly urged against the measure. At first sight, this argument may have some degree of weight; though, when it is better examined, it will be

be found unworthy of consideration. It is not to be supposed I should lay a plan of this magnitude before the public, without having duly informed myself of every circumstance involved in it. The price of purgative salt is not to be estimated by what gentlemen pay to their apothecaries. A chemist of distinguished eminence has pledged himself to me, that, whensoever this plan shall have received a parliamentary sanction, he will come forward and offer to contract to purge the army round at five farthings per man for each week. I acknowledge that such a contract might add to the Minister's influence, and be bestowed in return for parliamentary adherence: but this is easily obviated by lodging the power of granting that contract with the Board of Agriculture, which no man can suppose will ever receive a bias from ministerial intimations. Five farthings then being taken as the expense of the cathartic, to that sum must be added as much more, for providing the gruel necessary on the occasion; so that twopence halfpenny will be the charge of every man's hebdomadary exertion. Multiply this by thirty-five, and it will appear that for three shillings and sevenpence halfpenny an acre of land will be manured with an efficacy, such as probably has never been experienced from the commencement of tillage to the present day. For it is not to be imagined that the operation of manure, so applied, will consist merely in the inert qualities, howsoever excellent, of the fæces. I am persuaded, that the energy of mind with which that boon will be bestowed to the earth, must influence in a surprising degree the nature of the substance so communicated. The charms of society in the function; the heroic impulse of professional ardour; the cheering inspiration of the fife and drum; and, above all, the consciousness of patriotic effort, will infuse a soul into the tribute that is to mingle with the clay, and enable it to impregnate every clod with unexampled fecundity.

cundity. Laughing Ceres shall glitter over the land, yellow as the course when she sprang; and the teeming granaries of England shall bear grateful testimony to the liberal bowels of her regimented sons. The husbandman shall be agreeably astonished, to find that he has a common cause with the soldier; and the landed interest, in Parliament, shall exult at the amount of army estimates, moved by the Secretary at War.

CACOTHAUSTES.

THE TRAVELLER AND HIS GUIDE.

AN ASIATIC APOLOGUE.

[From the Gazetteer.]

OGUL Alaked, a Persian merchant, who was setting off on a long journey, thought that it would be more safe and easy if he took a guide.—“I will take one,” said he, “of sufficient strength to carry my burden, brave enough to assist me in defending myself against robbers, and subtle enough to see that nobody take advantage of my good faith.”

As Arbogad, his neighbour, had all these good qualities, he agreed to give him honourable pay, and put his pack upon his shoulders. During the first three or four days, he kept his purse himself; but Arbogad assuring him he could make better bargains, and was more on his guard against imposition, persuaded him to give it into his care.

The next day, Arbogad, pretending that they were coming into a country infested by robbers, asked permission to take some money out of the purse to buy a large scimitar, his dexterity in the use of which he highly vaunted. They had not gone much further, before Ogul Alaked, on waking from a sound sleep, found that he was disarmed.

“How is this?” said he. Arbogad answered, that he had taken his sword from him, out of regard to his
his

his own welfare. "It is a dangerous weapon," added he: "you might cut yourself with it; and, as you are subject to mental absences, you might even disable *me*; and then who would take care of you?" Ogul Alaked did not find this reasoning perfectly satisfactory; but as he had the best opinion of Arbogad, he acquiesced, and they proceeded on their journey with great apparent friendship. But, shortly after, the Persian remonstrating with his guide on the profusion with which he disposed of his money; Arbogad, by way of answer, shewed him the scimitar that had been bought under the pretence of defending him; and, on his repeating his complaints, drew it out of the scabbard, and waved it over his head. Poor Ogul Alaked was obliged to submit; and Arbogad, persisting in the use of the same powerful argument, appropriated the money to his own use, and provided sumptuous fare for himself, while the other was scarcely allowed the scraps that remained on the table.

At last he took the pack off his own shoulders, put it upon that of Ogul Alaked; and, instead of conducting him the way he wanted to go, drove the miserable merchant along the road that best suited himself.—*He that has ears to hear, let him hear!*

PRETTY AMUSEMENTS FOR CROWNED HEADS, FOR A CENTURY TO COME*.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

WHEN the combined forces have reinstated the monarchy of France, seen the Monk restored to

* This whimsical plan of operations appeared very shortly after we see Englishmen joined the grand confederacy, with a view of forcing the French to abandon the dreadful, though voluntary, slavery of a representative and republican government, and to return to the *rational liberty* they formerly enjoyed under their *Grand Monarque*. The rogues "dared kill a king," and were insolent enough to think they could live without one!

his

his monastery, and the Nun to her cloister; brought back the feudal system to the most absolute vassalage, and introduced wooden shoes and wretchedness to more than twenty millions of people, they may direct their attention to the Dey of Algiers, and insist upon introducing the Protestant religion into every corner of his black dominions. That point once accomplished, they may sail to Constantinople, and compel the Grand Turk to throw away his turban, and wear in the room a cocked hat and a pig-tailed periwig: this will be very easily performed; and then they will have nothing to do, but to pay a visit to the Emperor of China, and advise him kindly, at the point of the bayonet, to embrace Judaism for the good of his immortal soul, and to oblige his subjects to rise with their backs-des foremost. After that, they may step over the Chinese-wall; force the Khan of Persia to keep Lent; and then, turning their attention to the Great Mogul, insist upon qualifying all his subjects for the Italian Opera, and that they ride with their heads to their horses' tails. They will then have plenty of leisure upon their hands to pare the lips and pinch the noses of the Tartars into a decent and becoming form. As to the Hottentots, it will take no trouble at all to make them wear ruffled shirts and silk stockings: and nothing can be more pleasant to the blacks of Guinea, than compelling them to dress in fur cloaks, with black silk bags to their hair. Afterwards they can force the Esquimaux Indians to study the Newtonian system, and oblige the Laplanders to have light all the year round.

JEU D'ESPRIT *.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

AS late Dumourier terror spread,
 Mynheer and Frow retir'd to bed,
 With the French army in their head;
 Into a broken slumber falling,
 Behold them tossing, tumbling, sprawling:
 Surpris'd, Mynheer began to feel
 His back-bone turn'd into a keel;
 To oak his ribs were changing fast,
 And from his belly sprang a mast;
 His limbs, miraculously shrunk,
 Retir'd into the parent trunk;
 His brawny rump, grown harder, rounder,
 Now carried a brass eighteen-pounder.
 But as for modesty I'm fam'd,
 No port-hole shall by me be nam'd:
 In short, he found himself afloat,
 Completely chang'd into a boat!
 The wind was fair, unfurl'd the sail,
 Away he scuds before the gale.
 Scarce had he sail'd a league or two,
 When Williamstadt appear'd in view.
 Alas! the hungry flames devour
 The humble roof, the lofty tow'r:
 The savage French, 'midst show'rs of balls,
 Advance to scale the shatter'd walls;
 But bang Mynheer let fly among 'em,
 And into sudden panic flung 'em;
 Happy the Frenchman who could 'scape
 The eighteen-pounders, round and grape!
 Hearing her husband's cannon rattle,
 The lady dreams she is in battle!
 And quick as thought the mattress floats—
 The loyal Frow had op'd the sluices;
 And thus Dumourier she reduces,
 And thus she drowns the Sans-culottes.

* This *Jeu d'Esprit* appeared immediately after the French had been driven from Williamstadt, by the joint means of fire and water.

TO THE NETTLE.

VILE Weed, irascible! when'er I view
 Thy horrent leaves in circling points arise,
 And know, that underneath each fibre lies
 The keen receptacle of venom'd dew ;
 And when I know, that if, with cautious fear,
 I touch thy pow'r, it punishes my dread :
 But if, with dauntless hand approaching near,
 I grasp thee full and firm—that pow'r is dead—
 Thus as, with disdainful thought, I view thy stings,
 Terrific to the coward wretch alone,
 Much do I meditate on Grandeur's throne—
 The awe of Subjects, and the might of Kings !
 Like thee, they punish those whom they appal ;
 Like thee, when firmly grasp'd, to native nothing fall !

 SEDITIONOUS WORDS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

A CASE of great difficulty and importance lately came before the Magistrates of a neighbouring county. A man was apprehended upon a charge of having spoken *in his sleep* several seditious and treasonable words of and concerning his Majesty and his allies, now engaged in war with the French.

It appeared, by the oath of a man who lodged in the same garret with the prisoner, that the latter, while he was fast asleep, suddenly exclaimed, “ D—n the war and the Ministry—I don’t care a fig for all the Kings in Europe !”

This being a new case, gave birth to a very learned argument between the Gentlemen of the *Quorum* assembled upon this occasion.

Mr. Justice Drowsy said, that he had heard *as how* sleeping was a *constitutional* right, and consequently that a man had a right to dream ; for his part, ever since he had been one of the *Quorum*, he was a great
dreamer,

dreamer, but that he was *too wise* to talk politics in his sleep; for he was just as *sensible* and loyal when *asleep* as *awake*.

Another Justice said, that "Sedition was sedition, whether a man was asleep or awake!" He thought the prisoner ought to be sent with Fische Palmer to Botany Bay for *seven years*, for he was sure that he was *equally guilty*.

An old Magistrate, who had ceased to act for some years, but whose advice was solicited upon this occasion, recommended it to his *learned* brethren to proceed with great caution in so intricate a case; for, he said, if it should be decided that a man was responsible for his *sleeping acts*, it would go to criminate many of the first personages in the kingdom.—"There was great reason," continued he, "to believe that the people of England were *not* awake when they consented to the present war with France. His Grace of Richmond was certainly *napping* when the Duke of York laid siege to Dunkirk; and the Duke of Brunswick's march to Paris turned out to be nothing but a *dream*; so likewise when men extol the wisdom, virtues, talents, &c. of the present Administration, and mention the justice or policy of attempting to conquer France, they may justly be said to be talking in their *sleep*, and nothing but the Minister's *budget* will be able to *open their eyes*."

The prisoner was then called upon for his defence, who said, that he had no recollection of what he had uttered; but if he had offended their Worships in his *sleep*, he would *oblige* them, now he was *awake*, by drinking d——n to Tom Paine and the Dissenters, with as good a heart as Reeves's Committee, or the Birmingham Magistrates.

After the subject had been fully argued, it was proposed and agreed to refer the case to the opinions

of the Solicitor General* and Mr. Sergeant Watfon, it being hinted that the *somniferous* speeches of those gentlemen, in St. Stephen's Chapel, left no doubt of their being the best qualified to decide the question.

MEDICAL DEBATING SOCIETY.

[From the Gazetteet.]

AT a Medical Society at Edinburgh, a very violent debate took place on the following question—

“ *Utrum Morbus Gallicus an Morbus Regalis sit corpori perniciosior ?*”—i. e.

“ Whether the *French Disease* or *King's Evil* be most pernicious to the *Constitution* ?”

Doctor Cantwell, a Physician well acquainted with modern practice, but supposed to be attached to the ancient doctrines of Paracelsus, the Empiric, took the affirmative of the first part of this interesting question. The *King's Evil*, he said, was a disease of an indolent nature, acting almost imperceptibly; and though it might at length attack the nobler parts, and

* To those who have not had the advantage of hearing the Solicitor General speak, it may be necessary to remark, that his eloquence is not exactly the snuffing of an *old woman*; nor does it quite resemble the drone of a bagpipe out of tune. It is a kind of *tertium quod*—something between both. All his *somniferous* speeches in St. Stephen's Chapel were much exceeded by his harangues on the State trials, one of which lasted eleven hours! On Horne Tooke's trial he was hardly less prolix; which is said to have made that gentleman declare, that if it should be his misfortune to be again tried for high treason, he would plead guilty, considering hanging as a much smaller punishment than a long speech from Mr. Solicitor General. Much, however, of the latter's *solsets* and unintelligible oratory is attributable to the false positions he finds it incumbent on him to maintain; for he is not altogether without the talents which distinguish his brother, the learned author of the *History of Greece*; nor is his epistolary correspondence entirely destitute of wit.

destroy the *constitution*, yet its effects might be compared with the gradual operation of time, was little felt, and left the patient a chance of attaining old age without any notable inconvenience; whereas the *French Disease* was attended with many inflammatory symptoms, acute pains, and disgusting circumstances.—“It shews itself,” said he, “in a thousand horrid shapes; and, even after its virulence seems abated, it breaks out in some other place where least expected. It is attended with a variety of other disorders, and leaves the *constitution* exposed to the attacks of some d—d *after-clap* or other, to the end of its existence.” In short, he concluded, that the *French Disease* was of the two much more pernicious to the *constitution*, more base in its origin, and more loathsome in its appearance.

Dr. Theorem then rose, and maintained the contrary argument with great force, although he began with the graceful figure of concession.—It was true, he said, that the *constitutions* attacked by the *King's Evil*, appeared *prima-facie* to be healthy, and that the very nature of the disease induced a florid and full habit; “but at the same time,” added he, “foul ulcers, and a mass of corruption, are extending their baneful influence within, and never fail at last to stifle every vital principle. It is besides *hereditary* in almost all cases; entails increasing mischief upon future generations; and though it may be momentarily palliated by a connexion with a more wholesome family; yet it never fails to recur at the end of some time, with its former destructive energy. The *French Disease*, on the contrary, admits of a perfect cure, by various means. Perhaps the most effectual are what the French themselves call *les grands remedes*. In this practice, it is usual to begin with *blood-letting*, then to give *purgatives*, and afterwards to administer strong *alteratives*,

alteratives, according to the inveteracy of the disorder, and to the circumstances of the case.

“ This, however,” continued Doctor Theorem, “ I think a dangerous method of operating, and do not doubt but a cure may be effected by *mild alteratives* alone, aided by cooling physic, and by the knife, wherever any *proud flesh* may obstinately oppose the healing of the sore parts. As to the *foul blotches*, which Doctor Cantwell thinks such an aggravation of the malady, they generally proceed from the salutary efforts made by the body to drive the virus from the vital parts to the surface. Nay,” concluded he, “ many instances have been known, in which this complaint, considered by the learned Doctor as more pernicious to the *constitution* than that dreadful disorder the *King's Evil*, has cured itself by the *vis medicatrix Naturæ* alone.”

Here Doctor Cantwell rose; and though little better than a Mountebank himself, called his brother M. D. a Quack, and declared his opinions high-treason against the regular doctrines of the schools. Doctor Theorem retorted the charge; the Society formed themselves into two parties, and were left pulling wigs and noses when our accounts came away.

ANECDOTE FOR THE DOG-DAYS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

IT has been said that *man* is the only animal that laughs; but though dogs may not absolutely laugh, they are sometimes, like Falstaff, the cause of laughter in others. The following circumstance, which happened to Garrick in the early part of his life, is one example:

One very fultry evening, in the dog-days, he performed the part of *Lear*; in the four first acts, he received

ceived the customary tribute of applause. At the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection. At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion; it was not tragic; for—he was evidently endeavouring to suppress a laugh! In a few seconds, the attendant Nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beautiful Cordelia, who was reclined upon a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa; and, with the *Majesty of England*, the gallant *Albany*, and *tough old Kent*, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for this strange termination of a tragedy in any other way than by supposing the *dramatis personæ* were seized with a sudden frenzy; but their risibility had a different source.—A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated on the centre of the front bench in the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally supposed he might enjoy the like privilege here. The butcher sat very back; and the quadruped finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his fore-paws on the rail of the orchestra, peered at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent *Slaughter-man* was *made of melting stuff*; and not being accustomed to a playhouse heat, found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well-powdered Sunday periwig, which for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the *head* of his *mastiff*. The dog being in so conspicuous, so obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Mr. Garrick, and the other performers. A *mastiff* in a *churchwarden's wig*—for the butcher was a *parish-officer*—was too much. It would have provoked

voked laughter in Lear himself at the moment he was most distressed; no wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

TO LORD CHATHAM*.

[From the Gazetteer.]

MY LORD,

I AM an old seaman, and learnt to hand, reef, and steer, at the time your father was at the helm of the nation, and when you, as I take it, were hardly upon the stocks. So, do you see, I have a mind to give you a bit of advice. If you take it as you ought, why, so much the better for you and Old England. If you're angry, you may please yourself again; for I don't care a stale chaw of tobacco for the foul-weather looks of any fair-weather Jack in the three kingdoms.

What I want you to do is, to turn out of your birth at the Admiralty, and make room for somebody who knows the cat-head from the capstern. I wonder what lubber it was *rated you able!* and what right you have to know any thing of seafaring matters. You can ride, I'm told; but do you know which is the best way to ride out a gale of wind? You are fond of *Port*, I hear; and so are all fresh-water sailors; but I'll bet you a round dozen, that you don't know the landmarks of any port in Europe. You can set a hundred pounds upon a throw at hazard; but can you *set up* the main rigging, and be d——d to you? Not you, I'll answer for it; for unless you're d——n—bly belied, you're only fit to lie *water-logged* in your hammock till three

* As Lord Chatham retired from the Admiralty a few days after this letter appeared, it was supposed to have been the cause of his giving up his post. It is, at any rate, certain, that he was at great pains to find out the Admiral; meaning, no doubt, to reward him, if not to recall an Officer of such energetic character to active service; but the good veteran's modesty defeated his kind intentions.

or four o'clock P. M. when the time for working your day's work is over †.

It's no wonder, then, if every thing goes to leeward; if the French pick up our merchantmen, and scour the Channel, the Bay, and the North Sea, with a few frigates; while half the ships we have in commission are enough to blow their whole navy out of the water. We told them another-guise story last war. If any of the *Mounseers* dared to pop out of port then, we soon shewed them the way into our harbours. Was not I with Commodore Elliot when we took all Thurot's squadron, after a brisk action of seven glasses † D-mme! we laid them close alongside, and did not fire a gun till we could see the white of their eyes. It would have done any body good to be there. In that engagement I lost three fingers, my hearing, and an iron-bound hat.

Those were glorious days for Old England! We have not seen such a long while, and I'm afraid we never shall again. But the First Lord of the Admiralty, in those days, was no lubber; and ships were given to your fine, old, *rough-spun* fellows, with hard faces, that could stand all weathers; and not to the puny sons and bastards of Noblemen, who are sea-sick, and come skulking into port whenever it blows a cap-full of wind.

Now, don't you go for to fancy, because I say this, that I'm one of the old disappointed Captains, who have been plying to windward for these two years past, without getting a ship.—Not I.—I was laid upon the

† His Lordship is said to play and drink equally deep; to eat broiled beef-bones at three or four o'clock in the morning; and to lie a-bed till three or four in the afternoon. It is said also, that the accident which the Admiral seems to allude to, by the word *water-logged*, happens now and then. As to riding, it is well known that persons who called on official business, even at ten o'clock at night, were regularly told—that his Lordship was gone to take a ride!

shelf at the beginning of the last peace, because I had too much spirit to cringe to a Lord of the Admiralty. And even if I was not superannuated, before I'd dance attendance upon you, as some of my old mess-mates do every day, till four or five o'clock in the afternoon, while you lie *bulking* in bed, d—n me! if I would not get a *jigger-tackle* upon you, *bowse* you out of your hammock, and flog you through lubber's hole with the thick end of a rope.

Hangerford Coffeehouse, A YELLOW ADMIRAL.
Dec. 1.

THE DROMEDARY AND RHINOCEROS.

A FABLE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

A RHINOCEROS met a Dromedary

Upon the road,
Sweating beneath his load,
Over-burden'd, faint, and weary;

Ready to drop,
He made a stop:

When thus the pamp'rd slave,
Like many a great man's knave,
In language rude address'd

The free-born Beast—
“ Confound your snout,
Turn out!

Without more fuss;

Quick! leave this track, I say—

“ I was made by man for us;
‘T is call'd ‘ the Camel's Way.’

I should have thought my breeding and appearance
Would, without verbal interference,

Have made a *simple* look my *right* convey,
Behold this plumage on my head;
See this rich housing o'er my buttocks spread,

That gracefully descends on either side;

Whilst you, poor Sans-culotte,

One rag have not,

Your nakedness to hide:

By

By men we 're fought, well lodg'd, and fed,
Like their own children, with white bread ;

But your vile, worthless race,

They from their cities chase ;

In this true wisdom 's shewn,

For well 't is known,

Subordination you would deem disgrace,

While we in all their towns make our abode :

Turn out, mad leveller, and yield to me the road."

To this sad stuff our Democrat

Cried—" Hold your jaw !

Your lofty head with plummy pride,

And the rich housing on your side,

From me no envy draw ;

Besides, I view

The bridle too !

And then, that load this truth does loudly tell—

' Freedom 's the price you 've paid for living well !

' For ev'ry favour man was pleas'd to grant.

Nature design'd your timid race should be

To men subservient, form'd to bow the knee ;

Vain fool ! your trappings I can never want,

Content with health, with love, and liberty.

Pray, feel my pointed horn ;

Now, don't dissemble—

Think you that I was born

(What makes you tremble ?)

Mankind to serve, or that curst race to scorn ?

Examine next my skin—

'T is bullet-proof :

No wonder hunters keep aloof,

Nor hope to win

The battle fairly :

They send their missile weapons from afar,

Nor dare a close, courageous war ;

But men are fam'd for wit,

And they sometimes, though rarely,

Trap us with a Pit :

E'en then the free-born mind all danger braves ;

We 'd sooner yield to death than sink to slaves ;

But you were meant for hacks,
 Born, as ye are, with saddles on your backs :
 Here, coxcomb, take your roâd !
 Expos'd, from this delay, to feel the lash and goad."

T. W.

"What is the city but a great tame beast, that eats
 and carries, and cares not who rides it?"

Killing no Murder.—By Col. Titus.

Aug. 12.

PICTURE OF LONDON.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

"EVERY body knows," says a very elegant writer, in one of the Paris journals, "that Paris is regarded in two points of view very different; and that the perspective depends less on the *position* of the observer than on his *digestion*." What this writer says of the *Tableau de Paris*, holds equally true of the *Picture of London*. We shall *parody* his drawing.

He who digests, in company with a fine woman, an excellent dinner at Grenier's, at two guineas per head, perceives with reason—that *every thing* goes well.— Things take, in his eyes, the colour of his mistress's cheeks.

The theatres are delightful, the performers excellent.

The songs at the Opera are admirable. The Banti, the Rose, the Hilligsberg, the Parisot divine!

The markets abound with the choicest fish, and poultry, and every luxury of life.

Every department of state is conducted with care, activity, and wisdom; and the ministers are angels sent from heaven.

Notes of accommodation pass like Bank-paper.

There

There was a dispute who should have the honour to lend eighteen millions to Government, and parties are actually quarrelling about a preference in laying out millions upon schemes.

The young men are eager to go to the West Indies, as if it were to a party of pleasure.

The Jacobins are all suppressed, and the mouth of Sedition is shut.

All the taverns are full, as if wine was at half-a-crown per bottle.

All the men are now loyal and satisfied; and liberal rewards are given for service to the state.—All the women are beautiful and elegant.

We have plenty of money—plenty of men; we shall beat the French into submission, and force them to make peace—“*Shall we not, my love?*”

He embraces his love, yawns, stretches himself, closes his eyes—and falls asleep.

But, alas! while this happy Sybarite is rocked with these agreeable images, what sad and gloomy visions rise in the mind of that man, who, having but one penny-loaf of mixed bread, and a pound of boiled potatoes, to satisfy himself, his wife, and three children, dreads every instant the entry of his landlord, or of a tax-gatherer, to take from him his bed, table, and couple of chairs, and turn him and his infants into the streets, or into a gaol!—

“Formerly,” said he, with a heart-felt sigh, “I could by my labour earn a sufficient subsistence for my family.

“I could buy my loaf for eight-pence; my wife had the pot upon the fire every day, and we had a joint of roast meat upon Sunday.

“I could afford now and then a pint of beer; and porter was really worth drinking.

“Now I have neither victuals nor clothes; and it is not only for myself that I have to grieve, but all my neighbours

neighbours are equally ruined, and we have no hope of better times.

“ For the rich seem resolved to ruin the nation.

“ They crowd to the theatres; and they talk of nothing but operas and plays, and gaming, and expense.

“ The common necessaries of life are beyond our reach; the loaf is 15*d.* beef 8*d.* and butter 14*d.* per pound.

“ In every office under Government there is nothing but carelessness and want of foresight; and Ministers were surely sent to us for a curse.

“ There is nothing to be seen but paper; and Loan-jobbers and Contractors are quarrelling who shall rob us.

“ They are sending thousands of men to their graves in the inhospitable climate of the West Indies; and they have put a padlock upon our mouths, while all the adherents of the Minister are getting sinecures and pensions!

“ We have neither men nor money left, and yet we are to go on with the war, cost what it may; and *God knows when we shall have a peace!*”

He looked at his wife with a dejected countenance; snatched each of his infants, one after the other, towards him; and, as they looked wistfully into his face, *he wiped the tear of parental anguish from his eye.*—

“ Come, come, John,” said his wife, “ let us hope for better times. In the mean time, you know that you have yourself partly to blame; you was for the war, like all the rest; you would vote at the Vestry, because the Churchwardens asked you. What business had we with the French?—But, come, see how the children look up into your face: they are quite starving. Let us eat our potatoes before they are quite cold.—I wish we had a morsel of butter to them!”

ANECDOTE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR William Dawes, Archbishop of York, was very fond of a pun. His clergy dining with him, for the first time after he had lost his lady, he told them, he feared they did not find things in so good order as they used to be in the time of poor Mary; and, looking extremely sorrowful, added, with a deep sigh—"She was, indeed, *Mare pacificum!*" A curate, who pretty well knew what she had been, called out—"Ay, my Lord, but she was *Mare mortuum* first." Sir William gave him a living of 200*l.* per annum within two months.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE,

FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

[From the Gazetteer.]

A PARTNER in a banking-house, who lives near enough to the abode of our facetious first Magistrate, to nose his Lordship's kitchen whenever turtle is the order of the day, was very lately at a small watering-place on the coast of Essex. Being in the country, he determined to partake of its sports; and, for the first time in his life, to have a day's shooting.—“When we are at *Rome*,” said the Cit, “we must do as they *do* at *Rome*.”

A vulgar sportsman, such as a country Squire, or a rusticated Nobleman, sets off on foot, or at best on a shooting poney, in pursuit of his game. A city *Crasus* disdains such simplicity. Accordingly our Banker, with a merchant for his companion, got into his phaeton, took the pointers he had borrowed into the carriage, and ordered his servants in livery to follow him.

The

The dogs, who had never been used to such a fashionable style of travelling, soon began to shew symptoms of uneasiness, and even of an inclination to desert.—They were detained, however, in part by caresses, and partly by force, till they had very nearly reached the scene of action; when, by a violent and unanimous effort, they all jumped out, and ran home, except one, who was persuaded to follow by the servants behind. But even *he* might as well have gone with the rest; for hardly had they hunted three fields over, when the obstinate brute stopped all of a sudden, to the great surprise and chagrin of the city sportsmen. They halloed him on; they whistled to him; but nothing could make him move. It was very provoking, they said; they never saw a dog so restive in their lives. So, taking a whip from a domestic, they began to belabour the refractory *Carlo*, who darted into the convey, and away went the birds.

Before the Banker could recover from the alarm occasioned by the flapping of their wings, take up his gun and cock it, the partridges were out of sight. These were all he saw that day; nor could he sufficiently regret the bad behaviour of the dog.—“If he had not stopped,” said the Banker, “I should have fired into the thick of the *brood*, and killed one half of them.” His companion made no doubt but he should have killed the rest.

On his return to his carriage, the *Man of Money* determined to try his skill at some sparrows on a dung-hill. He shut his eyes; and before he could open them again to count the dead sparrows, a pig, which was lying under the straw, and which he had shot in the head, came running out, and laid itself at his feet, squeaking most horribly in the agonies of death. And out came the farmer's men with flails and pitch-forks; and out came the farmer's dog, and seized
him.

him by the coat; and out came the farmer himself, and took him by the collar.

Perceiving himself thus beset, the Banker offered an honourable composition; but when he found that no less a sum than three guineas was demanded, he demurred, and said, that a pig of equal size might be purchased for less money in London. His companion, however, observing that pigs were more plentiful in Leadenhall market than in the country, the money was produced; and the farmer, and the farmer's men, and the farmer's dog, retired to their respective kennels.

It is the quality of a great mind not to be easily discouraged. The Banker, therefore, reloaded his piece; and ere he had proceeded far, hearing a rustling in the hedge, he let fly at a venture. The report of the gun was immediately followed by cries of—"Good luck! I'm shot! As God shall shave me, I'm shot!" It was a Jew, who had been making a sacrifice, which was not that of the Paschal lamb, and who, at the close of it, while employed in plucking up grass, "and shrubs of broader leaf, and more commodious," received a large portion of the charge in that part where, according to Butler,

"——A kick hurts honour more,
Than deepest wounds receiv'd before."

As the Banker had never seen a magpie in the city that did not speak, he supposed that the whole species was naturally loquacious, and made no doubt but he had killed one of those talkative birds. "I have shot a magpie," said he to his companion, and off he ran to pick up his game; when, in the passage of the hedge, he was met face to face by the furious Israelite. Seeing him in the nakedness of a *Sans-culotte*, and bleeding from flank to flank, the Banker started back in speechless horror. The "circumcised dog" pursued
and

and took him by the throat, swearing, by the God of *Moses*, that he would have blood for blood. This dreadful threat he enforced by the most sanguinary arguments *à posteriori*, and would probably have realized it, if the Banker's friend had not offered him "egregious ransom." At the first mention of money, the bleeding member of the half-tribe of *Manasseh* relaxed his gripe, examined the paper that was tendered to him by the Banker, and retired well satisfied, when he found that it was a check upon Messrs. *Foster, Lubbock, and Bosanquet*.

[By a singular coincidence, it happened that one of the partners in the firm mentioned incidentally at the end of the above article, had been on an excursion to South End, in Essex; and, as it should seem, had met with similar sport. Which partner it was we cannot inform our readers. Perhaps the well-known Latin precept, "*In medio tutissimus ibis*," may serve them as a guide. However this may be, he came to the printing-office in a rage little less dreadful than the Jew's; but fortunately he did not bring his fowling-piece with him, or it is possible that, in attempting to shoot the Editor, he might have killed the Printer's Devil, or the printing-press. For fear of some such horrible accident, the following very satisfactory Apology appeared in the Gazette a day or two after:]

APOLOGY.

WE some days since gave our readers an account of a day's shooting on the sea-coast. The principal sportsman is one of our friends; and being, as the French term it, a man, *qui entend raillerie*, he gave us permission to relate the whimsical accidents he met with in the course of his amusement. It not being in every one's power to divert the public, he was glad to afford a laugh, even at his own expense, especially as no blame can attach to mere mischances; and as, all things considered, he had some reason to be proud, not having missed a single shot, though he had never shot before.

We little thought that the misapplication of this innocent

innocent story would expose us to remonstrances. Such, however, we have received, and of so wrathful a tenour, that there is reason to fear, lest

“The children yet unborn should rue
The shooting of that day.”

As we did not mention the name of the personage, and as the great number of Bankers who reside in the vicinity of the Mansion House, left a wild field for conjecture, it is rather strange, that any one should have wrongfully placed this fancied ridicule upon himself. The *firm* of a respectable house was *casually* introduced, it is true, but only to say, that its paper was deemed a satisfactory compensation by the wounded Israelite, which is paying as high a compliment to the credit of a commercial establishment, as can well be imagined. We can therefore only suppose, that this misunderstanding has arisen from some other city gentleman's having met with the same accident as our friend; although it is almost incredible, that two persons should each have shot a *pig* and a *Jew*. If, however, the gentleman who thinks himself aggrieved, will come forward, and say, that he *really* met with such mischances during his trip to the water-side, we will readily *name him*; and assure the public, that, though he shot a *pig* and a *Jew*, it was not *he* who shot the *pig* and the *Jew* that *we* spoke of.

ON READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF ST. AMAND.

[From the Gazetteer.]

GENIUS of Britain! was it thou
From whom th' admiring nations caught
That sense of right, that patriot glow,
That love of science, force of thought,
Which o'er Oppression's face diffuse
Guilt's wild paleness, Terror's dews?

Genius

A SAILOR'S LETTER.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

YOUR Honour must know that I am just returned from a long voyage; and that, on my coming ashore, I met my old messmate, Jack Spritsail, under a jury-mast, he having had his starboard prop carried away in some fight with the French, under my old Commodore Howe, in which, it seems, the Mounseers were swinged. Jack has given me a mess of news; but I cannot believe half of it, unless I hear it confirmed by your Honour. When I set sail, the English army had taken the Dutch in tow, with some other outlandish fellows, who, I think, are called Austrians and Prussians; they had run down the French army, and upset Landrecies, a place which stood in their way, and were getting ahead at the rate of nine knots an hour, on their march to some fresh-water port, which I think they call Paris. Now Jack tells me that I had no sooner cleared the land, than the French, under Mounseer Pichegru, steered several points from the wind at first; but presently luffed up, and broke the line at Menin and Courtray: that the Duke of York was obliged to back his sails; and that, when he came alongside the French, they made him broach to, and almost set him on his beam-ends; that the Duke sheered off; and that the French steered directly after him all the way into Holland, giving him several broadsides by the way; and that they have recaptured Valenciennes, Condé, and all the Duke's other prizes.

Jack also tells me, that some strange things have happened at home; as how that the Habeas Corpus Act, which is the main-mast of English liberty, has been sprung; and that Mr. Pitt, our head boatswain, has thrown Horne Tooke, and several of his old messmates, into limbo. These things are all so strange, that I know not how to believe them till they are confirmed

armed by you; but as your Honour knows of every thing that is afloat, I hope you will send me a line at the Bowl of Grog. Let me know whether you think the Duke of York will be able to repair his damages, and tack about again. I hope to make another voyage at the present high wages.

I am your humble servant to command;

JOHN OAKUM.

A DIALOGUE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

The Alarmists.

DO you not see those men upon the heath?—A strange, four-looking gang, with a parson at their head:

John Bull. I think I do; but I am somewhat near-sighted.

Alarmists. There have been many robberies committed on this heath formerly.

John Bull. So I am told.

Alarmists. You heard of the terrible fire last night over the river at Gaulstow?

John Bull. I did.

Alarmists. A most shocking fact—supposed to have been set on fire by the gypsies. There was horrid plundering and murdering; and several women and children found roasted in the rubbish.

John Bull. Indeed!

Alarmists (significantly). Those people must be the very gypsies.

John Bull. They are coming this way, sure enough.

Alarmists. Highwaymen of the worst sort! You had better be upon your guard. Housebreakers, footpads, pickpockets, fortunetellers, all in one! There are several foreign ruffians come over lately to join them.

John Bull. I have a deal of property about me.

Alarmists.

Alarmists. The soldiers are very near; we had better see them to stand by us.

John Bull. Ay, do, do...

A By-stander. Really, Sir, there is no danger.

John Bull. No danger, wretch! I suppose you are in league with the rogues. Precaution is always prudence.

Alarmists (severally). Let me take charge of your watch, Sir.—Give me your gold, Sir.—I'll keep your pocket-book—these bank-notes are better destroyed, Sir.—Will you not take out your buckles too?

John Bull. You are really very kind, Gentlemen—but now I begin to see the men plainer, I think I know them. O yes, perfectly. They are only the people that come from the Dipper's meeting. You may return me my property, Gentlemen.

Alarmists. That, Sir, is impossible; 't is all disposed of.

John Bull. Disposed of! How disposed of? I might as well have given it to those poor fellows. 'T is all one to me whom I am robbed by.

Alarmists. True, Sir; but it is not all one to us.

CHINESE LETTER.

FROM FI-TI-LI, IN LONDON, TO HIS FRIEND LING-
CHING-SING, AT PEKIN*.

Translated from the Original.

[From the Gaze:teer.]

Ling-ching-fing, my Friend,

I AM sorry that I cannot give thee a more favourable account of these islanders than what thou wilt find in this letter. I expected to meet with a very polished

* This letter appeared a few days after Lord Howe's victory on the 1st of June.

people;

people; but I fear they are far, very far indeed, from a state of civilization. One of their principal marks of barbarism is their fondness for war; for I understand that they are always either engaged in hostilities with some nation or other, or employed in preparations to attack their neighbours.

In this their passion there is one thing very curious; which is, that at the beginning of a war, they always think it the finest, the most glorious, and the most necessary thing in the world: but, at the end of seven or eight years, and by the time they have spent all their money, they begin to scratch their heads, and to discover that they have been fighting about they know not what, or at best about some *bubble* that they have lost sight of during the contest.

The sun has now performed one great revolution and a half since the governors of this island, which is the corn-market of half Europe, forbade their subjects to sell any wheat to a neighbouring nation called the French. They said they were very kindly disposed towards the French; they did not mean them *any harm*; they only wished to *starve* them. This the French, however, did not understand; and, added to some other provocations, it brought on a war between the two countries, which continues to be carried on with the greatest fury.

A few days ago, news was brought, that their fleet had fought with that of the enemy, and had taken six of their great *war-junks*. I thought that, upon the obtaining of such an advantage, they would have gone quietly, as we should do in China, to compliment and congratulate their friends, and that they would have afterwards retired to rest with a mixed sentiment of pleasure and pain; for the damaged *junks* of the French were purchased with the blood of a thousand of their countrymen. But, instead of that, for three successive nights, they ran about the streets, shouting and roaring
like

like madmen; letting off *fire-pans* of all sizes; firing crackers, which they learned to make of us Chinese; and breaking the windows, and setting fire to the houses of the more peaceable inhabitants*. What astonished me most was, that, during the whole three nights, their government made no attempt to check this riot and devastation: and yet (would you believe it, Ling-ching-fing?) these islanders swear they will not lay down their arms, till the French shall accept a government of their making!

They say, indeed, as an excuse for the inactivity of their magistrates, that the windows broken belong to those who are dissatisfied with the abuses that exist in the country. Now, ought they not rather to have broken the windows of those degenerate men who are *satisfied with abuses*? But every thing in this country runs counter to the current of plain sense and reason. In China, as thou knowest, when any discontent arises, the *Emperor* inquires into its cause, and orders the *Mandarins* to be punished, who have oppressed *his children*, or infringed their rights. Here, when a great part of the nation complains that the *Mandarins* of state have assumed more power than belongs to them, and encroached upon the rights of the people, what means dost thou think that they take to cure the discontent?—Why, the great *Mandarins* assume more powers, and encroach still further upon the rights of the people! Now, is not this very strange, Ling-ching-fing, my friend?

When I left Peking, thou desiredst me to make inquiry into the nature of the religion professed by these islanders. My small acquaintance with their barbarous idiom has not yet permitted me to investigate this matter so profoundly as I could wish; but I much fear that they are

* Among others, the house of Earl Stanhope was attacked; the windows were broken, and an attempt made to set it on fire, by a Church and King mob.

addicted to the grossest Polytheism. It is true, I have not heard them positively admit the existence of more than two or three gods; but I have found, by my own observation, that they have a great number of deities, whom they invoke upon any sudden emergency or disaster: such as their god *Cur-sit*, and their god *Sin-ki*. Their most favourite deity, however, seems to be the god *Dam-mee*; and, if their having him for ever in their mouths be a sign of devotion, the English are the most pious people in the universe.

May the one and only God, the great *Tien*, preserve thee, and send thee male children, *Ling-ching-sing*, my friend!

FI-TI-LI.

A VINDICATION

OF THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN FROM AN ODISIOUS
COMPARISON WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES.

SEMPER ego auditor tantum nunquamne reponam!
Swelling with indignation, I have read, in a late paper, letters from a dangerous and wicked correspondent, stating our glorious constitution to be the *same*—with a few deviations, as he expresses it—as a fanatical Transatlantic republic, which, he says, has transplanted every useful root—and, among the rest, the *Habeas Corpus*—of our constitution; leaving us, of course, nothing but the branches. This scholastic person I must refute, after the Socratic mode, by a few plain short interrogatories, such as true loyalty suggests to me: for, with respect to his—“New People”—“Growing Governments”—“Permanent Estates”—“Standing Councils”—“Hereditary Essences”—and such-like perfumery and haberdashery, I leave him to retail them to his own customers, who are probably more intelligent in such wares than I pretend or desire to be.

I will begin with what they call a President; whom this correspondent states to be within *one step* of the throne. How impudent the very idea!

Is their President the sovereign Lord of America? Are the lands his gift, and the people his subjects?

Do we there hear of the President's highway? the President's peace? or has he homage, fealty, and allegiance, sworn to him?

Is he not deprived of the *glory* of quelling sedition; putting down treason; and annihilating insurrection—because none exist? Why do they not exist in America, as well as here? Has not America been chiefly peopled by the dregs of our community—the convicts, and the factious *Dissenters*?

What wholesome restraint has he over the licentiousness of the press? What sort of a poltroon is his attorney general, if he has one?

Has he the right of bringing in Hessians, Swifs, or British troops, and of hiring 120,000 Austrians, and 62,000 Prussians, to support rational liberty.—i. e. his own authority?

Has he Exchequer-bills, mitres, and coronets, at his disposal?

Would any young Washington get 100,000*l.* per annum, for marrying, and his debts paid, over and over, and every time the last?

Has he the power to dissolve the Congress, and create hereditary senators without end?

Does he nominate sheriffs, and of course juries, to try those who murmur against his infallibility?

Is he head of the church? or, indeed, is there any established church? and, if not, can there be any religion in that *ill-fated* country?

Has he a parliament of his own to supplicate him for liberty of speech?

Can he make war or peace, even with the most despicable horde upon the frontier of that degraded nation?

Where

Where are the monuments of his magnificent patronage? whom has he raised to immense opulence, by means of multiplying places? which of his ministers enjoy 20 or 30,000*l.* per annum, for complying with his wishes?

Could he make in time of war, a first Lord of the Admiralty of a man who does not know the jib-boom from the hen-coop, nor the South Sea from Loch Lomond?

Has he royal fish? If a sturgeon comes upon the coast, does he get the whole of it? if a whale, is it enough that he gets the head, and his wife the tail for whalebone? For with us—

De sturgeo observet quod rex illum habebit integrum: de balena vero sufficit, si rex habeat caput: et regina caudam.—Pryn. Aur. Reg. 127.

What has a President to make him respected by the vulgar mass? How many millions of money does he get, to distinguish him from other men? How many palaces has he? How many battle-axes, kettle-drummers, trumpeters, pages, equerries, &c. attend him on state-days? Who carries the sword of state, and cap of maintenance?

Is he not—so far from holding the sovereignty in contempt of the people—elected periodically on account of his capacity, employed to perform certain duties, and remunerated like a clerk?

Does he live for ever? Can he do no wrong? On the other hand, is he not responsible to the lowest of the rabble for every act of his administration?

Is not the President subject to be tried before the Senate, which may turn him out of his office, and disqualify him from ever holding any place of honour, trust, or profit? and may he not afterwards be indicted and punished according to law for the very same offence?

Can he get a bill of attainder passed, or can he by any means work a corruption of blood?

Can all his influence, in or out of his mock Parliament, extend so far as to protect our holy religion from Atheists, Deists, Pagans, Mahometans, Papists, or Presbyterians, by the imposition of a salutary test?

Instead of being sovereign lord of all, is he not the servant of all?

Has he a Senate composed of members who trace their honours to the conquest of their country, to the holy crusades, and to the bounty of ancient sovereign lords, his royal predecessors? Has he a royal magic to communicate the same hereditary virtues to the ignoble but rich?

Has he a Senate, with "eccentric privileges," to be hereditary counsellors and judges? Has he any holy men in that Senate, with long sleeves and mitres, to represent tithes as the *sine qua non* of true religion? Has he any gentleman-ushers of the back-stairs, lords in waiting, black-rods, and gold-sticks, deliverers of greens, and groom's of the stole, legislating in that senate?

What sort of House of Commons has he? Can he influence elections? Has he any close and pot-walloping boroughs, where no property is the qualification, to oppose to county elections, where property is requisite?

What does a seat in his Representative House sell for at the market?—Is it not so despicable, that, instead of paying four thousand pounds, the members of it, as well as of the Senate, are so beggarly as to receive daily wages from the people for drudging through the business?

Are their privileges undefined, and only to be known by an intricate debate among themselves, and not to be mentioned with impunity by any other?

Does that scurvy people receive any money or preferment for their votes at elections? Is there any glory in such unbought votes?

Did

Did not our glorious constitution grow from beneath the throne of William the Conqueror, except some deviations adopted from the Saxons; and was not the clumsy pile of American republicanism built by the hard hands of the fanatical rabble? And is it not at the mercy of the giddy people, as often as they choose, to alter or abolish, as they may think proper? whereas, our constitution is not only perfect, but immortal and unperishable.

Finally, is not Washington a republican, and is not America a republic? Who then is he, that will dare to compare that vile system, unhallowed by the pyramidal orders of civilized society, and unsanctified by time, with our firm, but mild—simple, but mixed—ancient, once perfect, but still improving, and now full-grown limited Monarchy?

Now, Mr. Editor, I take my leave of you for the present; but let me warn your insidious correspondent (whom I plainly discover to be a concealed Jacobin) not to vilify our King and his kingdom, under the thin veil of love for a constitution, of which he appears grossly ignorant, by comparing it to an unfledged Republic. After this caution, should he still persevere, let the law take its course; and although there is no danger of his dying a “Martyr to Liberty,” he may yet be convinced, to his astonishment, that we have an Attorney-General to prosecute insidious friends, as well as declared enemies.

The invention of that wicked instrument the *Telegraphe*, proves, to a demonstration, that a republican government is not suited to an extent of territory above three yards broad and six yards long.

Yours, &c.

Y.

[The following was one of the most popular Airs with the Soldiers of the Army of the North.]

COUPLETS BACHIQUES ET GUERRIERS.

VOULEZ vous suivre un bon conseil ?
Buvez avant que de combattre :
De sens froid je vauz mon pareil
Mais quand j'ai bien bu j'en vauz quatre.
Versez donc, mes amis, versez,
Je n'en puis jamais boire assez.

Ma foi ! c'est un triste soldat
Que celui qui ne fait pas boire,
Il voit les dangers du combat
Le buveur n'en voit que la gloire.
Versez donc, &c.

Come ce vin tourne l'esprit,
Comme il vous change une personne !
Tel qui tremble s'il respiclit,
Fait trembler quand il deraisonne.
Versez donc, &c.

Cet univers, ah qu'il est beau !
Mais pourquoi dans cet ouvrage,
Le Seigneur a-t-il mis tant d'eau,
Le vin me plairoit d'avantage.
Versez donc, &c.

Sil n'a pas fait un element,
De cette liqueur rubiconde,
Le Seigneur s'est montre prudent,
Nous eussions desseché le monde.
Versez donc, mes amis, versez,
Je n'en puis jamais boire assez.

IMITATION OF THE FOREGOING VERSES.

DRINK, Soldiers! noble is the plan,
Ere dreadful on the foe you pour ;
Though I can sober fight my man,
My bottle gives me strength for four.
Then fill the bumper, let it pass !
I'm never weary of my glass.

He

He that to battle sober goes,
 Will dimly shine in future story;
 He views the danger of the blows,
 The toper only views the glory.
 Then fill, &c.

As wine the heart of man can cheer,
 And raise him to a brighter fellow;
 He that when sober shakes for fear,
 Make others shake when he gets mellow.
 Then fill, &c.

This world 's a wondrous work, and fine,
 Yet to my mind the Great Creator
 Was somewhat sparing of his wine,
 And mighty lavish of his water.
 Then fill, &c.

'T was wise though not to bid the tide
 With ruby-coloured nectar flow;
 Our drinking, else, the world had dried
 To dust and ashes long ago.
 Then fill, &c.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

[From the Gazetteer.]

THROUGH the channel of your paper permit me to pour forth the effusions of my joy, on my happy return to my native country, after a very tedious peregrination, and woful sufferings, the consequence of an unfortunate laxity of speech, which makes me inconsiderately express every idea that rises in my mind. Being in Russia at the accession of the present Czarina, I very imprudently took it into my head to investigate her title to the Imperial crown, and the means by which she ascended the throne. The Czarina hearing of it, sent an officer to me, who told me, in French, that his mistress, understanding that I was a traveller of great penetration, had graciously determined to send me to Siberia, where I might

might make observations upon the soil and climate, free of expense. I remained there till towards the close of her first war with the Turks, when I was sent to join the army that was besieging Adrianople. Making my escape from thence, I reached the capital of the Ottoman empire, at a time when the Mussulmen were going in solemn procession to call down blessings from Heaven upon their arms, and were killing a Jew and an ass at every place where they made a halt*. Though I had almost forgot the use of my tongue in Siberia, I could not help saying that the murdering of Jews was an odd way of shewing their respect for the great prophet Moses, whom all Mahometans pretend to revere; and that if they thought to gain victories by killing asses, they were asses themselves. I was overheard, and carried before the Cadi, who listened attentively to the deposition against me:—"Allah is merciful," said he; "give the Christian dog three hundred blows on the soles of his feet, and send him to the gallees." I had not been long there, when, in the only battle fought by the Pope's gallees in the present century, it was my good fortune to be taken by the Capitana, and carried into Civita Vecchia.

From Civita Vecchia I went to Rome, where I was asked by a Signor Abbate, if it was not my intention to kiss the Pope's toe. "If," said I, "the Pope imitated him whose Vicar he is upon earth, he ought rather to wash my feet, than expect me to kiss his." The Priest being an informer, accused me to the Holy Office, who sent a Captain of the Guards to arrest me. As the *scirocco* was blowing, the Captain came in fanning himself; and after suffering me to treat him with ices, explained the nature of his business, and

* This is actually the practice of the Turks, when they meet with any signal military misfortunes.

carried me to the Castle of St. Angelo, in the name of the *santissimo Padre*.

At the Jubilee in 1775, a general and plenary indulgence for their sins was granted to all Catholics, and a general remission of their punishment to all prisoners; so that I once more obtained my liberty. But I did not preserve it long; for going to Venice, I could not help expressing my horror at the letter-boxes stuck in the walls of the Doge's palace, to receive *denuncie segrete* against such as spoke of state-affairs. I also ventured to hint at some improvements in the Venetian government, which would be equally beneficial to the senators and people. It was Carnival time; and as the *Sbirro*, who came to take me into custody, was dressed in a black *domino*, and had a vizard mask upon his elbow, I took it for a masquerade frolic. I soon found it, however, more serious than I supposed, and was detained ten years in prison. At the end of that period, a Senator waited upon me, and told me, with great politeness, that my seclusion from society did not proceed from any fears entertained by the Senate, who governed the people for their own good; but that it was a little salutary admonition they were accustomed to give to foreigners, by way of rendering them more cautious in countries where imprudences of the like nature were looked upon in a more serious light.

From Venice I went to Spain; where I had scarcely been two days, before I found myself snugly lodged in the prison of the Inquisition. Soon after an old Monk asked me, in the most affectionate manner, if I could not guess at the cause of my confinement? but, as I hope to be saved, I am so great a reprobate, that I could not divine for which of my profane jokes I was laid in *limbo*, till, being put upon the rack, I recollected that I had called the *Recollet* friars, who have no beards, but wear the same habit as the Capuchin Monks, the females of that species of animal. This reminiscence

saved me from further torments; and it pleased God to let me get out of their hands, with no injury but the dislocation of my wrists and ankles, and a little flagellation, by way of penance.

I will not tell you how I was put into the Bastile by the old Government of France; nor how I found my way into one of the *King's Castles* in Prussia: these are accidents of an ordinary kind; but I must again express the joy I feel at being in a free country, where a man, who, like me, says every thing he thinks, is in safety.

Here we are in no danger of imprisonment, pillory, or transportation, for delivering our opinions; here a man may say which kind of government he thinks the best, without reserve. Here are no spies, no informers; nor, if they were, would they be listened to. Here a man may indulge his passion for liberty over a bottle.—Here we are not obliged to whisper our opinions in coffee-houses, or look behind us in the public walks.—Here we are in no danger of illegal commitments, by Justices of the Peace.—Here a few unguarded and unmeaning words, spoken in small companies, are not tortured into sedition, which means an open attempt to stir up the people to acts of violence against Government.—Here no Judge endeavours to influence the jury; gives a strained interpretation to the law, or inflicts excessive punishments.—Here there are no abuses; or, if there are, they are immediately reformed.—Here no attempts are made to delude the people, because our Governors consult the general interest of the community alone.—No; the privileges of free Britons, which we have enjoyed so long, we still enjoy in the fullest extent, and live in the utmost happiness and harmony. What a pleasure is this for a

COSMOPOLITE *!

* This letter appeared soon after the establishment of Mr. Reeves's inquisition, and about the time of Mr. Frost's imprisonment, the sentences of the Scotch Judges, and many extraordinary commitments for supposed seditious words.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

CARM. LIB. I. ODE XIV. TRANSLATED.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Poet makes a voyage to Britain, in pursuance of his promise—lib. III. Ode iv. lin. 33.—“*Visam Britannos hospitibus feros*”—“I will visit the Britons, inhospitable to strangers.” The vessel in which he sailed was called the *Britannia*, whether from the place of its destination, or from the circumstance of being built of British wood, I cannot determine; but, I believe, for both reasons. After a tedious voyage, at last he arrived safe at Portsmouth.—The ship was grievously shattered; but the Captain determined to go out again immediately, before she was well refitted, and while the weather was very unpromising.—Several of the crew were heard to mutter, in consequence of this proceeding; upon which the Captain, by advice of the pilot, put them in irons.—But the most curious incident was (if we may believe *Quintilian*), that Horace was indicted for a libel, as if, under the allegory of a ship, he had intended to paint the dangers and distresses of the commonwealth—Whoever peruses my version, will see how groundless and absurd this accusation was—The reader need only keep in mind, that the Poet, more safe at shore, makes this pathetic address to the vessel, in which his life and fortunes were so lately risked—

TO THE GOOD SHIP BRITANNIA.

BRITANNIA, while fresh storms are brewing,
I wonder what the devil you're doing!
Put back to harbour, might and main,
Nor venture out to sea again:
Your hull's too tender long to last,
You're fain to try a jury-mast;
Your tackle's old, your timber's crazy,
The winds are high, the weather hazy;

Your anchor's lost, you've sprung a leak;
 Hark, how the ropes and cordage creak!
 A rag of canvass scarce remains;
 Your pilot idly beats his brains—
 A cub that knows not stem from stern,
 Too high t' obey, too proud to learn—
 In vain you worry Heav'n with pray'rs:
 Think you that Heaven one farthing cares
 Whether a sailor prays or swears?
 In vain you sport your threadbare joke,
 And call yourself "Old Heart of Oak."
 No seaman, that can box his compass,
 Trusts to your darts, or titles pompous.
 Take heed, lest Boreas plays the mocker,
 And cry—"This snug in Davy's locker."
 Though while on board as sick as hell,
 At shore, old girl, I wish you well.
 Beware of shoals—of wind and weather,
 And try to keep your planks together;
 Or else the ravenous sea will gorge,
 And lodge you next the Royal George.

Q. HORAT. FLAC. CARM. LIB. I. ODE XIV.

O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi
 Fluctus. ô quid agis? fortiter occupa
 Portum. nonne vides ut
 Nudum remigio latus?
 Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
 Antennæq; gemant? Ac sine funibus
 Vix durare carinæ
 Possint imperiosus
 Equor? Non tibi sunt integra lintea;
 Non dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo:
 Quamvis Pontica pinus,
 Silvæ filia nobilis—

Iactes et genus, et nomen inutile.
 Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
 fidit—Tu nisi ventis
 Debes ludibrium, cave.

Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tedium;

Nun

Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
 Interfusa nitentes
 Vites æquora Cycladas!

MR. EDITOR *,

UNDERSTANDING that my last translation of an Ode of Horace did not displease the best judges, I have taken the liberty to send you a second attempt, which I submit to your candour. It may seem matter of wonder to you, as it does to me, that neither Quintilian, nor Will Baxter, nor any other hunter of allegories, should find out the real drift of this Ode, which is so very easy to be discovered. The case, in short, is as follows.—Augustus, in the midst of peace and tranquillity, felt, or feigned, an alarm, on account of some books written by persons suspected of an attachment to the party of Cato and Brutus, and recommending republican principles. Now, Horace having been a colonel in Brutus's army, and being rather too free in professing his religious sentiments, naturally passed for an atheist and a republican. Augustus published an edict to tell his subjects how happy they all were, in spite of the suggestions of malcontents; commanding them to stick close to their old religions; and threatening, that whoever was not active in assisting the government, should be treated as an enemy to church and state. Upon this occasion Horace read—or affected to read, for I will not take my oath to his sincerity—a recantation. In one part of the Ode he says—“Jupiter, who generally thunders and lightens in cloudy weather, now has driven his chariot through the serene air.” This is so plain an emblem of Au-

* This Letter and Translation allude, with great delicacy, ingenuity, and *finesse*, to the visionary alarm about republican principles, raised at the beginning of the present war.

gustus fulminating his censures in a time of perfect tranquillity, that it needs no farther comment. Our author refers to this circumstance again, *CARM.* vii. 5. "*Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem regnare: præsens Divus habebitur Augustus*"—"We have believed that Jupiter reigns thundering from heaven: Augustus shall be esteemed a present God." In another place he expressly calls Augustus Jupiter—*EPIST.* i. 19—43. "*Rides ait, et Jovis auribus ista servas*"—"You joke," says he, "and reserve your verses for the ear of Jove." For all sovereigns, while they are in power, are compared to the Sovereign of the Gods, however weak, wicked, or worthless they may be—

Nihil est quod credere de se,

Non possit, cum laudatur Dis æque potentas.

I must not forget to add, that this edict of the Emperor was followed by numerous addresses from large bodies of the men who were once called Romans, allowing the reality of the plots, lamenting the decay of piety, and promising to resist all innovation, and to defend his sacred Cæsarean Majesty with their lives and fortunes.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXXV.

TILL now I held free-thinking notions,
Gave little heed to my devotions,
Scarce went to church four times a-year,
And then slept more than pray'd, I fear:
But now I'm quite an alter'd man—
I quit the course I lately ran;
And giving heterodoxy o'er,
Unlearn my irreligious lore.
Yet, lest you entertain a doubt,
I'll tell you how it came about.

Jove seldom lets his lightnings fly,
Except when clouds obscure the sky,
As well you know; but t'other morning,
He thunder'd without previous warning,

And

And flash'd in such a perfect calm,
 It gave me a religious qualm:
 Nor me alone—the frightful sound
 Reach'd to the country's utmost bound;
 And ev'ry river in the nation
 From concave shores made replication*.
 The brutish clods, in shape of cits,
 Were almost frighten'd into fits.
 Henceforth I bow to ev'ry altar,
 And wish all infidels a halter.
 I see what power your Gods can shew,
 Change low with high, and high with low;
 Pull down the lofty from his place,
 And in his stead exalt the base:
 Thus Fortune's gifts some lose, some gain,
 While mortals gaze and gues in vain.

HORAT. LIB. I. ODE, XXXIV.

PARCUS deorum cultor et infrequens
 Insanientis dum sapientiæ
 Consultus error, nunc rétrorsum
 Vela dare, atque iteraro cursus
 Cogor relictos—Namque Diespiter
 Igni corusco nubila divideas,
 Plerumque per purum tonantes
 Egit equos, volucremque currum:
 Quo bruta tellus, et vaga flumina,
 Quo Styx, et invis horrida Tanari
 Sedes, Atlantensque finis
 Concutitur—Valet ima summis
 Mutare et insignem attenuat Deus,
 Obscúra promens—Hinc apicem rapax
 Fortuna cum fridore acuto
 Sustulit: hæc potuisse gaudet.

* Shakespear's Julius Cæsar, Act I. Scene I.

THE EMBASSY TO CHINA*.

[From the Gazetteer.]

THE jealousy of the Chinese, who, judging from the example of India, might suspect that the mercantile establishments which we asked for, were meant as the first step to an assumption of power and territory, that might enable us to give them the law in their own dominions; this jealousy, added to sundry other grave reasons of state, is generally supposed to have occasioned the failure of the magnificent embassy we sent across the Indian seas.

That these reasons would have had due weight with the wary Chinese, and that they might have baffled all the skill of the most artful negotiator, is highly probable; but the abrupt termination of the treaty is said to be owing to another cause; to a cause so curious, that to obtain belief it was necessary that the information should be seriously given, as it really was, by officers who left China in the fleet under convoy of the Lion.

It seems, that the sagacious persons who were empowered to make a selection of proper presents for the mighty Emperor of China, wishing to give something to utility, as well as to shew, included among the specimens of the ingenuity of our artists, a newly invented *cabinet d'aisance*, in plain English, a *patent water-closet*.

It is not easy to determine by conjecture, whether the Interpreter of the solemn embassy explained by words the construction of this curious machine, or whether one of the Ambassador's retinue was appointed to demonstrate its purpose by appropriate action. As soon, however, as the nature of it was known, nothing could equal the horror and disgust of the Mandarins of

* The ludicrous circumstance that gave rise to this *Jeu d'Esprit* was strongly affirmed to be a fact by several of the East India Company's officers.

State. By the immortal *Tien*, it was too much! What! did these audacious foreigners suppose that *the Holy Son of Heaven, the sole Governor of the Earth*, could have occasion for a *water-closet*? In all the countless ages that China has existed as a state, during the twenty dynasties that have successively held the reins of government, such a shocking affront had not been offered to the Majesty of the Empire!

And, indeed, to a people so ceremonious, so refined, and so full of veneration for their august Emperor, the indecency must have appeared as gross, as would appear to the modesty of the English court the present of a *Lab-lob* book from the merchants of Canton. It was as bad as it would be at Madrid, to suppose the Queen of Spain to have legs, or to peep at those of a favourite Sultana on the banks of the Bosphorus. It amounted to what the French used to call *Leze-Majesté au premier chef*. It was a sort of sacrilege; and doubtless would have been punished accordingly, if the Ambassadors had not been protected by their diplomatic character.

The nature of several other presents was very dissatisfactory to the Chinese; but it was chiefly the *cabineer d'aisance* that made them *turn up their noses* at our commercial offers.

The failure of so grand an enterprise, from a cause of such *low import*, is a new proof that great effects may spring from little causes: and it will, no doubt, furnish matter of regret to those who selected the presents, when they reflect, that their dreams of *finding gold* in China might possibly have been realized, if their ideas had not favoured somewhat too strongly of *gold-finding*.

COPY OF A LETTER*

FROM BANEELON, ONE OF THE NATIVES OF NEW SOUTH WALES, NOW IN LONDON, TO HIS WIFE BARANGAROO, AT BOTANY BAY.

[From the Gazetteer.]

THOUGH this is a very fine country, my dear little Barangaroo; though I every day see very fine sights; and though there is great plenty of kangaroos and fish, yet I wish I were got back to my wife and the woods, as I am afraid some accident will happen to me here; having just learnt that all the men in King George's country are mad; as for some time past I have heard them say nothing to one another but—"What's the news?" I said the same to one of them this morning, and he told me very strange and sad things indeed.

He said, that some months ago it was discovered, that a part of the tribe of English-gal† meant to take advantage of the rest, by putting every body upon the same footing; and were desirous of ruining their own country entirely, by way of being happy. That a great many of the *red* men were called together, to prevent their doing so, just as they used to prevent our taking bread when we were hungry at Botany Bay. I then asked him if the *red* men had killed them, as they did some of the tribe of Comeringal in our country; and to my great astonishment he told me, that the *red* men had left all these mischievous men just as they were, and gone across the great water to fight the tribe of French-gal.

When I asked, why they made war upon the tribe of

* This letter appeared some months after the declaration of war, when Baneelon was in London.

† *Gal*, in the language of the natives of New Holland, is a kind of generic termination, indicating a tribe or nation.

French-

French-gal, he told me, it was for fear the tribe of French-gal should make war upon them some hundred moons hence; and that the English, who were the only people in this half of the globe who had cut off the head of their chief, and made their own laws, were resolved never to forgive the other tribe, because they had cut off the head of their chief, and wanted to make their own laws. He said, besides, that as it was much to be feared that the tribe of French-gal might fall out, and kill one another, the English, and a number of other tribes, were gone to prevent it, by killing the greatest number of them possible.—“Suri and Moon!” exclaimed I, “can this be true?” And the Englishman laid his hand upon his breast, and said it was true.

He then went on to tell me, that because the other tribes were afraid that certain opinions of the tribe of French-gal should find their way into their country, they sent thither all the Frenchmen they could lay hold of; and that, because the French had threatened to kill the princes of this country, the English princes were gone to be killed in the country of the French. Here, my dear Barangaroo, my patience ran away from me, and I swore by my father's bones that the people of this country must be mad. The Englishman, to whom I was speaking, and who, I believe, is not quite so mad as the rest, said, with the tears stinging in his eyes, that he was afraid so too; and that very learned men had proved, that the whole tribe of English-gal went mad once in seven years. “And is there no way of preventing it?” said I. “Alas! no,” answered he; “for we never find out that we have been mad till seven years after.”

It has been proposed to me to go and throw my spear at the French, but I have always said, that, as the French never took away my wife, or stole my fishing-nets, lines, and throwing-stick, I was not angry with them;

them; and that I could not fight without being angry. No, my dear Barangaroo, I hope to escape in safety from this mad country; and in the mean time I beg of the great Spirit to save you from lightning, sharks, and red men. What can I say more?

BANEELON.

MY POOR TURKIES*.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING a considerable number of turkies to send to town, I trusted my second son with the care of driving them, and gave him a proper charge, on his setting off, to be very careful that he lost none by the way; he then flourished his red rag at the word of command, and departed with the whole corps in excellent order. The first half mile was attended with no accident worth mentioning, except the loss of three fowls, which were swept into a gypsey woman's apron; but a little farther on, when he came to a bridge, he drove twenty-five of them into the stream, and suffered five more to tumble through the ballustrades, all of which were lost irrecoverably. It appears, that in the next two miles he lost but three in all, two of which were run over by a broad-wheel waggon, and the other was snugly deposited in a tinker's wallet. Still, however, he went on without missing them, though four more fell down a cellar-window by the market-place at Norwich, sixteen were stolen by a foraging party of militia-men, nine walked into a farm-yard, and two of the largest in the whole flock

* This letter appeared shortly after the Duke of York received his first reinforcement of cavalry; at the embarkation of which, our most gracious Sovereign attended in person, and generously gave the soldiers one shilling each. His Majesty is also said to have encouraged the soldiers by saying—"Hurra, my boys! this is my war." But this latter fact we do not affirm, and should be loath to believe.

were

were flogged up into the boot of a mail-coach, while his head was turned another way. At last, being informed that his number was diminished, he wrote to me for a reinforcement, which I attended myself on their journey for a part of the way, and I had the satisfaction to hear that they joined him in good order; but by the same express, I found that he had lamed thirty-five of the first flock, by driving over flint-stones, and had borrowed more than as many butcher's skewers to splice the legs of others; that three shepherd dogs had killed eleven, and left sixteen more without hopes of recovery; that a penny-pye-man had hid two fine cocks in his basket; that a countryman, staggering drunk from the fair, had knocked down two more, mistaking them for weazels; and that a higgler coming by in the night, while my boy was found asleep, had condescended to load his cart with them. I shall say nothing of the one hundred and fifty that strayed away; of the dozen that dropped into a well; of the four-and-forty that were trod to death by a drove of oxen; of the seven-and-twenty demolished by poachers; of the nineteen that took physic for indigestion, and died under the operation; but content myself with observing, that nine tenths of my turkies were at length destroyed, and that of the few which remained, there were hardly any worth saving. As fast as I sent a supply, my turkies disappeared: till at length I could not help exclaiming, with a deep sigh from the bottom of my heart—"I have brought my turkies to a fine market!"

A NORFOLK FARMER.

BURGESSIANA *.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

SIR,

I AM surpris'd you should lately have permitted a paper, generally so correctly conducted as the Morning Chronicle, to become a channel of the grossest slander, on the character of a private and harmless individual. A malicious writer in your paper, no doubt by imposing on your credulity, has repeatedly endeavoured to impress the public with an opinion that Mr. BURGESS, the oil and pickle man in the Strand, is the same person as Mr. BURGESS, Under-Secretary of State. The interest I feel in the credit of your paper, and the respect I entertain for Mr. B. the oilman, induce me to contradict so vile an attack on his credit and reputation. Whether the calumny has originated from an enemy of Mr. B. the oilman, or a lying friend of the Under-Secretary's, I cannot conjecture. But as I know the family of Mr. B. the oilman, friendship and justice towards them require me to declare, that Mr. B. the Under-Secretary, is not related to, or even in any manner connected with them. The calumniator of Mr. B. the oilman, could only have been led to invent such a falsehood from the name being the same with the Under-Secretary's; as in most other respects they are extremely different. Mr. B. the oilman, is a worthy man, and does no dirty work, except in his shop and his cellar; is ingenious in his business; and when he advertises for custom, does it openly and fairly: he is *grateful for favours*, and civil to his customers. His family is respectable, all his

* The following whimsical series of letters were written in 1793, to ridicule Mr. Burgess, now Sir James Bland Burgess, on account of the share he was supposed to have in the property, if not in the composition, of a strange newspaper, called very improperly the *True Briton*, which was at that time particularly acrimonious in its attacks upon Mr. Fox.

near relations being decent, and one of them an honour to the clerical profession. He continues to follow the honest business to which he has been bred, and in which he is raising by commendable industry a considerable fortune; and I can assure you, from my own knowledge, Mr. B. the oilman, does not ever wish to force himself, by meanness, into any situation for which his past habits of life and education render him unqualified. I am, Mr. Editor,

Your sincere well-wisher and constant reader,

A FRIEND TO THE HONEST BURGESSES.

SIR,

YOU have inserted a letter in your paper of Saturday, in which a friend of Mr. Burgess, the oilman, has taken great pains to prove the said oilman to be a different person from the Under-Secretary Burgess. I know not how this may be; if it be true, certainly it was the duty of every sincere friend of the oilman to vindicate him from the aspersion. But this vindication, however well meant, has done me a signal injury, by a transfer of the same disgrace. Mr. Under-Secretary, it seems, now disclaims all relationship to the oilman; pleads a difference of spelling in the two names; and derives his own title and descent from an ancient and respectable Italian family. Considering myself as the only branch of my family resident in this country, I cannot, in justice to myself, sit down patiently under such an imputation, and shall therefore briefly refute all the claims set up by this pretender, that I may no longer be exposed to the hard thoughts of the credulous, or the hard words of the malignant. His first proof of his country and his extraction, is his talent for *poetical and musical compositions*. But I hereby caution the public "to beware of counterfeits," and to reject with disdain the loathsome *stuff* to which he may

may affix my name. For though I have no *relations high in the church*, nor am in the way, I am afraid, of *acquiring a considerable fortune*, I trust I am as honest a man, and have as hearty a contempt for every thing that is *low and mean*, as any oilman in the Strand. What might contribute to circulate a report so pernicious to my character, is a circumstance of which I have been informed by more than one or two *Government clerks*, that this pretender often amuses himself, and annoys them, by reading *paragraphs and paraphrases* out of some outlandish newspaper. These he never fails to cry up to the skies; and if they do not take the hint (which they indeed are seldom apt to do at first) he praises them in a still louder key, and hints pretty broadly, that they are written by one of our family, *inuendo*, himself. At other times, I am told, he torments these *unfortunate clerks* by strumming for hours together what he calls musical compositions, from the same quarter*. Now, Sir, as I dare say you will agree with me, that to a man, who has the least value for his reputation, these rumours and suspicions cannot but be extremely galling, I trust, nay I demand, that you will do me the same public justice that you have done the *other gentleman*. For surely the character and consequence of an *Italian poet and musi-*

* Mr. Burgess used not only to entertain his clerks in this way, but also his friends and acquaintance. If he chanced to find a harpsichord in any room, down the Under-Secretary would sit uninvited; and would play—Heaven how he would play, without end or *measure*! He is also a poet; and it cannot be denied that his verses are very smooth and *very pretty*. The most celebrated of his poems is called *The Birth and Triumph of Love*; and was written to illustrate a series of allegorical designs made by the Princess Elizabeth. *The Triumph of Love* consists in the little god's pursuit of two very curious objects, which he at last transfixes with a single shaft; and which prove to be the tender hearts of our august Sovereigns, King George, and Queen Charlotte. Two bleeding, consequently bloody hearts, flapping about upon their nether ends, form a sublime and beautiful poetical image, beyond even the magnificent imagination of the late Mr. Burke.

cian is more at stake from impostures, than any venders even of *Italian pickles* possibly can be. I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,

BLANDOSO BORGHESE,
Real Italian Poet and Musician.

SIR,

IN consequence of the confusion and contradiction which the name of Burgess has lately occasioned, I have taken some pains to set myself, and, I hope, the world right on a point, which, if not cleared up in due time, will terribly perplex all future historians. Mr. Under-Secretary Burgess it seems at first called himself a native of this island: but whoever examined this pretence, quickly found that he had not an atom of the genuine Briton in his composition. This claim being therefore defeated, Mr. Under-Secretary, or his friends for him, next derived him from Italy. But this story is easily confuted by his total want of the true genius for music and poetry. All the music he gained by a long application, amounted to a very moderate performance on the Jew's-harp. In poetry (if so it may be called) he is far inferior to Hayley, Anna Matilda, or even the Laureat. After a long inquiry, the most probable account I can gather is, that the gentleman in question is a Swiss, a member of that illustrious body which may properly be styled, *The impartial Defenders of Royalty*.

P. S. Ought not the Under-Secretary to resume the old French orthography of his name, Bourgeois?

SIR,

I APPREHEND Sig. Blandoso Borghese has discovered Mr. Burgess, the Under-Secretary, to have been in the oil and pickle trade; and conceiving that I had intimated the contrary in my former letter, he

has expressed a doubt of the correctness of my statement respecting Mr. Burgess, the oil and pickle man in the Strand, not being the same person with Mr. B. the Under-Secretary. If he will take the trouble of re-perusing what I have there written, he will then perceive that I have not any where asserted, either directly or by implication, that Mr. B. the Under-Secretary, had not kept an oil and pickle shop. If Sig. B. B. should declare he knows the fact to be so, I dare say the public would take his word for it, even in opposition to the most solemn denial of the Under-Secretary. I am only desirous of removing one spot from the family of my friend the oilman, and of restoring him to that peace of mind and privacy in which he has been disturbed by cruel and spiteful misrepresentation. As Sig. B. B. is a foreigner, and writes under the impression of a warmth commendable in defence of the honour of his family, and a dread of his own reputation being injured by a mistake, I can excuse his implied suspicion of my veracity. But if he should again have occasion to rid his old family coat of a noxious and loathsome insect, I would advise him, for his own sake, to pick it off, without endeavouring to puff it on another man's mantle. I am, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

A FRIEND TO THE HONEST BURGESSES.

SIR,
MUCH confusion has arisen, I see, from the original obscurity of Mr. Secretary Placid; and two worthy men, a pickle-dealer and an Italian fiddler, have had their pride wounded by the imputation of being related to him. I am happy to be able to set the future historian right on this important point. He is neither an English *Burgess*, an Italian *Borgbese*, nor even a Swiss *Bourgeois*. Mr. Placid, Sir, is a Spaniard: I had it from his own mouth; for, being with him
 one

one day during the Spanish Armament, I found the Under-Secretary busy in scratching his head over a letter. Forgetting, I suppose, that I knew his only patron, to whom his Majesty had intrusted the *whole conduct* of foreign affairs, a fit of vanity came over him; and loftily raising himself on his seat, he assumed an air of true Castilian gravity, and said, "Is not this a strange vicissitude of fortune! that I, who was born a subject of the King of Spain, should now be appointed to *conduct* the war against him?" I smiled at the Spanish Don's thus raising himself above the English Duke.

AN ENVOY.

SIR,

I HAVE been much diverted with the interesting correspondence which has lately been carried on in your paper between Signor *Blandoso Borghese*, musician, on the one part, and an independent pickleman, who signs himself "A Friend to honest Burgesses," on the other. It would be the highest presumption in me to pronounce absolutely in favour of those gentlemen, who, in point of abilities, seem to be so very well matched; and at the same time I should consider it an act of the grossest injustice, both to them and their innocent families, to prejudice a dispute on a matter of no less importance than that of satisfying their friends which of them is *not* the relative of a certain notorious Under-Secretary. I must however confess, with all my partiality for my own countrymen, that I think some advantage has been gained by the Italian professor; and that, notwithstanding our ingenious oilman has evidently put in practice all the resources which he has been able to derive from long experience in the *lubricity* of his trade, the dexterous foreigner has compelled him to admit, that the Under-Secretary may, for aught he can tell to the contrary,

have had some concern in the oil and pickle business. I must own notwithstanding, Sir, that the mystery is by no means explained to my satisfaction by either of those writers, and that, were I disposed to give credit to the assertions of the one or the other of them, a new perplexity would arise from the letters of your two correspondents, one of whom positively affirms, that the Under-Secretary is a *Swiss*, and the other a *Spaniard*. Now, Sir, in the midst of all this biographical erudition, I should be free to confess myself among the number of the puzzled, if I had not been fortunate enough to get at some very material evidence, which will not only throw light upon this complicated matter, but help to rescue my friend, the Under-Secretary, from the hands of those who seem to pay such little respect to the ancient blood which circulates in his veins. It happened to me the other day, Sir, to fall in company with a very near and dear relation of the Under-Secretary, an odd, merry dog, and facetious gentleman, as ever the earth produced. The authenticity of my narrative will, I flatter myself, admit of no dispute, when I inform you that this personage was no other than the celebrated Signor *Placido*, alias *the Little Devil*; a person whose ingenious exercises on the slack-rope at Sadler's Wells have long been a theme of admiration to an anxious and enlightened public. From him I learned several particulars concerning the subject which now so deservedly occupies the speculations of the curious. It seems that their common ancestor was a celebrated *German Rope-dancer* (not a *Dutch Skipper*, as it has been maliciously reported, perhaps with an intention of confounding his pedigree with that of one Mr. George Rose), who was a great man in his time, and author of a famous recipe for curing corns. His name was *Fynsiegelacvelbrandienfasthout*, and he flourished about the time of the Norman conquest. What serves to ascertain this point
more

more fully is an anecdote talked of to this day in the ROLLE family, which mentions, that this very person had the honour of being tossed in a blanket at a feast given by one of the Duke *Rollos*, on his marriage with the *Frow von Pomperpicle*, the famous Westphalian beauty with a wide mouth, and a great *bolter* of herrings. After this he passed over into England, where he was long a favourite with the public, and exercised his various performances on the slack and tight rope, to the great edification of our youth. It was at this period that an accident happened to the family name which it has never thoroughly recovered. Being none of the easiest to remember, and having, withal, himself the misfortune to be a heavy, purfy man, some mischievous wags took the liberty of adding to his German appellation the familiar nick-name of *Barge-J—se*, which the delicacy of modern pronunciation, by a very allowable corruption, has metamorphosed into that of BURGESS. From this illustrious practitioner, my new acquaintance, the Little Devil, assures me they are both *lineally* descended, and corroborates it by appealing to various records in the possession of the officers of police in sundry parts of Europe, all of which agree in representing the family, who were fond of travelling, as having laboured in their several vocations to the great encouragement of the cultivation of hemp. I hope, Sir, by this clear and satisfactory account of the manner in which the name was acquired, that your correspondents will acknowledge no farther dispute can be maintained on this subject, and especially that the gentleman who favoured us with a hint about the propriety of my friend's resuming the original mode of spelling his name, which he contends to be *Bourgeois*, will in future abstain from his officiousness, since he must know, that, in these days, *Bourgeois* is but another name for a *sans-culottes*; and he must be convinced by this account of *Placid Burgefs's*

descent, that the *culottes* must have been a most indispensable article in the wardrobe of the founder of the family.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

A TRUE BURGESSIAN.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the skill and *sottigliezza* with which the ingenious foreigner, Signor Blandoso Borghese, endeavoured to parry off the reproach of being related to the placid Under-Secretary, the latter's Italian warehouse and complexion * still left the matter in doubt. However, if he were a native of that land of mummery and music, could he be entirely ignorant of his mother-tongue? Now, in the Under-Secretary's paper I found an account of a ship being arrived at *Genoa* from *Ponente*. "Where the d-v-l is *Ponente*?" said I to myself. "I have been in every port of Italy, great and small, from *Civita Vecchia* and *Leghorn*, to *Nettuno* and *Porto Fino*, and yet I never heard of this *Ponente*." I took the map, and examined it scrupulously from *Reggio* to *Nizza*, and still no *Ponente* was there. At last I recollected that *Ponente* was Italian for the west, and that the vessel was merely arrived from the westward. From this, and many other blunders of the Under-Secretary, and still more from his admirable assurance and intrepidity of countenance, I am inclined to believe a friend of mine, who asserts, that he is an Irishman, and that his original name was *Brogues*; a distinction his family obtained, by beginning some time since to wear shoes. It is easy to con-

* If there were any species of radish at all resembling the Under-Secretary's complexion, he would be an excellent illustration of Shakespeare's whimsical description of "a forked radish, with a head most fantastically carved upon it." When his yellow pock-marked face is puckered up into a sweet-dimpled smile, which occurs at almost every moment, it is hardly possible to avoid catching the infection.

ceive that the natural tendency of all languages to *euphony*, may have occasioned the transposition of the *r*, of which we have many instances, as in *burnt from brent*, &c. The other trifling changes any etymologist will account for. Though the subject is almost as stale as the Under-Secretary's olives, yet as his birth has been assigned to *almost all the countries of Europe*, by inserting this letter, which proves him an Irishman, you will do a piece of service to mankind in general.

VAN TRUMP.

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

BY THE LATE SIR W. BLACKSTONE, KNT.

AS, by some tyrant's stern command,
 A wretch forsakes his native land,
 In foreign climes condemn'd to roam,
 An endless exile from his home;
 Pensive he treads the destin'd way,
 And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;
 Till on some neighb'ring mountain's brow
 He stops, and turns his eye below;
 There, melting at the well-known view,
 Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
 So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
 Gay Queen of Fancy and of Art,
 Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
 Oft stop, and often look behind.
 Companion of my tender age,
 Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
 How blithsome were we wont to rove
 By verdant hill, or shady grove,
 Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
 Around the honey'd oak rejoice,
 And aged elms, with awful bend,
 In long cathedral walks extend!
 Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
 Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
 How blest my days, my thoughts how free;
 In sweet society with thee!

Then all was joyous, all was young,
 And years unheeded roll'd along!
 But now the pleasing dream is o'er;
 These scenes must charm me now no more:
 Lost to the field, and torn from you—
 Farewell!—a long, a last adieu!

Me, wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
 To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw;
 There selfish Faction rules the day,
 And Pride and Av'rice throng the way:
 Diseases taint the murky air,
 And midnight conflagrations glare;
 Loose Revelry, and Riot bold,
 In frighted streets their orgies hold;—
 Or, when in silence all is drown'd,
 Fell Murder walks her lonely round;
 No room for peace, no room for you:
 Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

Shakespear no more, thy sylvan son,
 Nor all the art of Addison,
 Pope's heav'n-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
 Nor Milton's mighty self must please.
 Instead of these, a formal band,
 In furs and coits, around me stand;
 With sounds uncouth, and accents dry,
 That grate the soul of harmony,
 Each pedant sage unlocks his store
 Of mystic, dark, discordant lore;
 And points with tott'ring hand, the ways
 That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding, close retreat,
 Is Justice doom'd to fix her seat;
 There, fenc'd by bulwarks of the law,
 She keeps the wond'ring world in awe;
 And there, from vulgar sight retir'd,
 Like eastern queens, is more admir'd.

O let me pierce the secret shade,
 Where dwells the venerable maid!
 There humbly mark, with rev'rent awe,
 The guardian of Britannia's law,

Unfold

Unfold with joy her sacred page,
 (Th' united boast of many an age,
 Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
 The wisdom of a thousand years;)

In that pure spring the bottom view,
 Clear, deep, and regularly true,
 And other doctrines thence imbibe,
 That lurk within the sordid scribe;
 Observe how parts with parts unite,
 In one harmonious rule of right;
 See countless wheels distinctly tend,
 By various laws, to one great end;
 While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
 Pervades and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
 Welcome the cares, the thorns of life:
 The visage wan, the purblind sight,
 The toil by day, the lamp at night,
 The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
 The pert dispute, the dull debate,
 The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
 For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!

Thus though my noon of life be past,
 Yet let my setting sun, at last,
 Find out the still, the rural cell,
 Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
 There let me taste the home-felt bliss
 Of innocence, and inward peace;
 Untainted by the guilty bribe;
 Uncurs'd amid the happy tribe;
 No orphan's cry to wound my ear,
 My honour and my conscience clear:
 Thus may I calmly meet my end,
 Thus to the grave in peace descend.

 PITT'S SPECIFIC.

THE Proprietor of this invaluable medicine begs
 leave to recommend it to the public in general,
 and those of his friends in particular, for whose past fa-

vours he hereby acknowledges his most grateful obligations. He presumes it is unnecessary to remind them of the extraordinary talents of that *Great Man*, who first discovered its use, and its wondrous efficacy, in *invigorating the Constitution*. It is well known, that that *Great Man*, who was not less famed for his penetration in discovering the seat of a disease, than for his nice judgment in applying the proper remedy, was accustomed to boast that he never found any case too desperate; and that, whenever he had a reasonable encouragement from his patients, and promises that they would abide strictly and implicitly by the *regimen* he prescribed, he was never known to have given them over, as the phrase is. It would be needless to trace the progress of the patent from the original *Inventor* to the present *Grantee*; let it therefore suffice, that the Proprietor, although he has not a *regular diploma*, yields not in point of medical skill to his predecessor, and in general adheres to his system, except that, by some *captious* persons, he has been thought a little too fond of *bleeding*, and has occasionally recommended *evacuations* before the *prima via* were properly cleansed. However, the practice is not without precedent, as the *President of the College of Physicians* has invariably adopted it, and recommended it to the young *licentiates*.

The Proprietor thinks he may be pardoned for recommending his medicine during the present foggy and uncheering state of the *atmosphere*, whilst the *barometer* is below 70, and will probably fall much lower, as it is conjectured by certain proficients in *astrological speculation*. He supposes the public are aware of the many complaints to which the *nervous system* is at present exposed, partly owing to the *atmospheric influence*, partly to a vicious tendency to *irritation* in the *general habit*; and therefore can, with confidence, suggest the peculiar virtues of his Specific. It is universally allowed to be a *Sovereign* remedy in *consumptive*

symptomatic cases, when any symptoms of internal decay have appeared in the *Constitution*. In such cases it will remove that febrile disposition, and hectic heat, commonly called *Gallimania*; and, by a few doses, the patient finds himself perfectly free from all complaints of *weakness* or *indigestion*, except that he may possibly be troubled occasionally with *acidities* at the *stomach*, which however seldom happens, except when he indulges in high-seasoned French dishes. Its *deobstruent* qualities are admitted on all hands; and it is said to reconcile the palate to the *grosslest and most nauseous food*, and to strengthen the tone of the stomach in such a manner, that nothing can be too hard for *digestion*.

The Proprietor begs leave to assure the public, that there is no mercury in the composition; although it is apt to promote a very copious discharge of *saliva*. He trusts that it is unnecessary to enlarge any farther upon its particular uses; but he cannot resist the present opportunity of making known its singular efficacy in *nervous* cases, as will appear by the testimonies subjoined; and assures the public, that the ingredients are of so simple a nature, that it has been administered with perfect safety and success to *children*.

To the Proprietor of Pitt's Specific.

“ SIR,

“ HAVING received great benefit from the use of your incomparable Specific, in a disorder with which I was most grievously afflicted, I think it a duty, as well to the public as to yourself, to bear my testimony to its merits. I have suffered much from a cutaneous eruption, which I attribute partly to the company I have lately been accustomed to keep, and partly to a *poverty of blood*, as is frequently the case with gentlemen of my country. The palms * of my hands itched to such a

* “ Cassius, you are much concerned to have an itching palm.”
Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.

degree, that I was compelled to try every medicine that promised success; but without effect. At last, I had recourse to your inimitable Specific, which has completely cured me, and which I have endeavoured to circulate as far as I was able amongst my friends, several of whom have been afflicted with the like disease. You are therefore authorized to publish this testimony, which I freely and readily give to a discovery that promises to be of such general use.

(T. S.) "LOUGHB—H."

To the Proprietor of Pitt's Specific.

"SIR,

"I HAD for some time laboured under a slow, nervous fever, for which I could only account by supposing it the effect of a *sudden alarm* which seized me last year, and which left my nerves in so shattered and irritable a state, that I was advised by my physician to take a *voyage to the south of France*; where, by the help of your incomparable Specific—notwithstanding I did not derive the advantage from the change of climate which I was encouraged to expect—I have again recovered my strength and spirits.

"G-LB—T E-L—T."

To the Proprietor of Pitt's Specific.

"SIR,

"I THINK it my duty to acquaint you, that I have received great benefit from the use of your Specific, having been most severely attacked by a late epidemical disorder, called the *Yellow Fever*; of which, by the help of your invaluable medicine, am now perfectly recovered. My disorder arose from a *coldness of the stomach*; to remove which I was obliged to call for cordials so frequently, that my friends thought it unsafe to supply me any longer; and recommended to me the use of your medicine. I am now—I thank God and your Specific—restored to such a state of health
and

and spirits as I had no reason to expect, and which I never should have attained, but for the use of your Specific. I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

“ ANSTR—ER *.”

To the Proprietor of Pitt's Specific.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE for some time been afflicted with a depression of spirits, which my physician treated as hypochondriacal. However, by the help of your Specific, which I always wear at my breast, and mean soon to take inwardly, I feel myself quite stout again; and trust I shall soon be able to return you my thanks in person for the benefit I have received from your very powerful medicine.

“ CAR—LE.”

To the Proprietor of Pitt's Specific.

“ SIR,

“ I WAS for some years supposed by my physicians to be in a decline; and by their advice I took *several voyages*, thinking that a change of climate would do me good; which, indeed, were of some service to me: but I found, that though I could bear the extremes of heat and cold equally well for a while, I could not enjoy my health in either for any *length* of time. I therefore had recourse to your Specific; and can now say, that I enjoy my health so well in my present situation, that I do not mean to quit it—so long as I can have a regular supply of your medicine.

“ I am, Sir, yours,

“ AUCK—ND.”

* On this gentleman, who has obtained a high judicial situation, the following epigram was made:

Necessity and Anstr—r are very like each other;
Necessity has no law, neither has Anstr—r.

LESSON FOR YOUNG BARRISTERS.

HOW TO EXAMINE A WITNESS.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

Dramatis Personæ.

THE BARRISTER—THE WITNESS.

B. CALL John Tomkins.

W. Here—*(is sworn.)*

B. Look this way—What's your name?

W. John Tomkins.

B. John Tomkins, eh! And pray, John Tomkins, what do you know about this affair?

W. As I was going along Cheapside—

B. Stop, stop! not quite so fast, John Tomkins. When was you going along Cheapside?

W. On Monday, the 26th of June.

B. Oh, oh! Monday, the 26th of June—And pray, now, how came you to know that it was Monday the 26th of June?

W. I remember it very well.

B. You have a good memory, John Tomkins—here is the middle of November, and you pretend to remember your walking along Cheapside in the end of June.

W. Yes, Sir, I remember it as if it was but yesterday.

B. And pray, now, what makes you remember it so very well?

W. I was then going to fetch a midwife—

B. Stop there, if you please. Gentlemen of the jury, please to attend to this.—So, John Tomkins, you, a hale, hearty man, were going to fetch a midwife. Now, answer me directly—look this way, Sir—what could you possibly want with a midwife?

W. I wanted to fetch her to a neighbour's wife, who was ill a-bed.

B. A neighbour's wife! What, then, you have no wife of your own?

W. No,

W. No, Sir.

B. Recollect yourself; you say you have no wife of your own.

W. No, Sir; I never had a wife.

B. None of your quibbles, friend; I did not ask you if you ever had a wife. I ask you if you have now a wife? and you say no.

W. Yes, Sir; and I say truth.

B. Yes, Sir! and no, Sir! and you say truth! we shall soon find that out. And was there nobody to fetch a midwife but you?

W. No; my neighbour lay ill himself—

B. What! did he want a midwife too? (*A loud laugh.*)

W. He lay ill of a fever; and so I went, to serve him.

B. No doubt, you are a very serviceable fellow in your way.—But pray, now, after you had fetched the midwife, where did you go?

W. I went to call upon a friend—

B. Hold! What time in the day was this?

W. About seven o'clock in the evening.

B. It was quite daylight, was it not?

W. Yes, Sir; it was a fine summer evening.

B. What! is it always daylight in a summer evening.

W. I believe so—(*smiling.*)

B. No laughing, Sir, if you please; this is too serious a matter for levity.—What did you do when you went to call upon a friend?

W. He asked me to take a walk; and, when we were walking, we heard a great noise—

B. And where was this?

W. In the street.

B. Pray attend, Sir—I don't ask you, whether it was in the street—I ask you what street?

W. I don't know the name of the street; but it turns down from—

B. Now,

B. Now, Sir, upon your oath—do you say you don't know the name of the street?

W. No, I don't.

B. Did you never hear it?

W. I may have heard it; but I can't say I remember it.

B. Do you always forget what you have heard?

W. I don't know that I ever heard it; but I may have heard it, and forgot it.

B. Well, Sir, perhaps we may fall upon a way to make you remember it.

W. I don't know, Sir; I would tell it if I knew it.

B. O! to be sure you would; you are remarkably communicative.—Well, you heard a noise, and I suppose you went to see it too.

W. Yes; we went to the house where it came from—

B. So! it came from a house, and pray what kind of a house?

W. The Cock and Bottle, a public-house.

B. The Cock and Bottle! why, I never heard of such a house. Pray what has a cock to do with a bottle?

W. I can't tell; that is the sign.

B. Well—and what passed then?

W. We went in to see what was the matter, and the prisoner there—

B. Where?

W. Him at the bar, there; I knew him very well.

B. You know him? how came you to know him?

W. We worked journey-work together once; and I remember him well.

B. So! your memory returns: you can't tell the name of the street, but you know the name of the public-house, and you know the prisoner at the bar.—You are a very pretty fellow! And pray what was the prisoner doing?

W. When I saw him, he was—

B. When

B. When you saw him! did I ask you what he was doing, when you did not see him?

W. I understood he had been fighting.

B. Give us none of your understanding—tell what you saw.

W. He was drinking some Hollands and water.

B. Are you sure it was Hollands and water?

W. Yes; he asked me to drink with him, and I just put it to my lips.

B. No doubt you did, and, I dare say, did not take it soon from them. But now, Sir, recollect you are upon oath—look at the jury, Sir—upon your oath, with you aver, that it was Hollands and water?

W. Yes, it was.

B. What! was it not plain gin?

W. No; the landlord said it was Hollands.

B. O! now we shall come to the point—The landlord said! Do you believe every thing the landlord of the Cock and Bottle says?

W. I don't know him enough.

B. Pray what religion are you of?

W. I am a Protestant.

B. Do you believe in a future state?

W. Yes.

B. Then, what passed after you drank the Hollands and water?

W. I heard there had been a fight, and a man killed; and I said, "O! Robert, I hope you have not done this:" and he shook his head—

B. Shook his head! And what did you understand by that?

W. Sir!

B. I say, what did you understand by his shaking his head?

W. I can't tell.

B. Can't tell!—Can't you tell what a man means when he shakes his head?

W. He

W. He said nothing.

B. Said nothing! I don't ask you what he said—
What did you say?

W. What did I say?

B. Don't repeat my words, fellow; but come to the point at once.—Did you see the dead man?

W. Yes; he lay in the next room.

B. And how came he to be dead?

W. There had been a fight, as I said before—

B. I don't want you to repeat what you said before.

W. There had been a fight between him and the—

B. Speak up—his Lordship don't hear you—can't you raise your voice?

W. There had been a fight between him and the prisoner—

B. Stop there—Pray, when did this fight begin?

W. I can't tell exactly; it might be an hour before. The man was quite dead.

B. And so he might, if the fight had been a month before—that was not what I asked you. Did you see the fight?

W. No—it was over before we came in.

B. We! What we?

W. I and my friend.

B. Well—and it was over—and you saw nothing?

W. No.

B. Gem'men of the jury, you'll please attend to this—he positively swears he saw nothing of the fight. Pray, Sir, how was it that you saw nothing of the fight?

W. Because it was over before I entered the house, as I said before.

B. No repetitions, friend.—Was there any fighting after you entered?

W. No, all was quiet.

B. Quiet!, you just now said, you heard a noise—you and your precious friend.

W. Yes,

W. Yes, we heard a noise—

B. Speak up, can't you? and don't hesitate so.

W. The noise was from the people, crying and lamenting—

B. Don't look to me—look to the jury—well, crying and lamenting.

W. Crying and lamenting that it happened; and all blaming the dead man.

B. Blaming the dead man! why, I should have thought him the most quiet of the whole—(*another laugh*)—But what did they blame him for?

W. Because he struck the prisoner several times, without any cause.

B. Did you see him strike the prisoner?

W. No; but I was told that—

B. We don't ask you what you was told—What did you see?

W. I saw no more than I have told you.

B. Then why do you come here to tell us what you heard?

W. I only wanted to give the reason why the company blamed the deceased.

B. O! we have nothing to do with your reasons, or theirs either.

W. No, Sir, I don't say you have.

B. Now, Sir, remember you are upon oath—you set out with fetching a midwife; I presume you now went for an undertaker.

W. No, I did not.

B. No! that is surprising; such a friendly man as you! I wonder the prisoner did not employ you.

W. No, I went away soon after.

B. And what induced you to go away?

W. It became late; and I could do no good.

B. I dare say you could not—And so you come here to do good, don't you?

W. I hope I have done no harm—I have spoken like

like an honest man—I don't know any thing more of the matter.

B. Nay, I shan't trouble you farther—(*Witness retires, but is called again*). Pray, Sir, what did the prisoner drink his Hollands and water out of?

W. A pint tumbler.

B. A pint tumbler! what! a rummer?

W. I don't know—it was a glass that holds a pint.

B. Are you sure it holds a pint?

W. I believe so.

B. Ay, when it is full, I suppose.—You may go your ways, John Tomkins.—A pretty hopeful fellow that. [*Aside.*]

N. B. The necessity of giving the above lessons will appear by the following article:—

AN INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

[From the Courier.]

AT a trial some few years ago in Ireland, a Mr. Morton prosecuted one John Farrel for an assault, with an attempt to commit a rape, upon his daughter. When Mr. Morton had given his testimony for the crown (as the term is), he was cross-examined by the counsel for the prisoner. The first question asked him by one of these counsel was, "Pray, Sir, is the young lady your daughter?" The witness replied, "Yes."—"Pray, Sir," continued the counsel, "how do you know she is your daughter?"

The witness thus expressed himself:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I am called upon in this court to give my testimony—I have given it; and have given it honestly as to my mind, and true as to the fact. A counsel (at least I suppose him so by his impertinence) has asked me, Whether I can, upon oath, swear that this young lady is my daughter?—

Many

Many of you are fathers, and will feel upon the occasion as I do.

“ One observation I beg permission of the court to make; it is, that in support of the laws of my country, I come forward here to punish a transgressor at my own expense, and that the man who has asked me the question as to my daughter's legitimacy, and who, no doubt, means to ask many more of the same sort, is a *person BRIBED to prevent the course of justice.*

“ Gentlemen, I will prove the assertion. Look to his brief—he there acknowledges to have received *ten guineas* to defend a villain.

“ Will you believe the testimony, *on oath*, of a man who is not *purchased*, in preference to the argument of a man who is *publicly bribed*, or will you not? That is the question.”

This so completely humbled the self-sufficient counsel, that he was immediately dumb-founded, and the prisoner was convicted, and sentenced to two years imprisonment, and to give security for his good behaviour during life, himself in two thousand pounds, and his securities in one thousand pounds each.

If every witness would act in like manner, the scandalous liberties of counsel would be less frequent.

SIR,

Passing this morning through the Treasury passage that leads into the Park, I picked up a packet, which I found to be an open letter, addressed to the Editor of some Newspaper; but the name of the paper having been torn off, I could not discover which it was. In this situation, being your constant reader, I send it to you. If it is your property, all is well; if not, you may, I think, fairly take advantage of this accident, which procures you so early and important intelligence.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Westminster, Aug. 6, 1793.

AMBULATOR.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HOW I admire your talents! When I compare your works with mine, I see evidently my own littleness: the wonders related by you in your truly Royal Papers, as much exceed mine as the refulgent *Sun*, rising in the evening, does the Moon at noon-day. Nevertheless, I will venture to recount to you a simple and unadorned narrative of an excursion I made yesterday; only requesting, that, before you insert it in your journal, you will throw a little embellishment over it, in your own inimitable manner.

After having had the honour to breakfast with the Prince of Cobourg, I set out by his Highness's command in a balloon, to reconnoitre the town and citadel of Lisle from above. Not having the proper guidance of the machine for some time, it soon rose with me to an extraordinary height, not less than fifteen miles, from whence you cannot conceive the beauty of the prospect; it exceeded even *your* imagination. Having a remarkably good glass with me, I had a distinct view of all Europe. In the South of France, I every where saw the Royalists and the Spaniards killing thousands of rascally and cowardly *Sans-culottes*. I saw, in the Mediterranean, Lord Hood capture a large fleet of the enemy. Looking over to your delicious island, I also saw a very hot engagement between two noble armies, which surprised me much, as I had not heard that the French had made their projected invasion of England; but I soon found it was only a grand field-day, and a mock engagement; after which both armies went cordially together, to receive their dinners from cooks dressed in captains' uniforms.

But what you will more particularly rejoice to hear, I saw Brissot sitting in a dark cell of the Abbey Prison, with the identical journal on a table before him, which you unluckily quoted without being able to produce your voucher, and could distinctly read in it every syllable

syllable that you have asserted, and a great deal more. If any one, after this, should be hardy enough to question your veracity, you have only to make use of my name.

The immediate business of my mission, however, obliged me to turn my eyes directly under me. The Allied Army began a furious bombardment of Lisle. Although I was so high in the air, I could distinctly hear the screams of the women in the town; but this is not at all surprising, when we consider how much sound ascends. These screams, however, and the songs of *Ca Ira*, were soon drowned by the noise of the cannonading, both of the armies without, and the fortresses within. In the midst of the smoke, I could distinctly perceive 20,000 French lying dead in the streets. As a great scarcity of cannon-balls took place in the garrison, the troops, with great presence of mind, cut off the heads of the slain to supply their place; but these being still insufficient, a guillotine was set to work, to prepare heads for that purpose. At this time one of the engineers in the town having discovered me, placed a 42 pounder perpendicular, and fired it right at me. The shot took effect, it went right through the balloon, and proceeded on till it stuck in a star. This I distinctly saw while I was falling, having fortunately my glass in my hand. It was a lucky circumstance for me, that by this time they had piled up the dead bodies in the town in a heap, which was at least a mile high—as I fell upon them, I was not at all hurt.

I now expected to be made a prisoner, and was congratulating myself that it was no worse, when most fortunately the besiegers forced their way into the town. The Austrian troops now took an ample revenge on the garrison. They killed every soul in the place, except one old woman, who was saved as a living witness of the valour of the besiegers. On mustering

mustered the troops of the allies, we had the pleasing satisfaction to find, that the only men killed were, two horse, a trumpet, and a drum.

You will no doubt receive exaggerated accounts of this glorious action; what I have sent you, you may depend on, as I had a better opportunity than any person, from my situation, to see the whole. And as I shall send this express by a pigeon, you may, with great propriety, boast of the superiority and priority of your intelligence.

We now only wait the arrival of the Duke of Brunswick, to march against Paris, which is to be razed to the ground, and all the inhabitants guillotined, a full account of which you will receive in my next. I beg my best respects to your worthy coadjutors, and I am, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

THE BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

A PICTURE OF HIGH LIFE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE APPOINTMENT.

THE Honourable Charles Wildflor, to whose gallantry a series of conquests have given an air of ease, not rising to confidence, but not embarrassing its object by timidity, observed the interesting Caroline, at the Countess of Crib's rout, held unpleasantly under the eye of her *Chaperon*. She could not turn without being watched, nor talk to any one of the beaux that fluttered round her, without having her words listened to and treasured. Charles saw the sparks of stifled passion flashing from her eye. There is nothing, he knew, which so thoroughly vexes the female heart, as the control that disappoints opportunity. The *Chaperon* was her husband's sister, who had by the marriage lost what, to a heart which age had confirmed in youthful avarice,

avarice, was truly important—the profitable place of superintendant of his household; and she had now sunk into the office which fashion, in this country, prevents even jealousy from executing for itself—of companion to her sister-in-law. Charles fancied that he saw Caroline looking wistfully around the gay circle for a knight sufficiently chevaleresque to relieve her, by bravery or stratagem, from her bondage; and for such an adventure he felt a prompt alacrity. A quick spirit suggested to him, in an instant, the means of an introduction at once unsuspected and commendatory: he whispered his friend George Driver to brush the old woman, and contrive to disorder her dress. George swore an American oath, that he would *dock the harri-dan*; and, with a precipitancy that might have betrayed the purpose, he trod on her crape train, and turning sharp round, under the pretence of an apology for the accident, tore the gauze completely out of its gathers.

Charles seized the happy moment of her vexation, and ingratiated himself in the old woman's favour, by the gentlemanly interest which he took in her misfortune, and the severity with which he rebuked George for his clumsiness. He entered into conversation with Caroline; and, while the old woman was venting her spleen on the monster, and putting her dress into some order, he candidly whispered Caroline, that, distracted by love, he had contrived the incident for the purpose of throwing his heart at her feet. A half-formed frown, which she was directing against him, was turned into a smile, on seeing the air of piteous supplication that he had thrown into his features.

“You are a most impudent fellow, Mr. Wildflor, to have the confidence to suspect that such conduct should be pleasant to me!”

“I am not so impudent as to believe that the tenderness of your heart will permit you to see even justice

tice inflicted on her, who gives you, if I suspect right, many irksome moments."

"And pray, Sir," said Caroline, kindling at the unexpected discovery, "how do you know that she makes my moments irksome?"

"From the means which my passion has prompted me to use for the sake of discovery—means which nothing but passion could justify."

"I beg your pardon, Sir; I did not suspect you to be an *eaves-dropper*!"

At this moment the old woman returned from the mirror, to which she had gone to adjust her dress; while Charles felt abashed at the unpromising outset of his affair.

"Did you ever," said the old lady, "see any thing so shocking as my accident?—I am quite a fright! But I am sure, Mr. Wildflor, I am very much indebted to you for the very kind interest you took in my misfortune."

"Yes," said Caroline, with a malicious smile, "and you are more indebted to the gallantry of Mr. Wildflor than you are aware."

"What!" exclaims Charles: "Good God! my dear Madam—I entreat you:—pray, think no more of it!—Obliged to me!—not at all—not at all." And, turning to Caroline, he whispered—"Why, in the name of Heaven! you will not tell her; will you?"

"The gallantry of Mr. Wildflor is proverbial:—but how am I farther obliged to him?"

"You are not obliged to me at all," said Charles hastily: "I beg we may go and look at the tables."

"Indeed you shall not:—I am determined my sister shall hear how much she is indebted to you."

Charles gave himself up, and the old woman made a curtsey in anticipation. Caroline enjoyed the dilemma, and prolonged it by an elegant compliment on
the

the graceful modesty which glowed so visibly on his cheek.

“Do you know, my dear sister,” continues Caroline, “that Mr. Wildflor says he saw your picture at Mr. Cofway’s, and that he thinks it a most faithful and elegant likeness.”

Mrs. Sourcrout made him one of the most complaisant of her bows, to which he, his heart filled with the happiness of Caroline’s unlooked-for surrender, was utterly unable to attend; and, making his obedience to the old lady, he ejaculated—

“Charming Caroline, I shall hope to meet you there.”

MR. EDITOR,

WE have several Translations of Horace; but none that I have seen appear to do the author justice. There is in Horace a grace, a delicacy, a liveness, a fulness of expression, and a harmony of versification, that at once captivate the ear and the heart. I need not explain to you how far short of these excellencies our translators in general have fallen. Having myself studied this poet with uncommon attention, I have, with all my might, endeavoured to preserve these qualities in my version, of which I send you the enclosed Ode as a specimen. If you judge it to have less merit than the partial parent believes, you will still allow it, I hope, to soar above the common flights of modern poetry. It is not heavy as lead; like Mr. —; nor dull as ditch-water, like Anna Matilda; nor mad as a March hare, like our present excellent Laureat; nor stupid— but I should never make an end, if I went on with my comparisons. If this sample takes, I mean to publish a translation of the whole by subscription: it will be printed on wire-wove paper, and hot-pressed—not to exceed two vo-

lumes quarto. A great number of engravings will be added by the most eminent artists. The obscenities will be left out of the common copies; but printed separately for the use of the curious and critical readers. The passages that have an improper political tendency will be carefully omitted; such as—

—Sed magis
Pugnas, et exactos tyrannos
Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.

“The clustering mob is more delighted to hear of battles and the expulsion of tyrants.”

Or that address to Fortune—

Purpurei metuunt tyranni,
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

“Purple tyrants dread thee, O Fortune, lest thou shouldst kick down the standing pillar [of existing circumstances]; lest the *thronging populace should summon the loiterers TO ARMS, TO ARMS*; and demolish the empire.”

But these passages, thank God! are very few, and shall be studiously suppressed. Luckily, Horace is full of loyal effusions, which I shall endeavour to render with spirit as well as fidelity. What, for instance, can be more applicable than the following passage to the present holy war?

—Diu
Lateque victrices catervæ,
Consiliis juvenis repressæ,
Sensere, quid mens rite, quid insoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Possent—quid Augusti paternus
In pueros animus Neronis.

“The

“ The armies, so long and so far victorious, were checked by the conduct of a young Prince, and became sensible what could be done by a mind and a disposition duly nurtured under an auspicious roof—what could be achieved by the *paternal affection* of Augustus to the young Neroses.”

But it is time to release you from this tedious preface, and give you my specimen.—Why, thus it runs, then :

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE XXVII. TRANSLATED.

Fy, friends! were glasses made for fighting,
And not your hearts and heads to lighten?
Quit, quit, for shame, the savage fashion,
Nor fall in such a bloody passion.

“ Pistols and ball for fix!” what sport!
How distant from—“ Fresh lights and Port!”
Get rid of this ungodly rancour:
And bring your—elbows to an anchor.

Why, though your stuff is plaguy heady,
I’ll try to hold one bumper steady,
Let Ned but say, what wench’s eyes
Gave him the wound, of which he dies.

You won’t?—then, damme if I drink!
A proper question this to blink!
Come, come; for whomsoever you feel
Those pains, you always sin genteel.

And were your girl the dirtiest drab—
(You know I never was a blab)
Out with it; whisper soft and low;—
What! is it she? the filthy frow!
You’ve got a roaring sea to tame,
Boy, worthy of a better flame!

What Lapland witch, what cunning man,
Can free you from this haridan?
St. George himself, who slew the dragon,
Would idly waste his strength this hag on.

HORAT. CARM. I. 27.

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis
 Pugnare Thracum est; tollite barbarum
 Morem, verecundumque Bacchum
 Sanguineis prohibite rixis.

Vino et lucernis Medus acinaces
 Immane quantum discrepat: impium
 Lenite clamorem, sodales,
 Et cubito remanete presso.

Vultis severi me quoque fumere
 Partem Falerni? Dicat Opuntia
 Frater Megillæ, quo beatus
 Vulnere, qua pereat sagitta.

Cessat voluntas? Non alia bibam
 Mercede: quæ te cunque domat Venus,
 Non erubescendis adurit
 Ignibus, ingenuoque semper

Amore peccas. Quicquid habes, age;
 Depone tutis auribus. Ah miser!
 Quanta laboras Charybdi,
 Digne puer meliore flamma!

Quæ saga, quis te solvere Theffalis
 Magus venenis, quis poterit Deus?
 Vix illigatam te triformi
 Pegasus expediet chimæra.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

QUESTIONS FROM A MAN OF KENT.

BEING a plain countryman, and master of a farm of two hundred acres of land, though I say it, as good arable as any in the parish, I have neither time nor opportunity to look into old records of State Trials or books of law, by which many things that are passing at present might be rendered intelligible to me. I should therefore be very glad if any of your *learned* correspondents would answer a handful or two of questions that I am going to put to them.

Was

Was there as much talking on the trial of Algernon Sidney, who was talked to death by the Crown Lawyers, as on the trial of Horne Tooke and Hardy?

As the Attorney and Solicitor General affirmed, that all attempts to reform the Commons House of Parliament were treason by *clear* law, what made them talk ten or a dozen hours each to prove it?

Is there such a term in the language of the courts as legal *botheration*?

The Crown Lawyers and the Bench admitting that Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Richmond are criminal, as well as the persons at present under trial, can the Attorney-general, consistently with his duty, neglect to prosecute them?

How happens it, that the meaning of the law of treason, which was enacted by a Parliament where no lawyer was allowed to sit, should be a legal question, and not to be understood by any man, who has not a big wig upon his head?

When Judge Foster said, that "The prison and the grave of a King are not far distant," was it a witty saying, or a positive truth, sufficient for the constructing of a new species of treason?

If to conspire to depose a King, necessarily implies his death, how comes it that the last King whom we deposed lived to a good old age in France, and at last died quietly in his bed?

Were the English associates of King William, who deposed King James, and settled the succession on the house of Hanover, guilty of high treason in so doing?

If they were, what sort of a title has his Majesty, God bless him! to the throne?

When Edward the Third's parliament declared that nothing was treason but levying war against the King, compassing his death, or adhering to his enemies, did they mean that any thing else was?

How happens it, that the Court Lawyers, *one and*

all, are sure to find treason, where Juries can see no such thing?

Is this opposition of sentiment always the effect of chance, or of the influence of the stars, or is it the effect of influence of any other kind?

Is there any law against conspiring, by judicial chicanery, to take away a fellow-citizen's life?

As it is admitted on all hands, that a nation has the right of changing its government, how happens it that it is treason in a part of the people to propose the reform of such abuses as may exist in theirs?

If the individuals that have usurped the rights of the people, refuse to restore them, after being requested so to do in a polite way, is it treason for the nation to endeavour to recover them by means less consistent with urbanity?

Have the good people of England any right to their rights?

If they have, has any body a right to withhold them?

Does the right of the people in this country to be freely represented depend upon the pleasure of those who represent them against their will?

If it does not, is there any punishment for those who invade the privileges of the people? And is it likely that Mr. Attorney-general will prosecute the delinquents?

If *he* does not, who will?

And, lastly, would there be any remedy for a man who should be first kept up for six months, like a hagged fox, by ministers, and afterward hunted down by the Court Lawyers, for no other reason than because corrupt majorities of the Legislature might call it treason to resist corruption?

I trust, Mr. Editor, you will forgive me for being rather minute and particular in my questions, for I was always *mortally* afraid of law-suits, and should be
very

very sorry to commit high treason, without dreaming of such a thing. Besides, whenever the Sunday paper is received, and I read it to my ploughmen and neighbours, they are sure to ask me a score of such questions as I have been asking you, and *dang* me, if I sometimes know how to answer them, tho' I'm reckoned about as *cute* a hand as any in the county.

A MAN OF KEET.

— — — — —
 PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN.

[From the Morning Post.]

NOW see *my* goddess, earthly born,
 With smiling looks, and sparkling eyes,
 And with a bloom that shames the morn,
 New risen in the eastern skies.

Furnish'd from Nature's boundless store,
 And one of Pleasure's laughing train;
 Stranger to all the wise explore,
 She proves all far-sought knowledge vain:

Untaught as Venus, when she found
 Herself first floating on the sea,
 And, laughing, begg'd the Tritons round,
 For shame, to look some other way!

And unaccomplish'd all as Eve,
 In the first morning of her life,
 When Adam blush'd, and ask'd her leave
 To take her hand, and call her wife.

Yet there is something in her face,
 Though she's unread in Plato's lore,
 Might bring your Plato to disgrace,
 For leaving precepts taught before.

And there is magic in her eye:
 (Though she's unskill'd to conjure down
 The pale moon from th' affrighted sky)
 Might draw Endymion from the Moon.

And there are words which she can speak,
 More easy to be understood,
 More sweet than all the Heathen Greek,
 By Helen talk'd, when Paris woo'd.

And she has raptures in her power,
 More worth than all the flattering claim
 Of learning's unsubstantial dower,
 In present praise or future fame.

Let me but kiss her soft warm hand,
 And let me whisper in her ear,
 What knowledge would not understand,
 And wisdom would disdain to hear!

And let her listen to my tale,
 And let one smiling blush arise,
 (Blest omen that my vows prevail)
 I'll scorn the scorn of all the wise.

SUBSTITUTES FOR BREAD*.

[From the Telegraph.]

WHILE our nobility are generously eating brown bread for the good of the country, it gives me much pleasure to find that the newspapers are no less

* The above whimsical letter appeared at the time of the great scarcity, when the Privy Council recommended the eating of meat and vegetables as *substitutes for bread*. This was very wise; meat and vegetables being still dearer than the article instead of which they were to be used. Other persons, with Sir John Sinclair, and economists of the same stamp, at their head, made bread of flour and potatoes mixed. This was also very wise; as a very indifferent compound was produced by the combination of two things, perfectly good when eaten alone, without a single grain of sustenance being gained. Others first made potatoes into flour, and then into bread. This was wiser still; for by these means much of the nutritious substance of the potatoe was lost, the *fecula*, by far the smaller part, being alone preserved. In short, not one of the wise heads, who are good enough to regulate all our concerns, was able to discover that the only remedy for a scarcity is to diminish the consumption, or increase the stock of provisions; till at last fear did what reflection could not, and a bounty was given for the importation of corn.

generously

generously seconding their efforts, by recommending various substitutes for bread, and that the *Lady Bountifuls* of the metropolis have given up the entire *copyright* of Sunday puddings and cakes, which may be used instead of bread.

I should be sorry if my pen were idle on such an occasion. Permit me, therefore, to recommend, what I have from experience found to be *excellent substitutes* for bread; and what, you will perceive, are not only *as well* suited to the *ability* of the common people as any which have been recommended, but also must be easily procured by a nation abounding in wealth and commerce, the natural consequences of a successful, just, and necessary war.

My first substitute, Sir, is *butcher's meat* of every kind, particularly veal and beef, neither of which are yet at a *shilling* a pound. *House-lamb*, when in season, is also an excellent substitute: a quarter of house-lamb seldom exceeds *twelve or fourteen shillings*, and would make one very good meal for a man, his wife, and four children.

Poultry has lately been so moderate, that it is wonderful it has not been more used. At all times, a couple of *nice chickens* may be had for *seven or eight shillings*; and I am certain the poor would find them exceedingly relishing, if they would but make a trial.

But my great and grand substitutes yet remain—*venison* and *turtle*. Venison is very cheap this year, owing to the discontinuance of public dinners; and you will please to observe, that it has a superior advantage to every other kind of meat, inasmuch as the monopolizing and forestalling butchers cannot take in the public, because none of them deal in the article. I lately dined on a very fine haunch, which cost only *two pounds fourteen shillings*; and as we are to have no more public dinners, I have no doubt that

the price will soon fall, perhaps to a *couple of guineas*. A haunch of this price would, I imagine, serve for dinner for six men of good appetite, besides what might be served up next day in the form of a *hash*. I am greatly mistaken, if the poor would not take very kindly to this diet, were it once set before them.

As to *turtle*, which will be soon plenty, from the arrival of the West India fleet, and cheap from the same cause as the venison, I need scarcely say how very nourishing it is; in that respect indeed, excelling all other food. The *success* of our armies in Flanders is justly imputed to the Commissaries ordering great quantities of plump turtles to be sent over. There can be little doubt that the price will not exceed *eight shillings a quart*; and, at that price, I am sure the poor would find it a most delicious and palatable food, provided they have no natural antipathy to it, as people sometimes have for what they are not used to. By way of inducing them to give up such whims, they might be advised to take a *summer-glass* of *punch* between every three or four mouthfuls, which I have always found very relishing. Indeed, this is a fact which has often been *sworn* to before the Aldermen of London.

To these valuable substitutes for bread, and, by the by, before I proceed one step farther, let me remark, that it is the opinion of many learned physicians, that bread is not quite so wholesome as some people ignorantly think. They say that it creates *wind*. Now, if the existence of wind be known by its effects, I think it is very obvious that the poor are afflicted with it, from this very cause—for among the poor, you are always sure to hear more *grumbling* than among the rich; it is but fair to attribute this to their not being able to *raise* the *wind*. Such would not be the case, if they could be induced to use the diet I here recommend.

Leaving

Leaving this digression, let me observe, that to the above substitutes for bread, may be added *fish* of all kinds, particularly *turbot*, with *lobster-sauce*, which is highly nourishing, and far more fattening than the produce of a wheat-field can possibly be. Now, Sir, a very nice turbot can be bought for *seven* or *eight shillings*, and serve three moderate eaters very well. Indeed, I have made all my calculations for the scale of *moderate* eaters, because my object is to serve the poor, who are confessedly of that class.

With respect to *vegetables*, they ought unquestionably to accompany the above course of diet; but they ought to be eaten only at the beginning of the season, when they are young. The same remark may be extended to *fruit*, particularly *pinces*, *melons*, and *peaches*. A very good sized pine may now be purchased for *fifteen shillings*, and is a most delicious fruit. But I must confess, that I would not have the poor to indulge too much in these articles, unless they are plenty, and the warmth of the weather requires a vegetable regimen.

It may be expected I should say something of *liquors*: with regard to them I have, however, only to remark, that *gin* is a very unwholesome liquor, and is lately risen in price. *Wine* is much more to be preferred; but in order to drink it pure, it should be purchased in the *pipe*, and kept for some time before it is bottled. *Ex parte creda*. I think that, in the present state of affairs, French wines may be dispensed with by the poor.

Having thus discharged a duty to them, and to the public at large, I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

MAZARINE MUNCHET.

COSMOGUNIA.

The following elegant Dialogue, said to be the Production of an eminent Female Writer, is copied from the *Monthly Magazine* for February 1796.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MADAM COSMOGUNIA, AND A PHILOSOPHICAL ENQUIRER OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

E. I REJOICE, my good Madam, to see you. You bear your years extremely well. You really look as fresh and blooming this morning as if you were but just out of your leading-strings, and yet you have—I forget how many centuries upon your shoulders.

C. Do not you know, son, that people of my standing are by no means fond of being too nicely questioned about their years? Besides, my age is a point by no means agreed upon.

E. I thought it was set down in the church-register?

C. That is true; but every body does not go by your register. The people who live eastward of us; and have sold tea, time out of mind, by the great wall, say I am older by a vast deal; and that long before the time when your people pretend I was born I had near as much wisdom and learning as I have now.

E. I do not know how that matter might be; one thing I am certain of, that you did not know your *lettens* then; and every body knows that these tea-dealers, who are very vain, and want to go higher than any body else for the antiquity of their family, are noted for lying.

C. On the other hand, old *Isaac*, the great chronicler, who was so famous for casting a figure, used to say that the register itself had been altered, and that he could prove I was much younger than you have usually reckoned me to be. It may be so; for my part, I cannot be supposed to remember so far back. I could

ST. JAMES'S

not

not write in my early youth, and it was a long time before I had a pocket almanac to set down all occurrences in, and the ages of my children, as I do now.

E. Well, your exact age is not so material; but there is one point which I confess I wish much to ascertain: I have often heard it asserted, that, as you increase in years, you grow wiser and better; and that you are at this moment more candid, more liberal, a better manager of your affairs, and, in short, more amiable in every respect, than ever you were in the whole course of your life: and others—you will excuse me, Madam—pretend that you are almost in your dotage; that you grow more intolerable every year you live, and that, whereas in your childhood you were a sprightly, innocent young creature, that rose with the lark, lay down with the lamb, and thought or said no harm of any one, you are become suspicious, selfish, interested, fond of nothing but indulging your appetites, and continually setting your own children together by the ears for straws. Now I should like to know where the truth lies.

C. As to that, I am, perhaps, too nearly concerned to answer you properly. I will, therefore, only observe, that I do not remember the time when I have not heard exactly the same contradictory assertions.

E. I believe the best way to determine the question will be by facts. Pray be so good as to tell me how you have employed yourself in the different periods of your life; from the earliest time you can remember, for instance.

C. I have a very confused remembrance of living in a pleasant garden, full of fruit, and of being turned out because I had not minded the injunctions that were laid upon me. After that I became so very naughty, that I got a severe ducking, and was in great danger of being drowned.

E. A hopeful beginning, I must allow! Pray what was

was the first piece of work you recollect being engaged in ?

C. I remember setting myself to build a prodigious high house of cards, which I childishly thought I could raise up to the very skies. I piled them up very high, and at last left off in the middle, and had my tongue slit for being so self-conceited. Afterwards, I baked dirt in the sun, and resolved to make something very magnificent, I hardly knew what : so I built a great many mounds in the form of sugar-loaves, very broad at bottom, and pointed at top : they took me a great many years to make, and were fit for no earthly purpose when they were done. They are still to be seen, if you choose to take the trouble of going so far. Travellers call them my *folly*.

E. Pray what studies took your attention when you first began to learn ?

C. At first I amused myself, as all children do, with pictures ; and drew, or rather attempted to draw, figures of lions and serpents, and men with the heads of animals, and women with fishes' tails ; to all which I affixed a meaning, often whimsical enough. Many of these, my first scratches, are still to be seen upon old walls and stones, and have greatly exercised the ingenuity of the curious to find out what I could possibly mean by them. Afterwards, when I had learned to read, I was wonderfully entertained with stories of giants, griffins, and mermaids, and men and women turned into trees, and horses that spoke, and of an old man that used to eat up his children, till his wife deceived him by giving him a stone to eat instead of one of them, and of a conjurer that tied up the wind in bags, and—

E. Hold, hold, my good Madam ; you have given me a very sufficient proof of that propensity to the marvellous which I have always remarked in you. I suppose, however, you soon grew too old for such nursery stories as these.

C. On

C. On the contrary, I amused myself with putting them into verse, and had them sung to me on holy-days; and, at this very day, I make a point of teaching them to all my children, in whose education I take any pains.

E. I think I should rather whip them for employing their time so idly: I hope, at least, these pretty stories kept you out of mischief?

C. I cannot say they did; I never was without a scratched face, or a bloody nose, at any period I can remember.

E. Very promising dispositions truly!

C. My amusements were not all so mischievous. I was very fond of star-gazing, and telling fortunes, and trying a thousand tricks for good luck, many of which have made such an impression on my mind, that I remember them even to this day.

E. I hope, however, your reading was not all of the kind you have mentioned.

C. No. It was at some very famous races, which were held every four years for my diversion, and which I always made a point to be at, that a man once came upon the race-ground, and read a history-book aloud to the whole company: there were, to be sure, a number of stories in it not greatly better than those I have been telling you; however, from that time, I began to take to more serious learning, and likewise to reckon and date all my accounts by these races, which, as I told you, I was very fond of.

E. I think you afterwards went to school, and learnt philosophy and mathematics?

C. I did so: I had a great many famous masters.

E. Were you a teachable scholar?

C. One of my masters used always to weep when he saw me; another used always to burst into a fit of laughter. I leave you to guess what they thought of me.

E. Pray

E. Pray what did you do when you were in middle age? That is usually esteemed the most valuable part of life:

C. I somehow got shut up in a dark cell, where I took a long nap.

E. And after you awaked—

C. I fell a disputing with all my might.

E. What were the subjects that interested you so much?

C. Several.

E. Pray let us have a specimen.

C. Whether the light of Tabor was created or uncreated? whether *one* be a number? whether men should cross themselves with two fingers or with three? whether the creation was finished in six days, because it is the most perfect number; or whether six is the most perfect number, because the creation was finished in six days? whether two and one make three, or only one?

E. And pray what may be your opinion of the last proposition, particularly?

C. I have by no means made up my mind about it; in another century, perhaps, I may be able to decide upon the point.

E. These debates of yours had one advantage, however; you could not possibly put yourself in a passion on such kinds of subjects.

C. There you are very much mistaken. I was constantly in a passion upon one or other of them; and if my opponent did not agree with me, my constant practice was to knock him down, even if it were in the church. I have the happiness of being able to interest myself in the most indifferent question as soon as I am contradicted upon it. I can make a very good dispute out of the question, Whether the preference be due to blue or green, in the colour of aockey's cap? and would desire no better cause of a quarrel than,

than, Whether a person's name should be spelt with C, or with K?

E. These constant disputes must have had a very bad effect on your younger children. How do you hope ever to have a quiet house?

C. And yet, I do assure you, there is no one point that I have laboured more than that important one of family harmony.

E. Indeed!

C. Yes; for the sake of that order and unanimity, which has always been dear to me; I have constantly insisted, that all my children should *sneeze and blow their noses* at the same time, and in the same manner.

E. May I presume to ask the reason of that injunction?

C. Is it possible you do not see the extreme danger, as well as indecorum, of suffering every one to blow his nose his own way? Could you trust any one with the keys of your offices, who sneezed to the right when other people sneezed to the left, or to the left when they sneezed to the right?

E. I confess I am rather dull in discerning the inconvenience that would ensue; but pray have you been able to accomplish this desirable uniformity?

C. I acknowledge I have not; and indeed I have met with so much obstinate resistance to this my wise regulation, that, to tell you the truth, I am almost on the point of giving it up. You would hardly believe the perverseness my children have shewn on the occasion; blowing their noses, locked up in their rooms, or in dark corners about the house, in every possible way; so that, in short, on pretence of colds, tender noses, or want of pocket-handkerchiefs, or one plea or another, I have been obliged to tolerate the uncomplying, very much against my will. However, I contrive to shew my disapprobation, at least, of such scandalous irregularities, by never saying *God bless you &* if

if a person sneezes in the family contrary to established rule.

E. I am glad, at least, you are in this respect got a little nearer to common sense. As you seem to have been of so imperious a disposition, I hope you were not trusted with any mischievous weapons.

C. At first I used to fight with clubs and stones; afterwards with other weapons; but at length I contrived to get at gunpowder, and then I did glorious mischief.

E. Pray had you never any body who taught you better?

C. Yes; several wise men, from time to time, attempted to mend my manners, and reform me, as they called it.

E. And how did you behave to them?

C. Some I hunted about; some I poisoned; some I contrived to have thrown into prison; some I made bonfires of; others I only laughed at. It was but the other day that one of them wanted to give me some hints for the better regulation of my family, upon which I pulled his house down: I was often, however, the better for the lesson, though the teacher had seldom the pleasure of seeing it.

E. I have heard it said you are very partial to your children; that you pamper some, and starve others. Pray who are your favourites?

C. Generally those who do the most mischief.

E. Had you not once a great favourite called Lewis, whom you used to style the immortal man?

C. I had so. I was continually repeating his name, I set up a great number of statues to him, and ordered that every one should pull off his hat to them as he went by.

E. And what is become of them now?

C. The other day, in a fit of spleen, I kicked them all down again.

E. I think I have read that you were once much under

under the influence of an old man, with a high-crowned hat, and a bunch of keys by his side?

C. It is true. He used to frighten me by setting his arms a-kimbo, and swearing most terribly: besides which, he was always threatening to put me in a dark hole if I did not do as he would have me. He has conjured many pence out of my pocket, I assure you; and he used to make me believe the strangest stories! But I have now pretty nearly done with him; he dares not speak so big as he used to do: hardly a shoe-black will pull off his hat to him now; it is even as much as he can do to keep his own tight upon his head; nay, I have been assured, that the next high wind will certainly blow it off.

E. You must doubtless have made great advances in the art of reasoning, from the various lights and experiments of modern times: pray what was the last philosophical study that engaged your attention?

C. One of the last was a system of quackery, called *Animal Magnetism*.

E. And what in theology?

C. A system of quackery, called Swedenborgianism.

E. And pray what are you doing at this moment?

C. I am going to turn over quite a new leaf. I am singing *Ca Ira*.

E. I do not know whether you are going to turn over a new leaf or no; but I am sure, from this account, it is high time you should. All I can say is, that, if I cannot mend you, I will endeavour to take care you do not spoil me; and one thing more, that I wish you would lay your commands on Miss Burney, to write a new novel, and make you laugh.

NEW MODE OF WARFARE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

AT a time when the exertions of the greater part of Europe are of no avail in resisting the arms of the French

French nation, and even the conceptions of our British Palmyrus are rendered abortive, it becomes every Englishman to exert himself against the common enemy.

Nunc olim quocunque dabunt se tempore vires,
Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Imprecor, arma armis.—

After revolving in my mind the various plans which have been defeated by their vile machinations, it appears to me that our pilot (who, I hope, is not yet asleep at the helm) should, as he has done on many other occasions, follow the example of our enemy, *i. e.* attack them in a mass. But, Sir, I would not recommend such a burlesque mass as an army of meagre, famished Frenchmen. I would have a real mass, and every man should be like Falstaff—a moving mass. An army of fine fat fellows, such as I recommend, would drive Frenchmen before them as easily as boys do butterflies, and we should have an additional reason to glory in the roast beef of Old England.

I believe there would be no difficulty in producing an army of these Titans; for as this is deemed a war for the defence of our property, those will surely come forward as volunteers who have so large a stake in the community. For instance, the Aldermen and different corporate bodies in the kingdom would form a considerable army. The beneficed clergy too would furnish many regiments, who might be called the Black Hussars. But it is needless for me to point out the paths of rotundity, as the spies of Government may be better employed than they have lately been in tracing them. To fill up the grenadier companies, it might be expedient to send for a few cargoes of Patagonians; and if this were done in the manner of embassy, it would open a new source of patronage, and we might also have the honour of granting another subsidy,

subsidy, if there be a King in that country to receive it. As the troopers would be of an enormous size, especially the Black Hussars, it would be extremely necessary to have them mounted on camels and elephants, the former to supply the place of light cavalry, and the latter that of the heavy horse. The consumption of provisions in such an army as this, may be objected to as unbearable; but as they would most of them be volunteers, the bounty-money would be saved; and as they would soon be quartered on the enemy, this very circumstance would render them more speedily victorious, and thus accomplish what our worthy Premier proposed early in the war—"To reduce them by famine."—In short, I conceive our troops would find their success far more in eating than in fighting, and it is probable their stomachs would be better adapted for the former than the latter. Another article of economy might be adopted in their equipments, by having the frying-pans, &c. made of a more commodious form, so as to be worn on the head instead of helmets, and this might serve to distinguish the different companies; for what could be more appropriate than the Frying-pan Company, the Tin-kettle Company, the Porridge-pot Company, &c. &c. ? Spits might be worn instead of swords, and the dripping-pans might be so contrived as to form a bridge instead of boats, to cross rivers; and there would be no fear of the bridge being captured by the enemy, as our troops would fight desperately for their culinary utensils; all that might be dreaded is, that they would give no quarter, if the scoundrels made the attempt. There would be no necessity for musical instruments; the sound of the kettles would be infinitely better relished than kettle-drums; and a table-cloth would be a more attractive rallying point than any streamer ever borne by a Roman or British legion. Knives and forks of a proportionate size would be terrible weapons

in their hands, if reduced to the necessity of fighting, and they would contend, even to death, ere they would surrender such arms to the enemy.

Thus armed and caparisoned, and marching in full array, the very breath of their nostrils would be more destructive than artillery, and sweep myriads of Frenchmen away with the force of a tornado; and if, through *unforeseen circumstances*, they should be panic-struck, and turn their backs on their enemies, they would be more formidable in their retreat, than even were the Parthians, more especially, if, like the Duke of Brunswick's army, they had made free with the new wines of Champagne.

It would be necessary for the General of such an army to pay more attention to Farley and Mrs. Glasse, than to O'Rourke or Muller; for on such knowledge might depend the issue of the campaign. On the proper seasoning of their fauces would rest the power and nature of their courage; they might be either hot as pepper, sharp as vinegar, active as mustard, or strong as garlic, according to the intention of the cook in chief. Their dishes too might determine their military operations; for instance, those intended for a desperate enterprise should be fed with salamander; if for a secret expedition, with shoulders of mutton, &c. surpris'd; those for a long quick march to cut off a retreat, with hasty pudding. In compliment to the origin of the war, an eligible dish would be calves head, the German way. I would recommend a frequent repetition of penny-royal dumplings; but quaking pudding, and French flummery, should be studiously avoided.

I have now, Sir, only just given you the outlines of my system of the art of war, which I have no doubt will immediately be adopted by Mr. Pitt, and for which he will, in all probability, with his usual good nature, offer a *finecure* place or a pension. But if such an

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an offer be made, I shall, with the same disinterested generosity, refuse it, having, like him, much of the pure spirit of patriotism; and shall content myself with the pecuniary emolument and fame which I shall obtain when our troops have taken possession of Paris, and I have published my royal edition of Epicurean tactics.

HELIOGABALUS.

ODE,

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WHAT constitutes a State?

Not high-rais'd battlement, or labour'd mound,
 Thick wall, or moated gate;
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd;
 Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
 Not starr'd and spangl'd courts,
 Where low-brow'd Baseness wafts perfume to Pride;
 No: men, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endu'd,
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
 Men, who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
 Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
 And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain:
 These constitute a State;
 And Sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend Oppression, like a vapour, sinks,
 And e'en th' all-dazzling crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
 Such *was* this Heav'n-lov'd isle,
 Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
 No more shall freedom smile?
 Shall Britons languish, and be then no more?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
 'T is folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

LETTER OF JOHN BULL.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

I HAVE long had the happiness of being married, as I have often said and sworn, to the best of all possible wives; but as this best of all possible wives has a few fancies, which I should be glad she were cured of, I have taken the liberty to lay my case before you.

My wife, Sir, has been much admired in her time, and still is, in my eye, a very desirable woman; but you well know, Sir, that, let wives wear as well as you can suppose, they will be the worse for wear; and so it is with my dame; and if I were to say that I can see in her neither spot nor wrinkle, nor any such thing, I should belie my own eyesight. I like her, however, altogether, better than any woman I know; and we should jog on quietly enough together, but that of late she has been pleased to insist upon my declaring in all companies, that she is absolutely the handsomest woman under the sun; and that none of my neighbours' wives are fit to hold the candle to her: and there is one Squire Edmund, a hectoring, bullying fellow, who, they say, is a little cracked (a great favourite with my wife, notwithstanding, ever since he has flattered and spoke her fair; for it is not long ago that he used to be drawing caricatures of her)—he, I say, goes about every where, telling people that I ought to challenge any one who presumes to assert to the contrary. “*Cara Sposa,*” have I often said to her, “is it not sufficient if I love thee best, and that for the best reason, because thou art my wife? I chose thee freely, and am content to be ‘to thy faults a little blind;’ but to be entirely so, is neither good for thee nor for me.” She lately made me sign a paper, that she was, in all parts, of the exact proportions of the *Venus di Medicis*; though, Heaven knows! I never measured them together; and that not only there never was a more beautiful creature produced upon God’s earth, but that it was utterly impossible for the imagination of man to conceive a more beautiful. I confess

feels I was a good deal ashamed to make such boasts; nevertheless, I complied, for the sake of peace. My wife, moreover, entertains an idea, that every man who sees her, is in love with her; and, like *Belise* in the *Femmes Sçavantes*, she is resolved not to give up the point, though the best compliments she has met with of late from her neighbours have been, "that she looks very well for a woman of her years; that she wears well, considering; that she has fine remains, and that one may easily see she has been a handsome woman in her time." These are speeches, one would think, not very apt to feed her vanity; yet, whenever she hears of a match that is likely to take place, she cannot help fancying the lover was attracted by some remote resemblance to her admired person. "Yes," she will cry on such occasions, "there was a tint of my complexion, which did the business; not so brilliant indeed—something of my majestic look,—and an evident imitation of my walk." With all this opinion of herself, my poor wife, especially of late, has been distractedly jealous of me. She is continually teasing me with embarrassing questions; as, "whether I love her as well as I did on my wedding-day; whether I will promise to love her if she should be blind, or decrepit, or out of her wits, &c." A circumstance has occurred lately, which has increased this jealousy tenfold. My next-door neighbour, you must know, is married again; and ever since that event she watches me as a cat watches a mouse. I cannot look out of the window, or inquire which way the wind sits; but it is in order to admire my neighbour's new wife. She pretends to have found love-letters which have passed between us; and is sure, she says, I design to part with her, "false-hearted man as I am;" upon which, the other day, she threw herself into violent hysterics, and alarmed the whole family and neighbourhood.

To be sure, the bride did send me a favour, which I wore in my hat, openly; and I do not deny but I

may have paid her a few compliments, and written some verses upon her, for she is a showy, fine-spoken woman; but for all that, I would not marry her, if I were free to-morrow; for, to tell you the truth, I suspect her to be too much of a termagant for me; and besides, John Bull is not given to change.

My wife has another failing, Sir. She is fond of every thing that is old, because it is old; and she never will give any reason, except a woman's reason (which, you know, is no reason at all), for any one thing she does. If I presume to hint, things might be better after a different fashion, I can get no other answer than, "that it is her way—that her grandmother and great grandmother did so before her; and that it is her maxim never to alter the family management." I can scarcely stir about my house, it is so filled with heavy lumbering furniture, half of which is worm-eaten, and of no use but to harbour vermin; but my wife cannot persuade herself to part with any of it, she has such a respect for a fine piece of antiquity; and then, says she, "old furniture has such a *creditable* look!"—"So it might, my dear," say I, "if it were all of a piece; but, you know, we are continually buying new, and when one article does not suit with another, you must be sensible nothing can have a worse effect. For instance, now; this dismal old tapestry, how preposterous it looks along with the Indian matting and painted rout-chairs! I wish you would let it come down, it is fit for nothing but for the rats to play at hide and seek behind it."—"I would not have it down; my dear," says she, "for the world; it is the story of the Spanish Armada, and was done in the glorious days of Queen Bess."—"Then give it a thorough cleaning, at least," returned I. "If you offer to draw a nail, rejoined she, "there are so many private doors and secret passages made in the wall, you will be blinded with dust and mortar; and, for aught I know, pull an old house over your head."—"Let me at least give

give a brushing to the beards of the old Dons," replied I. "A stroke of the brush would shake them to pieces," insisted my wife; "they are as tender as a cobweb, I tell you; and I positively will not have them meddled with. Nobody, who has any regard for his ancestors, would think of pulling down a venerable set of hangings, made in the glorious days of Queen Elizabeth." Now, I care little when a thing was made; the question is, what is it good for? and I know nothing so much useless lumber is good for, but to oblige us to keep a great many supernumerary servants, at high wages, to look after it.

I have still another grievance, Sir. If you are a married man, you may chance to know, that it is often as much as a man can do to manage his wife; but to manage one's wife and mother too, is a task too hard for any mortal. Now, my mother, Sir, lives with us, and I am sure I have always behaved myself as a dutiful and obedient son; her arm-chair is always set in the best place by the fire; she eats of the best, and drinks of the best, neither do I grudge it her, though the poor children's bellies are often pinched, while she is feasting upon nice bits: but with all this, I have much ado to keep her in good humour. If I stir about a little more briskly than ordinary, my mother has weak nerves, and the noise I make over her head, will throw her into fits. If I offer but to dust the books in my study, my mother is afraid some of them should fall upon her head. Indeed, the old lady did get an unlucky blow with one or two of them, which has shaken her not a little. Besides which, she insists, and my wife stands by her in it, that I should consult her in all matters of business; and if I do not, I am cried out against as a graceless atheistical wretch; and a thousand idle reports are raised, that I am going to strip and turn my poor old mother out of doors. Then, my mother is rather particular in her dress; and the children sometimes will be uttering and making
game,

game, when she is displaying some of her old fallals; upon which, my wife always insists I should whip them, which I used to do pretty severely, though, of late, I confess, I have only hung the rod up over the chimney, *in tertorem*—on such occasions, my wife never fails to observe, “how becoming it is in one of my mother’s age to keep the same fashion in her dress.” This, by the way, is not true, for I remember my mother stuck all over with crosses and embroidery to her very shoes, with strings of beads and such trumpery; yet she says, as well as my wife, that she never changes any thing.

I am, myself, Mr. Editor, an easy, peaceable, plain-spoken man as any that exists; and am a man of little or no expense for my own gratification: yet so it is, that, what with the large establishment of servants, which we are obliged to have, and the continual drains upon my purse, to supply my extravagant neighbours, I run out every year, and cannot help having many serious thoughts and melancholy forebodings where all this may end. But I apprehend, the first step ought to be, for my wife and me to consult together, and make a reform in the family management wherever there may be occasion. If, therefore, you can persuade her to lay aside her groundless jealousies, and talk a little reason, I shall be highly obliged to you, and am your humble servant,

JOHN BULL.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

IT is very well known throughout the East, that Haroun al Raschid, Caliph of Damascus, accompanied by Misnou, his favourite Vizier, frequently walked through the streets and suburbs of the city by night, and in disguise. Thus he became acquainted with, and was able to correct various irregularities, which would otherwise have escaped the vigilance of his inferior officers of justice. One evening, the light of the moon enabled him to discover, beneath a portico,

three

three men, whose dress and appearance discovered them to be of middle rank, in close and serious conference. He approached them without being perceived, and heard them making the bitterest exclamations against their evil fortunes, which each, speaking of himself, declared to be without parallel.—“Can any Mussulman,” said the first, “be so great a wretch as I am? May the Prophet never again favour his chosen tribe, if from morning till night I am not the victim of sorrow and disquietude!—I have a neighbour, whose only study is to perplex me in my dealing, to injure me in my reputation and property, and whom Alla seems to have inspired with extraordinary vigour of mind and body, for no other purpose than to counteract my prospects of interest or designs of pleasure.”—“Ah!” said the second, “your condition is indeed pitiable; but how much more so is mine?—Your days alone are distressing to you; at night you can recline on your pillow, and find consolation in grateful slumber, forgetting your perplexities, your neighbour, and yourself; I, on the contrary, know no interval of peace—my days are harassing, and my nights worse.—Alas! I have a wife who eternally torments me—at my business, my meals, nay, even in my bed, her presence disturbs, and her tongue wounds me.—I live in incessant irritation, and have no hope of tranquillity but from death, which I am often tempted to anticipate, from the conviction that to Paradise no woman comes.”—“Well!” said the third, “I have patiently listened to you both, but am still convinced that my causes of affliction are yet more aggravating than either—than both of yours. I have an extravagant, profligate, worthless son: in spite of remonstrance or punishment, I have seen him advance progressively from vice to vice, till I now see him a disgrace to human nature, and every hour am expecting that the vengeance of Mahomet, or the laws of our country, will tremendously overtake him.” On this,

the three complainers badé each other adieu, and separated for the evening.

“ Misnôu,” said the Caliph to his favourite, “ be it your care to find out who these men are, and see that they fulfil my orders in full Divan to-morrow.” Misnôu obeyed his master; and the three trembling Mussulmen were conducted to the Seraglio, when each, though ignorant of their imputed crime, expected the bow-string, or, at least, the bastinado.

When the Divan was assembled, and the Caliph on his throne was surrounded by the Imams, the Emirs, and the grandees of his court, with a loud voice he commanded the three miserables to be brought forth.— “ Friend,” said Haroun al Raschid to the first, “ it seems thou sayest of thyself, that thy condition is eminently unfortunate; relate the causes of thy griefs to the wise men whom thou seest here before me.” The man at first was inclined to equivocate; but the Vizier pointing to the mutes, who stood prepared with the bow-string, he declared that he, indeed, was of all men the most miserable, inasmuch as a wicked neighbour continually persecuted him. As soon as he had finished his narrative, “ Take that fellow,” said the Caliph, in an angry tone, to his attendants, “ and give him five hundred bastinadoes.” The Imams, the Emirs, the Grandees, and the Court looked at each other in astonishment, but said nothing. The Caliph, whose composure was not in the least disturbed, called for the second miserable. “ Well, friend,” exclaimed Haroun al Raschid, “ and what sayest thou? Thou art also, it appeareth, one of those whom Mahomet refuses to smile upon.” The man, having witnessed his neighbour’s punishment, knew not how to act, and would willingly have held his peace; but being urged in a commanding voice, and fearing that even worse than the bastinado would attend his obstinacy, acknowledged, with a faltering accent, that his evil genius, in the shape of a termagant wife, made his days and nights insupportably

insupportably vexatious. "Take that fellow," said the Caliph to his servants, "and give him instantly five hundred bastinadoes." The Imams, the Emirs, the Grandees, and the Court, a second time looked at each other in astonishment, but preserved the strictest silence. At the command of the Caliph, the third man stood forth. "Mussulman," said Haroun al Raschid, in somewhat of a less intimidating tone, "let us hear thy tale of sorrow."—"Commander of the Faithful," said the man, "I perceive that thou already knowest the sorrows which oppress my heart; nevertheless, at thy command, I, without hesitation, repeat, in the hearing of the Court, that a profligate son has been the disgrace of my manhood, and is now the torment of my age."—"Take that honest fellow," said the Caliph, "and immediately give him a thousand sequins." A third time did the Imams, the Emirs, the Grandees, and the Court look at each other in astonishment, without venturing to inquire the reason of the Caliph's most extraordinary decision.

Haroun al Raschid, after looking upon them for some time with complacency, rose from his throne, and thus expressed himself:—

"Children of Alla," said the Caliph, "the judgment which I have this day pronounced, appears to some of you harsh and severe, and to all of you inexplicable: hear, then, my motives, and confess the justice and beneficence of your prince. There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet. Shall Mussulmen indulge in bitter exclamations against Alla for inconvenience and trouble, which their own exertions can remove?

"Shall our holy Prophet be wearied with tears and lamentations, which are only occasioned by his servants' indolence and pusillanimity? The first man whose case I heard, and whom I punished as he deserved, impeached the goodness of Providence, and the justice of my government also, for an evil which he himself could

have effectually removed. He had a bad and unjust neighbour. Granted—but was it not in his power to have changed his residence, and to have followed his occupation as a merchant in some other place?

“The second also was alike intemperate in his complaints. But why arraign Alla or his Prophet, when he himself possessed the remedy of his suffering? He had a bad and worthless wife; but could he not immediately have gone with her to the Imam, given her a writing of divorce, and sent her away?”

“As to the third man, consult your own hearts, and confess my justice. From an ungracious child who can fly? From that sorrow, what change of place, or what decision of the law, can preserve us? It follows us abroad, it wounds us in solitude, it disturbs our meals, and haunts our pillows. In this case, pity is the slightest boon we can bestow, and liberality is no more than justice.”

The Imams, the Emirs, the Grandees, and the Court were no longer astonished, but confessed aloud the wisdom of the Caliph.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER 1793.

NOTHING could be more auspicious than the manner in which the sun entered the *Balance*: the *British* scale preponderated, and the *French* one kicked the beam. Our enemies had lost their courage, their towns, and their *breeches*, and the brave *Austrians* threatened to strip the skin over their ears. We had done much for the Emperor; the *crowns* we gave to the King of *Sardinia* were enough to console him, even if he had lost *his own*; and the Prince of *Hesse Cassel* was forced to confess, that if many of the *swinish multitude* had been slaughtered, he had nevertheless brought his pigs to a fair market!

But though, like generous hosts, we began by
helping

helping our friends, it was still necessary to do something for ourselves. A law Lord, who remembered that the wisest thing he ever did was to quit his own country, thought that the French would readily retire from Dunkirk*; and that we should be great gainers by taking a town, which one of our Kings had sold for *two hundred thousand pounds*, if it were only to sell again! Some military Counsellors thought otherwise; but *sedant arma togæ* was the word; and, in pursuance of his advice, the French were to be served with a writ of *ejectment*. But, some how or other, it proved a writ of *error*!

The bravest army in the world carried on the siege, and as brave a one *covered* its operations; but as there was nothing to *cover* the *covering* army, the perfidious French, whose *Punic faith* is notorious, fell upon it unawares, killed great numbers, and, that they might no longer be called *Sans-culottes*, were base enough to strip the dead of their galligaskins.

An heaven-born and immaculate Minister was standing stiff, erect, and musing over the plan of *Dunkirk*, in the walls of which he had made a breach with the point of his compasses—"If we keep it at the peace," said he to himself, "it will be the ruin of the smugglers:—if we give it up, it will be a fortune to *somebody*!" At this moment a messenger made his appearance. "Sir," said the messenger, "the besieging army has taken"—"*Dunkirk*, no doubt?" said the Minister. "No, Sir," replied the messenger, "the besieging army has taken flight. The covering army," added he, "has made"—"A glorious stand, without dispute?" said the Minister, interrupting him again. "No, Sir," rejoined the messenger, "the covering army has made off! As to the shot and shells, the French have carried them into *Dunkirk*, and saved us the trouble of throwing them over the walls."

* The plan of attacking *Dunkirk* is attributed to Lord Loughborough.

The principal advantage gained by the enemy in this affair, was the possibility of coming at the Dutch, a nation that wears five or six pair of breeches apiece, and is therefore the best game that can be pursued by the *Sans-culottes*. Our worthy allies, at whom we laugh alike, whether they fight or run away, had often manifested their *strength*; and it remained for them on this occasion to shew their *speed*; which, according to *Homer*, *Hudibras*, and other grave men, is not the least necessary qualification for a warrior. As *Atalanta* of old delayed her fleet pursuer by throwing a rich temptation on his road, or as the *castor* is said to satisfy the hunter by leaving his odoriferous burden behind him; so did the *Dutch* let drop their breeches in succession, to favour their escape. The last pair, rich and redolent with gold of various coinage, was such a load to the pursuers, that they gave up the chase: the young Prince, who was foremost in the race, went home to be *breeched* again; and it is supposed his troops will follow for the same purpose.

But let not our countrymen despond on hearing of events, which, if properly considered, are of no sort of consequence. The ground we lost was not our own; the men who were killed were luckily Hessians and Hanoverians, and will soon be paid for; and the French have promised to *send us back* our balls.

SIR,

THE following fragment I found amongst some old records relating to the kingdom of Lilliput: it appears to be a part of the history of that kingdom. If you think it, or any part of it, worth insertion, it is at your service. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

CHARLES GULLIVER.

—The kingdom at this time was universally convulsed. The King had issued out his mandate to assemble the Grand Senate instantly; whilst the national militia

militia were embodied and frightened out of their wits ; as an insurrection was supposed to exist in the very heart of the kingdom. I say supposed, but indeed there was good proof of it ; as a man, with a red night-cap on his head, had been seen to walk several times past the Prime Minister's window, one evening at dusk. Billy Shalkow, the Prime Minister, now wrote a very alarming speech, giving a horrid account of this insurrection, which the King delivered at the opening of the Grand Senate. The war-whoop of alarm was sounded from the throne to the cottage. The nobles trembled for their titles ; the whole band of placemen and pensioners stood aghast ; and the old women locked up their cats, for fear they should be eaten by the swine, for the want of other food. Associations were formed of placemen, pensioners, informers, and bill-stickers, for the purpose of preserving the Constitution (meaning their places and pensions), with Inquisitor Ninny, Esq. at their head, who very sagaciously found out, that ten thousand men, with red caps, and without breeches, were concealed in some gravel-pits near the metropolis of the kingdom ; and every man who dared to deny so evident a fact, was stigmatized as an enemy to mankind and his country. Debates now ran high in the House of Tools, which formerly consisted of a number of independent gentlemen, freely elected by the people at large to take care of their freedom, and to control the Government in any act which tended to prejudice the real interests of the nation : but the Ministers of late years have been so immaculate, and so extremely virtuous, that this check has become unnecessary. The majority of the House now consists of men appointed partly by the Minister, and partly by the great Lords, whose business is to give the formality of a legal sanction to the acts of the Minister, which otherwise would not quite accord with apparent law. A party who constantly oppose the Minister, always exists in the House, which may be divided into three classes, viz. those

those who growl because the Minister won't admit them into place; those who bawl and make a great noise, in hopes of inducing the Minister to stop their mouths with a loaf or a fish; and a third class (which consists of very few indeed), who have the real interests of the people solely in view. But enough of digression. Debates ran high in the House: the Ministry, who, notwithstanding they had the evidence of the red night-cap, and had made a strict search throughout the kingdom, could not find the so-much-talked-of insurrection, now confidently asserted the fact of the ten thousand men being concealed in the gravel-pits, whilst the Opposition as confidently denied it. But the Minister's faithful majority concurred with him in an address to the Throne, approving of the exertions which had been made to repel the insurrection. This æra was rendered remarkable by Ned Rhapsodie, Will Logic, and some others of the House of Tools (who had been strenuous opponents of Billy Shallow), dreaming of red caps and calves' heads, which so terrified them, that they fled, tremblingly alarmed, to the side of the Minister, for protection against such bugbears. The debates were likewise high in the House of Grand Tools, which, it should be observed, is formed, with respect to majority and minority, in the same manner as the House of Tools. Here, likewise, the Minister's faithful majority concurred in the same measure as his hand in the House of Tools. The Duke of Turncoat, Lord Prateapace, Lord Noodle, and some others in the House of Grand Tools, were frightened in the same manner as Ned Rhapsodie and the others. Lord Prateapace, in particular, was so extremely alarmed, that he jumped into the President's chair for protection. Billy Shallow now having his measures sanctioned by legal formality, turned his thoughts to a war with the Galligaskins, of whom it will be here necessary to speak. The Galligaskin nation had for some centuries been obliged to eat their soup with the wrong end of the spoon,

spoon, till at last daring to think for themselves, they determined to eat it with the right end. This determination was no sooner formed than executed by the greater part of the nation, whilst they banished all those who adhered to the old way. The surrounding Kings, whose subjects were still obliged to eat it with the wrong end, became furious to madness at the idea of a swinish multitude daring to think for themselves, and determined to chastise them for their extreme insolence. Accordingly, the Emperor of Whiskerandos and the King of Swindlers attacked them most furiously, and in the end obtained the most glorious advantages, as the Galligaskins conquered a valuable part of the former's dominions, and then proceeded to attack the Argentine nation (a pretended Republic), close adjoining, threatening it with total annihilation. During all this, Billy Shallow, not choosing to put himself to the pain of declaring open war, had proceeded in a back-stairs manner to insult them, in many instances very grossly, until they were goaded on to declare war against Lilliput. Master Billy, now arrived at the point he was aiming at, exposed to the Senate the perfidy and villainy of the Galligaskins, in declaring war, without any provocation, and demanded the trifling sum of two or three millions of argents (an argent is about twenty shillings sterling), to defend the nation against so profligate an attack. His faithful majority accordingly granted all his demands, without a syllable of inquiry, trusting in all respects to his immaculate purity. The Minister now sent over a large body of troops, openly avowing it as their business to chastise the Galligaskins, and oblige them to give up their conquests; but secretly intending they should join the confederated Kings in obliging that nation to eat their soup again with the wrong end of the spoon.—More troops were afterwards sent over for the same purpose; and the combined Powers, after the most glorious campaign, not only drove the Galligaskins out of their conquests,

quests, but actually conquered a few inches of the Galligaskin territory, with the loss of some officers and only about 100,000 private men; an exploit that will cover the Generals with immortal honour. During this scene of glory and renown, many other remarkable events happened. Mr. Inquisitor Ninny denounced imprisonment and pillory against every man who should dare to assert that the people had a right to eat their soup with the right end of the spoon; and some were actually punished for making the assertion. Lord Bobadil and Sir Bilberry Diddle took a sea-port belonging to the Galligaskins, with several of their ships, and held them in trust for an imprisoned Galligaskin Prince, until the combined Powers should be enabled to complete their designs upon that nation, by extirpating all the men, and then obliging all the women and children to eat their soup with the wrong end of the spoon. Fortune, however, jostled his Lordship and Sir Bilberry, and the town became untenable: when they most heroically, and with the most exalted justice and equity, burnt the ships, and a part of the town, in trust for the same Prince. The Duke of Gunpowder, who was the General of Fortification, fortified the tower of the metropolis in the most able manner, with sand-bags and empty casks; intending, with the most engineer-like exactness, that the former should be thrown at its assailants, for the purpose of blinding them; and when that was effected, the latter should be fired perpendicularly upon them; by which means each man being enclosed in a cask, that, by its natural propensity to rolling, would tumble him into the adjoining river, the assailants would all be drowned. Such was the immense and able plan of this exalted General. Let us now return to that most glorious and just war, where we left the combined Powers in possession of so much glory and renown. These Powers, animated by their recent most glorious successes, entered upon another campaign with fury, and had the most
complete

complete satisfaction of running away to the tune of Galligaskin music, with which they were so delighted, that they left their baggage and ammunition to the Galligaskins, as a reward for treating them with such delicious tunes. An action that will cover them with immeasurable renown! The trumpet of Fame will found it to posterity as an exploit never equalled by all the heroes of antiquity. During this, the Lilliputians had conquered some of the Galligaskin colonies: Several remarkable events likewise happened. An alarm was sounded from one end of the kingdom to the other, that the Galligaskins had landed 100,000 men with red caps and no breeches, who were marching quick to the capital, through the by-roads and back-ways. Terror shook the kingdom to its centre. Lawyers, Parsons, and Physicians, mounted their horses; changed their gowns and wigs for swords and truncheons, and took the field, trembling at every bray of an ass, fearing it to be the dreaded enemy. Books and papers were seized, that treason might be distilled out of them, whilst their owners were sent to prison, till their offences were found out. The Ministry saw every thing through a red cap medium; and the whole kingdom waited in dreadful expectation till the enemy should think proper to appear. When, lo! it turned out that all the terror was occasioned by an Alarmist seeing the sign of a red cap at a little distance from the metropolis, which so horribly frightened him, that he dreamt of a Galligaskin army being landed, and believed it a real fact when he awoke. . . Billy Shallow now carried tax after tax in the House of Tools, and invaded the liberties of the people with impunity. The Galligaskins, in the mean time, continually victorious, entered the metropolis of the Argentine nation in triumph, and annihilated their pretended republic. Billy Shallow was now forced to beg humbly for peace; which was granted, on condition of giving up all the Lilliputian conquests; of acknowledging the right of the Galligaskins to their new conquests;

conquests ; and likewise their right to eat their soup as they pleased. These conditions the Minister acceded to.—Thus ended this most glorious, just, and necessary war, after having cost Lilliput about 60 millions of argents, and about 100,000 men. The people, justly exasperated at so flagrant and profligate a waste of their blood and treasure, in supporting the perfidious schemes of their Ministers, recovered from the delusion in which they had been involved by the arts of the Ministry, and loudly and universally demanded that they should be equally represented. The Ministry, unwilling to accede to a measure which would effectually take away their places, their influence, and their patronage, temporized till the moment of conciliation was passed away.—*Cætera desunt.*

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

ABSENCE.

SWEET Girl! since you left me and went out of town,
I scarce utter a word, and I constantly frown ;
As for business or pleasure, I think them but folly,
And while others are laughing—I'm quite melancholy.

When I wake in the morning, I turn me around,
But, alas! my lov'd *Susan* is not to be found ;
When your pillow unpress'd makes your absence quite certain,
I curse blankets and sheets, and swear at the curtain.

When I leap out of bed, still your image bewitches ;
I'm at least twenty minutes in finding my breeches ;
And after I'm dress'd a full hour or more,
I find they are button'd the wrong side before.

Ah! *Susan*, at breakfast, how happy we've been,
O'er the fragrant infusion of eight-shilling green,
While rapture attended on every sip,
And I envied the cup the soft touch of your lip.

But now on the table I carelessly loll,
My appetite's gone—I can scarce eat a roll ;
And I cannot help thinking, while drinking my tea,
That the white sugar's brown, and the hyson—bobca.

At dinner—whenever your eye glanc'd a wish
Tow'rd's the hot roasted fowl—how I seiz'd on the dish!

Then

Then sent you a wing, and a bit of the breast—
 For fancy still whisper'd me what you lik'd best.
 But now I'm so stupid I care not a button
 Who carves out the beef, or who cuts up the mutton—
 I spill butter and gravy all over the cloth,
 And when I drink porter—run my nose in the froth.
 The sofa! on which we've so often beguil'd
 The lingering hours, while you listen'd and smil'd;
 Till rapture its tenderest language would speak,
 And the tears of delight I have kiss'd from your cheek—
 Sweet sofa! farewell, for thy influence is o'er,
 The lingering hours now but linger the more;
 And with tears of delight my eye never o'erflows,
 For I've got a bad cold, and they run from my nose.
 Then haste back to town, my sweet Susan, and prove
 All the whimsical pleasures that wait upon love;
 Our days shall be pass'd in frolicsome flirting,
 And as for our nights!—I here drop the curtain.

FOZHUÉ.

 PHILOSOPHIE DE L'UNIVERS.

 OROMASIS.

A POEM IN DIALOGUE, BY M. DUFONT DE NEMOURS.

SCENE—*At the Commencement of the World.*

Persons of the Drama.—Oromasis and Arimanes, the Spirit
 Good and Evil.

“*L'Existence est la démonstration du bien.*”

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

OROMASIS.—At length I have overcome thee,
 In spite of thy opposition, I now assume possession
 of matter, and proceed to create the world.

Arimanes.—Thou hast overcome, but thou hast not
 destroyed me. My destruction is even beyond thy
 power to accomplish. Like thyself, I am immortal.
 I shall be thine eternal foe. Dispose of matter at thy
 pleasure, from which however thou shalt never be
 able to banish me. Create thy world.

Oromasis.

Oromafis.—From the breast of Chaos separate thyself; come forth, flame ethereal; unite again into globes, and in millions of milliards become Suns, revolving upon your axes, in the place which shall be fixed by the equilibrium of your reciprocal attractions. Constitute the bases, and the movers of the Universe.

Matter less perfect, Air, Earth, Water—elements that assume these various shapes according to the different degrees of heat with which you are impregnated—changing Proteus, triple Hecate—form yourselves into globes less considerable, less brilliant, more numerous, more habitable. Be distributed among those Suns that shall communicate to you motion, and dispense to you light.

Around that Sun by which they are governed, and in the mode prescribed by his revolution, let the largest among you traverse the circle of their vast orbit. Follow him like friends rather than slaves. You possess an influence; display it in the proportion of your masses, to the almost infinite distances by which you are separated. Let your course through the ocean of light, already determined by the impulsion bestowed by your particular Sun, be regulated by his attraction, by your own, by that which the Planets, your sisters, and yourselves, shall mutually exert over each other, and even over him.

Let the smaller, serving as *Satellites* to the former, re-acting upon them, yet carried along in a corresponding revolution, more distinguished by them than Suns of another celestial family by the superior connexion they maintain, and the sensible influence they exert, compose perpetual links, revolving at once round their axis their Sun, and their prevailing Planet.

Host of Heaven, march!

Arimanes.—All this is as yet but mechanism, with which my inventive genius takes no concern. Proceed, *Oromafis*.

Oromafis.

Oromafis.—*Planets!* my beloved daughters, let the æry fluid—let the vapours by which you are surrounded, refracting, collecting, concentrating the solar rays, diffuse over your vallies a genial warinth; while your mountains and your poles, reservoirs of ice, which the obliquity of your ecliptic alternately melting and renewing, shall supply the channels of the rivers, and feed the waters of the ocean; from which again shall proceed new vapours, inexhaustible mothers of new springs. Let them be condensed by the coolness of the morning into gentle dews, and, as the wants of Nature require, let them be precipitated by a rapid gust of wind in copious showers.

Arimanes.—Let them form also the dreary snow, the desolating hail, the destroying thunder.

Oromafis.—*Plants!* arise in your varied species, your different beauties, your tranquil enjoyments. In you shall commence animation. Upon you I bestow the faculty of developing your own forms and providing your own nourishment. You I endow with the blessing of reproducing yourselves. Into you I infuse the first spark of creative fire. You shall feel the power of *Love*: The youthful poppy, at first unable, without drooping; to support the weight of his little bud, soon as the generative flame has glided through his fibres, shall rear aloft to heaven his spreading flower, gaudy in pride and voluptuousness; now about to give place to his crowned fruit which shall scatter afar his productive grains. Palpitate, lovely and perfumed rose; rich and odoriferous pink, beauteous tulip, noble lily, sweet tuberose, and thou too, timid violet, with thee also ghaſte and modest mushroom, *live! love!* Let the zephyr caress you, let the showers supply your nourishment, and let the Sun brighten your colours, and confirm your strength*.

Arimanes.—Among you shall poisons spring.

Oromafis (to *Arimanes*).—They shall not, however,

*! Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, nutrit imber. CATULLUS.

be poison to themselves. They too shall participate enjoyment like the rest; and do you know that I may not endow them with as many useful properties as thou shalt infuse noxious qualities?

(Continuing his work.) *Animals*, appear.—You in a higher degree than the plants, each according to your rank, shall possess memory, reflection, the power of reasoning, and of labour.

Your loves shall be more exquisite and moral. They shall not be always confined to mere physical pleasure. You will strive to please, and you shall please. Many of you shall live together in families. Almost all your females, and part of your males, shall know the tender delight of loving their children—a sentiment so delicious and so pure, as to inspire me, the Father and Ruler of the world, with the design of giving you life.

Arimanes.—The gentlest of them shall wage war with thy plants, and with their teeth shall, without remorse, tear, mangle, and devour them. The greatest part even shall devour one another.

Oromasfs (to Arimanes).—It is necessary that they should cease to be; and I return you thanks, that by thy cruelty thou providest me, in this matter so limited, with the means of conferring existence upon a greater number of animated beings. (*Resuming his work.*)

I proceed to form the first of *Animals*, that which is destined to excel them all in knowledge and in happiness. His circular head shall contain a greater mass of that exquisitely laboured matter, which I can render the organ of thoughts. I shall place the occipital orifice nearer the face; and alone of all the creatures I have formed, this august animal shall point his looks to heaven. He alone shall be able to conceive any idea of my existence, feeble indeed, and inadequate, yet just. I will open his heart to the sentiment of piety. He, in a higher degree than all the other beings I have created, shall be *my son*; for he alone
among

among them shall be able to recognise and to adore in me a father and benefactor. His erect stature shall give his form an appearance of greater size and dignity than most of the animals that are superior to him in strength. His legs shall be sufficient for walking and running; his industrious hands shall be left free for arms* and for the arts. These, but chiefly the superiority and perfectibility of his mind, shall subject to his dominion the various inhabitants of his terrestrial globe. He shall become their King. The horse and the dog shall be his amiable and faithful servants; the sturdy bull, the sanguinary wolf, the formidable lion, the furious tiger, the voracious crocodile, the huge and fagacious elephant, the fierce rhinoceros, shall yield him obedience, or fly from his pursuit. Behold *Man!* I breathe upon him with complacency the breath divine; I give him life!

Arimanes.—And I—I give him death!

Oromasds.—Insensate, thou dost not perceive, that it is thou thyself that completest my work. Ah! what could be made of life without death?

Then I should not have possessed the power to grant him *love*. Matter would have been insufficient for the multiplication of a race of immortal men. He would then have been no son, nor husband, nor father. He would have sunk below the plant. In his miserable existence, he would have experienced only torment without end. His life would not have been preferable to that death which he derives from thee, or rather from me, through thy agency. Thou hast rendered death hideous, and this is all thou art able to perform. Nature and I have made it salutary and good.

(*To Man.*) *Man!* it is my will that you resemble me as much as a creature can resemble a deity. I give thee strength.

* Here the author is incorrect—The necessity for the use of arms ought to have been an endowment of *Arimanes*.

Arimanes.—I shall consume it by fatigue.

Oromafis.—Courage.

Arimanes.—I shall convert it into rage.

Oromafis.—Reason.

Arimanes.—I shall mislead it by passion and by error.

Oromafis (Still to Man).—For thy happiness I shall combine all my efforts to form my last master-piece.

Among the plants, the flower which is destined to produce fruit, I have formed in the most agreeable and brilliant shape, and finished with the nicest skill. *Woman* shall be the *flower* of human kind.

Come to me, all ye elements of beauty, of grace, virtue, sensibility, beneficence, and gentleness, combine and arrange yourselves, to please and to enchant. Man I could form after my own image; for *Woman* I have no model, but in bright fancy. Let her be the most perfect of visible creatures—and, if she can, the most happy.

Let her heart beat with a livelier pulse than that of Man. Let her live more in a less time; and yet, that she may enjoy a longer career, she shall be good and useful to her last moment. Let her bless three generations. Let her constitute the happiness of her lover, of her children, and even of her grandchildren; and in each varying age let the tenderness she inspires be mingled with respect. Let her delicate nerves convey to every sense rapid affections. Let her slender foot be proper for the dance, and her white hand to bestow caresses. Let her forbear to employ them profusely in the swift course, and in labours too severe. Let her elegant form, and her round limbs, display and inspire temptation in all their movements. Let them be covered with a soft satin, not to be touched without inflaming the daring hand. Let her fine eyes be the mirror of her soul, in which the observer shall read an indulgent and affecting kindness; even while she drops them on the ground, let them betray

betray her secret wishes. Let her breath diffuse the perfumes of the peach. Let the gentle down be spread upon her cheeks—let them be coloured by an expressive vermilion, which in the emotion of a tender thought, ingenuous shame shall diffuse even over her brow modesty. Let her enchanting bosom represent the celestial globes, of which a rose-bud shall form the magnetic pole. Let it offer to desire its first enjoyment—its first nourishment to infancy; and let man ever remain in doubt, whether it has most contributed to the happiness of the father or of the son. Let her long ringlets, flowing and yet bound, serve at once to so many charms as the veil and the ornament: let them be the shelter of the newborn infant, and when chance—but more, when affection shall divide them, let the lover feel as if along with them the heavens were opened.

Arise, Goddess, whose charms even inspire emotion in him by whom thou art formed. Go, and reign over thy companion, who shall believe himself the master because he is the stronger, but who only is endowed with superior strength, the better to defend and to serve thee.

I give thee one want, *love*—one business, *love*—one duty, *love*—one recompense, *love*.

Arimanes.—I have surveyed the Goddess, and I acknowledge the reflections that arose within me. “*Is it possible,*” said I, “*that this merciless Oromasis can have rendered Man, whom he has created, more happy than I—I who am a God—am able to be?*” But availing myself of the imprudence with which thou hast lavished thy praises upon her, and of the enthusiasm with which she inspires her lover, I have breathed into her heart *vanity*, from which *coquetry* will inevitably spring.

Perhaps no woman shall be exempt from these two defects, or if there should be one—but she would then be no longer a woman, and to discover her would require the search of many thousand ages.

The most virtuous and the most faithful will delight in the homage of flames which they do not intend to gratify. Their refusal even shall be attractive: they shall adorn it with the names of esteem and friendship. They shall say, "*Indulge not hope;*" perhaps they will imagine that they do not give hope; but the seductive charm of their voice, and that self-merit with which, by the care I have employed, this Man of thine shall be devoured, shall reply, "*Hope is not yet extinct.*" The gentleness of their character, even under the semblance of consolation, shall serve to confirm this idea by a perceptible train of kindness, insinuating looks, and little attentions. They shall thus, whether by design or accident, deceive the lover whom they mean to dismiss. They shall trouble, and often they shall destroy, the happiness of the man whom they have chosen.

Thou hast bestowed upon them *love*—love, a name which I cannot even hear without madness; I, who am condemned by my nature to the torment of being incapable of either loving, or of producing, to the rage of hate and destruction; I then invent *jealousy*. Thou art unacquainted with its distractions. Happy Oromass! thou hast no equal. I, however, have found a superior in my equal, and unextinguishable jealousy burns in my heart. I shall distil upon man, and upon woman, its infernal poison. It shall be the fruit of their moral loves, which thou hast boasted with so much emphasis. The plants that await the favours of love, like those of the refreshing shower, and to whom every pistil and every stamen is agreeable, are ignorant of this malady. But animals, and most of all Man, shall know what it is to prefer, and shall be solicitous to be preferred. I shall steep in venom this natural feeling; I shall sow disquietudes in his breast; jealousy shall be keen and penetrating; the justice of its observations shall incessantly embitter the agony of its lectures; it shall pierce on every side, with stabs
 perpetually

perpetually redoubled, the heart which it once has touched. It shall agitate the mind between the frantic desire of combat and the insanity of suicide. It shall be incapable of dissimulation. Its reproaches, partly just, partly unfounded, shall disgust the woman who knew herself innocent, and wished to remain so: and often these reproaches shall drive her into guilt. But she never would have forfeited her innocence if she had not been infected with coquetry; and never would have wanted amidst the snares of coquetry, had she not been actuated by vanity. I shall do the whole.

I speak only too of women who shall have preserved the soul of honour, who shall be worthy of esteem, who shall sigh for their weakness, who shall lament their anger, and weep in anguish the despair and the loss of the true friend of their heart. In their sufferings shall I brave you the most. I shall mingle with bitterness their sweetest recollections. I shall strive to increase their misery, in proportion as thou hast placed thy pleasure and thy glory, in rendering them capable of a virtue the most pure, and a happiness the most exalted.

Oromafis.—Thou hast now unriddled the enigma of the world.

Of itself matter was inert, and such it was thy wish that it should remain. On this account first thou venturedst to fight against me.

Compelled to allow me to inspire it with animation, thy only resource was to profit by its eternal qualities, to blend some evil with the good which I was to establish. But thou couldst only place evil where I had placed good. Thou couldst only turn the faculty of thinking into pain, because I had opened it to enjoyment and to felicity. Thou couldst only invent guilt and misery, because I had created virtue and pleasure. Slave! while thou clankest thy fetters, thou shewest that thou art bound; and thou promotest my service even by exerting thy malignity.

Couldst thou give predominance to evil—couldst thou only put it in equilibrium with good, every thing would stop, generation would cease, life would be destroyed, and again should we begin to contend for chaos. The existence and the duration of the universe are, and shall remain, the eternal proof of thy inferiority.

Foul serpent! thou crawlest in my train, staining with a portion of thy venom my works, which thou art unable to penetrate and to destroy. I weigh in the scales of my benevolence the quantity of pain with which I shall permit thee to enhance the value of the numberless enjoyments I have produced. It is in exact, but ever subordinate, proportion to the good of which I conceive the idea and the wish.

Wherever I do not place life, or something that holds a relation to life, thy power ceases.

Wherever I bestow only a small portion of life and of morality, thou canst introduce but little evil.

Where I scatter my favours with a liberal hand—where I place refined organs, and exquisite sensibility, an intoxicating tenderness in friendship or in love, knowledge, passion, the enthusiasm of honour and of virtue, in bodies whose emotions are easily excited, and in souls of expansive intelligence, thou canst easily imprint thy wounds and shed thy poisons. They affect with pain, and suffering expresses itself in complaint. But choose as judges those even who are interested in the decision—consult all the living beings that have issued from my hands. Not one of them would wish to lose a part of his life—and, to be released from his sufferings, consent to be deprived of his enjoyments. The plant in its confused sensation, could it conceive a settled wish, would not desire to be a stone. The more enlightened would reject the state of the plant. Man would be mortified were he degraded into a brute; and the man of genius, the man of a susceptible and energetic mind, would prefer death to the ignominy of being

being thrust down to the lowest rank of his species. Each rather endeavours to elevate himself to a more dignified situation. Each labours incessantly to augment his pains, in order to increase his pleasures. To suffer in order to enjoy, is to live; and whoever has received life, loves and is solicitous to preserve it.

Leave me then to carry to perfection the beings whom I have created capable of it. Man and woman are yet new, and in a kind of childhood; perhaps in their golden age their species is destined to reach a higher degree of elevation. I must lead them by the path of the sciences and the arts into political societies, and to the greatest possible multiplication of happy beings.

Arimanes.—Thou preparest for me a vast career: thy sciences, thy political societies, thy multiplication of the human race, shall bring with them crimes and evils which cannot be contemplated without horror.

Oromafis.—I believe, Arimanes, they will produce inestimable advantages. In due time we shall see. I know thy perversity; but I know too the limits of thy power. The nature of things does not allow me to prevent suffering where there is life; but neither shalt thou prevent the existence of more good than evil, nor life itself from being accounted a good.

A SPECIMEN OF A NEW DICTIONARY,
ADAPTED TO THE "EXISTING CIRCUMSTANCES."

[From the Gazetteer.]

ADMINISTRATION—*A Partition Treaty* among ten or twelve noblemen and gentlemen of *different political principles*, to share all the great offices of the state for the purpose of *supporting the Constitution*.

Allies—Any number of armies who *unite* in the prosecution of a war in which each party has a *separate* interest.

Alarmist—Any nobleman or gentleman who wants a place.

Bellum Internecinum—An expensive and bloody war, undertaken for procuring a change of administration—in France.

Coalition—*Vide* Administration.

A Jacobin—Any person who opposes the folly of the present war, or any of the measures of his Majesty's ministers.

Opposition—Jacobins.

Subsidy—A large sum of money given to any Sovereign Prince for the protection of *his own dominions*.

A Glorious Victory—A temporary repulse of the enemy, with great slaughter on both sides.

A Retreat—Taking a new position, or advancing backwards.

A Defeat—A *slight check*, with the loss of cannon and camp equipage.

A State Secret—What every body knows.

A Treaty—A solemn engagement between two Sovereign Princes, never to be broken, except when convenient to either party.

The House of Commons—A set of gentlemen chosen by a few individuals, to supply the Minister with *money*.

Parliamentary Reform—A very desirable thing, but not fit to be discussed either in time of war or in time of peace.

Rational Liberty—The suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act*, the establishment of *spies*, secret examinations, &c.

Church and State—The bishops and his Majesty's ministers.

Liberty of the Press—The liberty of praising Administration, and libelling their opponents.

Existing Circumstances—Any public disaster that may serve as a pretext for ministers changing their measures, and keeping their places—such as the retreat of the allied armies into Holland.

CONSEQUENCES OF AN INVASION OF THIS COUNTRY BY THE FRENCH.

[From the Telegraph.]

SHOULD the French be rash enough to attempt the invasion of England, and fortunate enough to make good their landing, there can be no doubt but that they would be beaten back by the valour of Englishmen. Great, however, would be the consternation; and the following consequences would be the result of their audacity:

The Consols would be very low indeed, how low no man can pretend to say; and as for Scrip, Omnium, Navy, and Exchequer Bills, why, they would be rather *flat*.

All the Maids of Honour, and most of our fashionable ladies, would be ready to faint at the idea of these *Sans-culottes*: the thoughts of a general ravishment would go near to kill them.

The Yeoman Cavalry, and the Fencible Corps, would be in high spirits, and glory in the occasions to signalize their valour.

The Bank Directors would look grave, and so would the monied men—they would not be able to tell what would come of it.

The democratic villains in the country would ask for arms to repel the foe, but Mr. Pitt and his accomplices would be almost afraid to trust them.

All the shops would be shut up in London, and the Men-milliners and He-haberdashers would be in requisition.

The News-boys with their horns would make a great noise in the world.

The Theatres would exhibit empty benches, and post-horses would be difficult to obtain.

There would be some fine speaking in St. Stephen's Chapel, and some of its members would feel queerly.

The spirit of the people, and their attachment to our glorious

glorious constitution, would be shewn in the brightest colours.

The Alarmists would be really alarmed. Messrs. Pitt, Dundas, Burke, Windham, and Lord Grenville, and the Chancellor, would have a grand dinner, and afterwards there would be a Cabinet Council!

All differences would be adjusted in Pall-Mall, and the prospect of Windsor Keep would be gloriously impressive.

“God save the King” would be sung in every corner of the kingdom.

There would be some great victories; and the triumph of Old England would be complete.

THE EXPENSE OF ECONOMY.

[From the Courier.]

DO you know, Mr. Editor, that I am in the high road to be ruined by economy? Never did a poor man pay so dear in order to save money, and it is all owing to the cry that you and others have set up about scarcity, that I am fairly driven out of my own house, and am the laughing-stock of all my neighbours.

You must know that I have the good fortune to enjoy the best wife in the world. She is a pattern to all her acquaintance; she looks into every thing herself, is quite notable, a great manager, an excellent market-woman, and knows the cheapest shop in town for every article we want. This is not only a great comfort as well as saving to ourselves, but a great convenience to our friends; for when any of them want to buy a gown, or a pound of raisins, they are sure not only to consult my wife, but to take her with them for fear that they should be imposed upon; and the kind soul is every day upon her feet trudging into the city with one friend or another, because really in the city things may be bought for almost half price; and

and this I can assure you is true, from the extraordinary bargains that she constantly makes.

But, Sir, to my misfortunes. I need not tell you, Sir, who have so well described the present scarcity, that every feeling heart is anxious to lessen the consumption of wheat, and to make as great a saving as possible of bread in these hard times. The number of substitutes for flour which have been suggested by the ingenious Sir John Sinclair, President of the Board of Agriculture, and others, struck my wife very forcibly. —“ Dear me,” she said one morning at breakfast, “ how simple the recipe is—just one half flour and one half potatoes. I declare I will try it, and then we shall make our own bread, and what a saving that will be! it is but having a little cast-iron oven put up at the side of the kitchen grate, and it will be the most convenient and handy thing in the world; it will bake a pie, or a few tarts upon an occasion; and you know, my love, it will keep your leg of mutton hot and comfortable any time that you should happen to be detained at the counting-house. What do you think of it, my dear?”

I never have an opinion of my own upon any subject of this kind. My wife is sovereign out of the counting-house, which is my only territory. “ My dear,” says I, “ you know best. It is surely the duty of every one to lessen the consumption of wheat, and if you think a mixed bread will answer, I would have you to try it; but, my love, might you not make your experiments, and send the loaf to the bakehouse, and not buy an oven till you see how it answers?” —“ Oh dear, no, by no means; now that is always your way. My conscience! trust a baker with an experiment when he is to be deprived of our custom, if it succeeds. No, I thank you. Why, he would burn it on purpose. There is no arguing with my wife, she is so clever, and besides, when once she takes up a thing, she finds out so many advantages in a minute that did not strike her

her at first, that the second reasons are often more forcible than the original inducement. This was precisely the case about the little cast-iron oven; it was thought of only for the sake of the potatoe bread, but such a variety of uses for an oven came crowding up in her mind, that she wondered how we had ever been able to go on without an oven: an oven would save itself in two months in the expense of fuel, for she declared, for her own part, that she liked baked meat as well as roast, and whenever I dined out, she and the children could do very well with a bit of a beef-steak pie, or a baked shoulder of mutton: and besides, a cast-iron oven was no expense; she saw one sold at an auction for a couple of guineas, and she was sure she knew the broker that bought it, and would sell it again cheap. I did not say a word more.

When I came home to dinner, my wife told me with great joy that she had got the oven, and the mason was coming in the morning to set it; and she had only paid two guineas and a half, and it was as good as new. There was not a single crack about it, and it was quite charming. There was only one thing that she did not know how to manage; there was not room by the side of the fire for the oven, without removing the boiler; but she was sure, if the mason had not been an ass, he might have contrived it somehow: but, hang the copper, it was not wanted often; it might be put up in the little back cellar near to the stable. It would be easy, the mason said, to carry up a flue. I saw she had settled the whole plan, and she entertained me during dinner with the preparations she had made for our new bread. She was sure, she said, that potatoes would be dear, because every body was going to eat them, and she had therefore the precaution to buy in as many as she thought would serve us for the winter. "Good God! my dear, they will spoil. Where can you keep them?"—"I warrant you I'll find room," says she; "and as to their spoiling, I'll
answer

answer for them. How do I preserve pears till the month of June, and surely they are more delicate than potatoes?" I know how clever my wife is at these things; her preserves are excellent, and there is not a week but some of our friends are not forced to send to us for a pot or two, when their own are all spoiled, and my wife always takes care to have enough on that very account.

Well, Sir, next day my wife begged of me to dine at the coffeehouse, because I knew the kitchen would be quite taken up with the mason; and she was determined to lose no time, for she would have a loaf ready to put in as soon as the oven was set. Well, Sir, I went to the coffeehouse, and told my friends how necessary it was for every body to set an example in these hard times of eating a mixed bread, and that I was determined to introduce it in my own family. Indeed, I said, my wife was actually about it. "Ay, Mr. Cakeling," said a neighbour, "you are the man to lead us the way; you have a wife that knows how to do every thing. I'll be bound that she makes bread fit for a prince, if she sets about it." This is the way, Mr. Editor, that all my friends speak about my wife, she has got such a name for cleverness. So I went home quite full of our new bread—No—quite elated I mean; for, oh! Mr. Editor, to this day, and it is six weeks ago since we began to bake, I have not got a bellyful of home-made bread.

I wish I had time to go through all our experiments. One time our loaf would not rise; another time it would not come out; it stuck fast to the bottom; it wanted salt; it had too much salt; it was too wet; it was too dry; it was sometimes quite dough, but in general it was burnt to a cinder. It went on this way for the first week; my wife and I could not discover the reason. We had tried potatoes in every way; we had boiled them, mashed them, pulverized them, poured water after water upon them to make them

white; we had reduced (I say we, for, being a national object, I was happy to take a part; besides, I own I was a little on the alert, for I had promised my friends at the coffeehouse to bring them a loaf)—we had reduced twenty pounds of potatoes to two, and I had made excellent starch of it, though we could not make bread. We had consumed half the stock of potatoes that was to have served us all the winter, without getting a single loaf that was eatable. My wife cried for vexation. She was sure there must be something in the matter that we did not dream of, for she knew as well how to make bread as any baker in Scotland, but she would find it out before she slept.

An old baker, who had now turned flour-factor, of our acquaintance, was called in, not because she did not know as well as any baker in Scotland how to make bread, but there might be some knack in managing the oven, that she was unacquainted with—something in the way of heating it, or of putting the bread in it, or of taking it out; in short, for once she would take advice. “Lord, Ma’am!” says the flour-factor, “it is no wonder you could not succeed—why, Ma’am, you have got one of those kickshaw iron ovens. Lord bless you! they don’t answer. They’d burn all the bread in the world before they’d bake it. There’s no doing any good with an iron oven.” My wife was struck dumb; but she yet was satisfied she was completely acquitted; the fault did not lie with her; but, however, it would be easy to alter it; a small oven might be built for a mere trifle on the good old plan, and an oven I accordingly got.

But mark the consequences. The kitchen chimney was torn down, and somehow or other the flue was injured. It was impossible to live in it for smoke. My maid gave us warning, she could not live in it, and I was forced to dine at the coffeehouse every day. My wife, however, is a woman of resource. She applied to an ingenious mechanic who has great skill in chim-

nies.

nies. This man has invented a fine apparatus for a kitchen. He has a range that does every thing. It boils, roasts, stews, and bakes, all by the same fire, and the expense is nothing, for it saves itself in fire in a twelvemonth. Nothing would satisfy my wife but to have this new-fashioned range, and accordingly, at an expense of more than fifty pounds, I have got my kitchen metamorphosed; and I am making mixed bread at no allowance.

My wife has got into the way. This cast-iron oven on the new plan succeeds to a miracle; and I should be quite happy if it were not for the expense; but really, Mr. Editor, there is nothing so dear as economy. I calculate that every quartern loaf of bread which I make costs me half-a-crown; and this is not the worst of it; sometimes we all get the gripes into the bargain. I believe that my apothecary's bill will come to a good round sum for counteracting the effects of the staff of life.

I do not ascribe this to my wife; no, Sir, she is the best woman upon earth; but you know it was natural that she should try all mixtures. So one day we had wheat and barley, and that gave us the dysentery; the next we had a mixture of oatmeal, and that put our blood into a fever; on the third we had potatoe bread, and then we had indigestion. In short, without knowing at first the reason, we have all been unwell; have all had occasion for the apothecary; and we are all beginning again, without venturing, however, to say so, to wish for plain old household bread from the baker.

My neighbours have, somehow or another, found this out, and I am truly to be pitied. They ask me jeeringly how many hundred weight of potatoes go to a quartern loaf; and the very flour-factor that my wife called in said to my face at the coffeehouse, that if this saving plan went on, all the flour in the kingdom would be wasted; and to tell you the truth, I begin to think so.

CHRIST, CAKELING.

ALONZO

ALONZO THE BRAVE AND FAIR IMOGINE.

A ROMANCE *.

A WARRIOR so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Convers'd as they sat on the green ;
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight!
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight—
The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

" And, oh ! " said the youth, " since to-morrow I go
To fight in some far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon leaving to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier sutor your hand ! "

" Oh hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
" Offensive to love and to me:
For if you be living, or if you be dead.
I swear by the Virgin, that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be.

" If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant, that to punish my falsehood and pride;
Your ghost at the marriage may fit by my side;
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride—
And bear me away to the grave ! "

To Palestine hasten'd the Hero so bold ;
His love she lamented him sore :—
But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when, behold,
A Baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold
Arriv'd at Fair Imogine's door !

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows ;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain ;
He caught her affections so light and so vain—
And carried her home as his spouse !

* This beautiful piece of poetry is extracted from a romance called the Monk, written by Mr. G. P. Lewis, M. P. As it passes to us through the medium of the newspapers, it appears to come properly enough within our plan.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest;
 The revelry now was begun;
 The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast;
 Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd,
 When the bell at the castle toil'd — ONE!

Then first, with amazement, Fair Imogine found,
 That a stranger was plac'd by her side:
 His air was terrific; he utter'd no sound:
 He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around—
 But earnestly gaz'd on the bride!

His visor was clos'd, and gigantic his height!
 His armour was fable to view:—

All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at his sight;
 The dogs, as they ev'd him, drew back in affright;
 The lights in the chamber burn'd blue!

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay;
 The guests sat in silence and fear;

At length spoke the bride, while she trembled—“ I pray,
 Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
 And deign to partake of our cheer!”

The lady is silent; the stranger complies;
 His visor he slowly unclos'd:—

Oh, God! what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
 What words can express her dismay and surprise,
 When a skeleton's head was expos'd!

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,
 All turn'd with disgust from the scene;
 The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
 And sported his eyes and his temples about,
 While the spectre address'd Imogine:

“ Behold me, thou false one; behold me!” he said,
 “ Remember Alonzo the Brave!

God grants, that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
 My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side;
 Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
 And bear thee away to the grave!”

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
 While loudly she shriek'd in dismay;
 Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground:
 Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
 Or the spectre who bore her away.

Not long h'v'd the Baron; and none, since that time,
 To inhabit the castle presume;
 For chronicles tell, that, by orner sublime,
 There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
 And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
 When mortals in slumber are bound,
 Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
 Appear in the hall with the Skeleton-Knight,
 And shriek as he whirls her around!

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
 Dancing round them the spectres are seen:
 Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
 They howl—"To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
 And his consort, the Fair Imogine!"

MR. Ireland, to have been quite ingenuous, should have given us the answer to *Shakespear's Love Letter*.—We have, with some difficulty, procured a faithful copy:

FROM ANNA HATHERREWAYE TO HERRE WILLYE.

Although, doth Willye promise fayre,
 Off manns deceits i multe beewayre—
 Full well i knowe their artes and wyles,
 And frownes doe oft succede their synyles.
 My maydennè fame once flunge awaye,
 Noe longerre Anna Hath berre waye!

BON MOTTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[EXTRACTED FROM SOME ANCIENT MSS.]

[From the Telegraph.]

"SYRRE Wallterre Rawleighe, whoe wasse a greate favouritte offe the Queenes Highnesse, ande a manniè offe fashionne, asse welle asse a phyllosophere, introducedde the smoakynge offe tobaccoe intoe Englande. Inne a shorte tyme the practyse became quite the same: naye, the Queenes Majestye herselfe grewe sonde offe itte, ande woulde oftenuè indulgè herselfe wythe

wythe a foyalle pype wythe herre Maides offe Honoure, and some offe the more favouredde gentle-
 menne offe the courte.

“ Inne one offe those smoakyng partyes, her Highnesse havynge much agytatedde the nature offe theire presente enjoymente, atte lengthe broke uppe the compannie, verie facettyoulsve and wittillie remarkyne, thatte ‘ alle the pleaffure offe the even-
 ‘ nyngge (asse didde the pleaffures offe thisse tranfitorie
 ‘ ande uncertaine worlde) hadde endedde in smoake !’
 Assé thisse notable ande pleasaunte observacyonne wasse utteredde bye her Highnesse wythe her accustomyde gravittye offe countenance, the courtlie Baronnes ande noble Ladyes presente didde notte welle knowe whetherre theye were toe looke grave orre seryouse, toe laughe, orre toe crye ; ande soe, eche offe themme puttyngge a fore fingerre upponne theire lypes, theye didde inne concerte sneeze, ande inne a lowe voicé eche cried—‘ T E H E ! ’ ”

GUY EARL OF WARWICK.

(SHAKESPEAR'S MSS.)

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

A CORRESPONDENT from Warwickshire informs us, that in the very diligent search, which in consequence has been made after *some late discoveries* of old manuscripts, a family in the neighbourhood of Guy's Cliff have discovered an old cedar trunk, filled with papers, written by Guy, the redoubted Earl of Warwick, and a number of other curious antiquities originally belonging to the valorous knight.

A short specimen of a love-letter written by this intrepid champion to the Princess Frizzegunda, to whom he was afterwards married, will shew how worthy these papers are of the public attention, and perhaps tend to throw a new light on the Champion of Warwickshire, and shew that the public have been

as

as much mistaken in his character, as some late papers prove they have been mistaken in their opinion of the Warwickshire Bard.

The original orthography is religiously adhered to, and proves that, however they spelled in the days of Queen Elizabeth, in the days of King Athelstein, bunches of filberts and bunches of consonants were equally plentiful.

“*Toe the Sovaraigne Mystraësse offe mye adoratyones, the Princesse Frizzegunnada, wythe a platte offe orrange tawnye haire, pluckedde fromme the taile of the dreedefulle dunne Cowe, offe Dunnesmore Heathe, bye the hande offe herre true Knyghte, Sirre Guy.*

“*Dearest Blossomme offe mye Soulle, ande Bbloome offe my Heurte!*

“*I have conquerredde, ande the depredacyones offe the dunne cowe are noe more, forre he lieth atte his lengthe on a jacques. Determyninge toe discommeytte himme, I didde yesterdaye prepayre mee forre the commebatte; and greate wasse the stryffe betweene usse: butte thie Guye isse comme offe victorioussse, ande didde make his ennemmie toe roare thatte he wasse hearde forre more thanne fortje longe myles. The particullarres I will telle untoe thee whenne wee meete; butte, as a trophye offe mye vallourre, I have pluckedde fromme the taile offe the monasterie fundrie bunchesse offe haire, which bye the hande offe thie owne deare Sirre Guye are cunninglye plaitedde ande curyousslye knottedde, ande I doe entreate thatte thoue wille looke atte itte asse hisse lyttelle worke, and cherishe itte for hisse sake untill hee caste himmeselfe atte thye feete, forre hee isse thynne everlastynglye.*

“*GUY, E. OF W.*”

A LETTER FROM ONE OF THE FAITHFUL ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

SIR,

GOING down on Friday to my villa, "bye Thames," I took with me Mr. Malone's "Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Shakespear MSS." and so warmly interested have I been in the controversy; that I never laid down the book until I came to the last page. But what was my astonishment, when I found that Mr. Malone had filled nearly 400 pages with a series of the most *gross abuse, quibbles,* and *downright hatred and malice,* for which it is not, perhaps, difficult to assign a good reason. Had Mr. M. found a chest-full of *genuine* manuscripts of Shakespear, he would have acted very much otherwise. But to come to the point—

His principal objections are to the *spelling,* the *phraseology,* and the *dates.* Now, Sir, as to the *spelling,* it is a matter, surely, of the least consequence; for if I receive a letter from a Queen or a Lord, what is it to me that it happens to be wrong spelt, provided it contains an invitation "toe playe before ourselfe toe amuse usse." I set it down, therefore, as a rule, that the *contents* of a letter, and not the *spelling,* is the most important part.

2. As to the *phraseology,* Queen Elizabeth was a woman of great learning, and so was Southampton, and so was Shakespear himself. They knew the past and the present, and what was to hinder them from anticipating the style of future times? For example: Shakespear has described the "guardians of the night" so admirably in "*Much ado about Nothing,*" that one would think he was at this moment in the office of Parish Constable.

3. As to *dates,* we find every day, that people make mistakes. I once dated a letter of some importance.

We know that
there

there is no such day in the whole year; but did my correspondent consider it as spurious upon that account? No, Sir; he knew the hand-writing, and that was enough.

And this brings me, fourthly and lastly, to what Mr. Malone thinks his main argument, the *hand-writings* in Mr. Ireland's MSS. being totally different from those in the Museum. Now, Sir, it unfortunately happens that this is the weakest of all his arguments. There are three cases in which the same man will write very differently; *first*, his having a good or a bad pen; *secondly*, his being drunk or sober; and *thirdly*, his having broken or dislocated his arm, and its having been improperly healed.

I trust, Sir, nobody will deny these positions; but what is proof positive, if Mr. Malone would have had patience to wait a little longer, is, that there are writings which can be brought forward, proving, by his own hand-writing, that Shakespear often wrote with a very bad pen; or, as he says (MS. 4692 of the *unpublished*), "a meirrveillouffe badde gooffee quille." This, I think, will satisfy any body; especially as it will be accompanied with a drawing of a penknife which he *should have had*, when he wrote the letter without it.

Another writing is to be brought forward, proving that Lord Southampton was in a state of inebriety when he wrote his epistle. The words expressly are, that "hee hadde his beerre onne boardde, andde hikkuppedde moſte mellodiousſlie." Now, Sir, let me ask you, if Mr. Malone, or yourself, or myself, could have written a plain hand with such a confused head?

With respect to Queen Elizabeth's hand, there are a packet of papers, which are to be found in the north-east corner of the trunk, which give an account of her having dislocated her "*Royal wriſtee*," and its being very clumsily healed. There are also the original receipts of the medicines she took while under cure, one of which runneth thus:

"R. Rhab-

“ *R. Rhabbarbarri pulverizz. gr. xxx.*

Pullu Zinnziberr. gr. x. M.

Capp. mannee inn quorwiss vebbicculloo.”

But, I suppose, Mr. Malone will say, that because rhubarb and ginger is a common composition now, it must be an anachronism. Sir, he might as well call it a rheumatism.

In this manner, Mr. Baldwin, *will* all his objections be removed; and I think it peculiarly fortunate for all true believers (of which number you may perceive I am one), that he has stated his objections so early as to give sufficient time for the great author of our new religion to *provide* antidotes. Mr. Malone was too precipitate. The *trunk* is but opened, and he thinks he sees to the bottom already; but let him be content with what he has done; let him wait patiently, and let us, true believers, say, with our *ever-lasting* Bard,

“ Thus *bad* begins, but *worse* remains behind.”

I am, Sir, yours,

ONE OF THE FAITHFUL*.

EXAMPLE OF FOUL LANGUAGE, IN ALLUSION TO THE CONDUCT OF MODERN POLI- TICIANS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

OUR rulers and those of *France* having adopted the manner in which our Billingsgate dames usually decide *their* disputes, it is not unfair to conclude that the *gentlemen* have similar *feelings* with the *ladies*, and will equally enjoy a triumph at their *own weapons*.

The following little anecdote will furnish the Chancellor of the Exchequer with a *stratagem*, which can-

* It is almost unnecessary to point out to the readers of this collection, that this letter, and several of the foregoing articles, are meant to ridicule the *curious* manuscripts, which that worthy man, Mr. Samuel Ireland, attributed to Shakespear.

not fail to secure him the *victory*, and *silence* his adversary :

In the fishing-town of Johnshaven, in Scotland, I witnessed a contest between two *Ladies of the Basket*, which, for some fifteen or twenty minutes, was conducted on *both* sides with a virulence of invective, and an exuberance of epithet, that has hardly yet been equalled by their dignified imitators : at length, however, one of the ladies, finding herself *fairly outrailed* by her *foul-tongued* antagonist, but unwilling to quit the field, laid her arms across, assumed a placid smile, and, to every *foul epithet*, returned an *humble courtesy*; her success was complete ; for her yet *enraged* adversary, deprived of the fuel that fed her fire, and her gall still *unexhausted*, came up to her very nose, struck her arms a-kimbo, and foaming with wrath, exclaimed, " Speak, speak, ye b—, or I shall burst !!! "

Let *our* rulers go, and do likewise.

MELANCHOLY EFFECTS OF A GENERAL ELECTION.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

MR. BALDWIN,

THOSE who are advocates for shorter Parliaments than the period of seven years, would do well to consider the many bad consequences which a general election is attended with ; and then reflect how much better it is that these consequences should return once in seven years, rather than oftener. A man who is troubled with the gout thinks but little of it, if it returns only once a year ; indeed he considers that as a periodical discharge, or receipt in full, for all errors in eating, and drinking ; but what his situation would be, if the fit were to return once a week, or even once a month, I leave you, Sir, to judge !

But to come to the point. Among the other melancholy effects of a General Election, I observe, that sun-
dry

dry very worthy gentlemen have totally and almost suddenly *lost their sight*, to such a degree, Sir, that they don't know their "dearest friends," when they meet them in the streets. This is surely a very great calamity; but it is attended with a symptom not often described in medical writings; namely, a preternatural adhesion of the inside of the hat to the outside of the *caput*, or head; so that it will scarce move to return the politest bow; whereas, a few weeks ago, it went off with the slightest touch, like the patent pistols. This disorder, Sir, has occasioned no small confusion; some have caught the *heartburn* from it, and others are worked up to a degree of frenzy, for which I am afraid there will be no cure *before seven years*.

Besides bodily disorders, some that more particularly affect the *mind* have become very prevalent. I know many of the most polite gentlemen, who, a very few weeks, or even days ago, were perfect patterns of *grace* and *affability*, on a sudden become *rude*, *distant*, and *forbidding*. They have no more manners than a coffeehouse waiter the week after Christmas, and take no more care than a watchman who has received his annual *douceur*. Even inanimate things seem to partake of the same changes: doors that used to fly open, as if by magic, now remain obstinately shut, or creak upon their hinges, with a most discouraging sound; the consequence of which has been, that many, who do not choose to *call again*, have caught fatal colds in their heels, by waiting in gloomy antechambers, and stone-paved halls.

But the worst *mental* disorder of all, and which I think must be of great detriment to the unhappy patients, is a total loss of *memory*, to such a degree, that they cannot possibly recollect to-day the promises they made yesterday; and even though reminded ever so often, they have not the most distant idea of those declarations and engagements, which they seemed to make with the greatest earnestness. It would be superfluous

to state the ill consequences which must arise from this symptom; I shall only add, that, when joined to the blindness above mentioned, the patients appear to be so very *bad*, that nobody can know them for the *same men*, nor hold conversation with them as they used to do. They afford, indeed, a melancholy illustration of the two mystical words BEFORE and AFTER; which, in politics, as well as matrimony, are placed at an immense distance. I am, Sir, yours,

A CITY PHYSICIAN.

P. S. As there is no evil without some mixture of good, I think it my duty to add, that one or two of my patients, who, a few weeks ago, were so addicted to *booing*, as to appear crooked, have recovered the *perpendicularity* of their figures, by a single dose of a medicine called a *return*.

THE DREADFUL ALARM*.

SIR,

ON my return from a peaceable corner in the west of England, I found the metropolis convulsed by the alarm of a dreadful and horrible plot against the constitution and government. Shocked beyond measure by such *existing circumstances*, you may suppose I was very anxious to get at the bottom of this business; but as my arrival happened to take place late in the evening, I was obliged to content myself with the information that my family could afford, and which was so scanty, as to increase my fears, without satisfying my curiosity.

After a long sleep, provoked by a hard and long ride, but interrupted by such frightful dreams as are incident to epileptic statesmen and hysteric politicians, I set out after breakfast, fully determined to investigate this matter, and act accordingly.

Conceiving, from a geographical, or rather topo-

* This letter appeared soon after the alarm in 1792-3, which served as an introduction to the present *just and necessary war*.

graphical

graphical principle, that the *city*, on account of its close and confined situation, the narrowness of the streets below, and the density of the smoke above, must be the proper place for an undiscovered plot, I repaired thither with all possible speed, and went first to the Bank. "But why first to the Bank?" you will say. I will tell you, Sir. The Bank, I humbly presumed, if not the seat of a plot (which we know it is not, because no business is transacted there *secretly*), might, with great probability of advantage, be the object of one. Meeting, therefore, my broker, Sam Scrip, I took him aside into a corner (for, between ourselves, I do not think that plots are matters to be talked of in public)—"Well, Sam, have you heard of this plot?"

"Yes, and a hellish business it is."

"But what are the particulars? for I have been in the country for some weeks."

"Why, the particulars, as far as I know yet, are, that Bob Hopkins and Bill Dashit, who always did a *power* of business here, have refused to pay, or give up their principals; and Bob says——"

"But, Sam, what is all this to the purpose? The plot I mean is something against Government."

"I don't know of any such matter.—(Door-keeper calls, '*Sam Scrip is wanted.*') Good morning; if you mean to *do any thing*, I'll be with you in half an hour."

Passing from my friend Sam, whose ignorance I deplored, I went into the 'Change, and finding an old friend seated on one of the benches, with what Foote calls "a lovely dejection of spirits," I endeavoured to sound him.

"So, my old friend, here have been fine doings among you. How are things now?"

"Why, Mr. Medium (for that, Sir, is my name), only so so; I don't believe I shall ever get him out."

"Get him out! Get *who* out?"

“Why, the fellow I let the house to in Constitution Row. They called him a packer. D—n such packers! He a’nt worth a groat; and now he swears he won’t part with the lease, unless I give him fifty pounds!”

Leaving this unfortunate landlord, who, like Sam, was thinking of nothing but his own business, I repaired to the shop of an eminent pastry-cook, a great politician, and what they call “a very forward man in the parish.” His first question, as usual, consisted of two words—“What news?”

“I really know none. I have been in the country for some time; but I learn that all the *fat* is in the *fire* among you.”

“O Lord! yes, we are in a d—nable *stew*, that’s for certain.”

“But what, when, how?”

“Why, for my part, I do verily believe there has been some strange *kick-up* above stairs—we can’t carry on a trade at this rate.”

(Now, thought I, I shall hear the whole of the plot.)

“I believe,” continued Mr. Pyecrust, “I believe we must fit out some ships.”

“But how has this happened?”

“Happened! you must know that a few nights ago a most delicious frost came on, the only chance we had; but, egad! next morning, the weather was as warm as in July.”

“Well, but what is all this to the plot?”

“Plot! plot! I don’t know what you mean by a plot—but this I can tell you, that, if we have not a swinging frost, or fit out ships for Greenland, you’ll have no *ice* next summer—that’s all.”

I declare, Mr. Editor, I left this man’s shop with some degree of disgust, as well as disappointment. Strange! that a man living in the very heart of a plot, with a combination on one side, an insurrection on the other, with a combustion before, and alarming reports behind—that such a man should think of no-
thing

thing but cooling his wines! My blood was boiling at this fellow, when luckily, as I thought, I met with Mr. Rupee, a Director of the Honourable East India Company, and a very particular friend. From his high rank and standing with the great men west of Temple Bar, I concluded that I should have the business properly explained. After the usual compliments, ventured to ask the Eastern Chief some questions.

“ I am told, Mr. Rupee, there is some very great alarm among you.”

“ There is, indeed, my dear friend. In all my life I never knew so critical a period. I see nothing but ruin.”

“ You alarm me : but explain.”

“ What! is it possible you can be ignorant?—Where the devil can you have been? Heard nothing! Why, have you not read of the resolutions of several trading towns? They want to lay open *our* trade; Sir, they want to break up our monopoly.”

I saw now, Mr. Editor, that it was time to pursue my journey; and finding all quiet in the city, I turned westward. The first acquaintance I met in the Strand, was a favourite son of Thespis, coming from the theatre, where he had had some morning business.

“ So, Billy, I know you are pretty familiar with some of the great. What am I to understand by this plot? or is there in fact any plot?”

“ Why, yes, friend Medium, there is a plot, and between ourselves, a d—d plot.”

“ Well, but can you give me an outline of it? What is the purpose of it? Who are concerned in it?”

“ O, willingly; for you must know it depends on me a good deal.”

“ On you! you!—*you*, of all men!”

“ Yes, me! I was drawn into it purely to oblige a friend, for such things are not much in my line; but I don't think the public will bear it.”

“ Bear it! I hope not with all my soul!”

“ Nay, he is a pleasant dog enough, and I wish him well; but I must say the plot is plaguy lame—Don Guzman falls in love with the daughter of Don Antonio; but Carlos, a spirited young fellow—I play Carlos.”

I thought, Mr. Editor, I could not escape too soon from this unraveller of plots, and accordingly posted away farther and farther westward, in hopes of intelligence; but I am sorry to say I found every body too intent on their own business and contrivances, to think of any plot against Government. I was about to return home in dudgeon, when I met with an acquaintance belonging to a public office, and entreated him to give me a little insight into the business. “What!” says he, “have you come so far without *reading* the whole matter? Pr’ythee return, and consult the bills upon the dead walls; I can’t recommend a better place than the wall of the British Museum, which is a fund of public information.”

Silly as this advice seemed, I determined to take it; but my disappointments were not yet to end. All I could read on the wall mentioned, I now send you, and I confess I do think that there is something cabalistical and mysterious in the words, which I hope some of your readers will explain.

SOCIETY AGAINST LEVELLERS.

SETS OUT EVERY MORNING AT 8, AND DINE AT OXFORD.

RIGHTS OF MAN.

HAD ON WHEN HE WENT AWAY A DARK BROWN COAT.

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, MY COACHMAN.

SAVES SOAP, SAVES CANDLES, SAVES LABOUR.

Such, Mr. Editor, is the principal part of the information I have been able to obtain. If within a fortnight from this date I do not hear more from you, or some of your correspondents, on the subject, I shall certainly

certainly advertise, and offer a reward of an hundred pounds for this plot, or a sum for any part of it in proportion. Meantime I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

MARMADUKE MEDIUM.

SUNG AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF MR. FOX'S
BIRTH-DAY, IN 1798.

TO Dan Apollo of old, when young Phaeton came,
And ask'd him permission to kindle his flame,
But little the god thought of taking that oath,
Which was sacred among gods and goddesses both.

Tol de rol, &c.

To the boy's proud ambition compell'd to give way,
He harness'd his steeds to the ear of the Day;
The lad seiz'd the reins, and, quite proud of the whip,
Tipp'd the nags the long trot, but they gave him the slip.

Tol de rol, &c.

Though they scamper'd along at so speedy a rate,
This son of a god was quite blind to his fate;
And forgetting the maxims that fell from his fire,
Quite unable to drive, set the world all on fire.

Tol de rol, &c.

Just thus has our national charioteer Pitt
To drive the state-coach of the kingdom thought fit;
And disdain'g to ride a postillion to Fox,
That ablest of coachmen—he push'd from the box.

Tol de rol, &c.

The guard was asleep in the basket behind;
So he mounted the box, fix'd himself to his mind:
In the dark he took up a most ponderous load,
And flounder'd—not knowing one step of the road.

Tol de rol, &c.

The load was so heavy—so dark was the night,
That he soon lost his way—yet he swore he was right;
And rather than part with the reins, or the whip,
He flogg'd the poor cattle from shoulder to hip.

Tol de rol, &c.

Soon the passengers saw the great difference of skill
Between their old coachman and postillion Will,

Who firm in his feat, though he knew he was wrong,
 Damn'd his fare, suck'd his quid—and then box'd it along!
 Tol de rol, &c.

In vain did the wretches discover their fright;
 In vain did they ask—nay, insist, they would light:
 He told them he drove for his master the King;
 And 't was then they found out—they had lost the check-
 string!
 Tol de rol, &c.

But soon, now they 're stuck in the mire, may they feel
 'T is time each his shoulder should clap to the wheel;
 Or else their mad coachman, still calling on Heaven,
 Will sink them so deep, that no sid can be given!
 Tol de rol, &c.

Then like Phaeton, he who thus dar'd to aspire,
 Proud charioteer Pitt, will consume in his fire;
 Till Fox, like Apollo, again takes the sway,
 To prove none can rule—like the God of the day.
 Tol de rol, &c.

THE LAST DYING SPEECH AND CONFESSION

Birth, Parentage, and Education,
 Life, Character, and Behaviour,
 - of that *notified Malefactor*,

WILLIAM PITTMORE, alias *Gallows Billy*;

Who was tried and convicted before the Judges of England,
 for Robbery and wilful Murder, and executed accord-
 ingly; with the whole of what passed at the Place of Exe-
 cution.

[From the Telegraph.]

“ Good Christians,
 “ **W**HO are now witnesses to my unhappy fate and
 untimely end, take warning by me, and be
 cautious how you get into bad company, and yield to
 the temptations of the evil one, who is always on the
 watch to take advantage of poor sinful souls, and lead
 them to perdition. I was born of honest and devout
 parents, who educated me in the ways of God, and
 brought me up holily to the practice of the law; but
 owing to my own wicked and perverse heart, I fell to
 sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, profane cursing and
 swearing, bearing false witness, and other abomina-
 tions;

tions; so that I soon lost my character. Having then some money at my disposal, I collected and bribed a gang of the most desperate villains who ever infested this metropolis, and urged them on to acts of outrage, thievery, and bloodshed, that caused the ruin and destruction of many pious Christians in this land. Though I never exposed my miserable person in any action of danger, yet I sent many poor deluded wretches to murder others, and oftentimes to be murdered themselves; for which reason I hope all people here assembled will pray for my future salvation in another world, so that I may escape the dreadful punishment of eternal damnation. Though my crying sins are manifold, I can yet say, by the blessing of Heaven, that I never was addicted to the company of harlots; and though I may frequently have been seen with my vile accomplices in a bad house, yet I always preserved my chastity therein, and never, at any time, did commit a rape on the body of any woman whatever; for which, I trust, I may find favour hereafter. I confess that I treated the poor with great cruelty, and took even their bread away without mercy, while at the same time I favoured the rich, on all occasions; I likewise have caused many thousands of my fellow-creatures to be massacred at different times, and in different places, for the doing of which I have nothing to say in my defence. I acknowledge that I have been a hardened reprobate, and would not stick at any thing to forward my own base schemes, being led thereto by a sinful lust of the lucre of gold, and a most wicked ambition, for which I am now about to meet my just reward. I entreat, above all things, the forgiveness of Mr. French, whom I endeavoured, by the wicked means in my power, to deprive of his liberty, to starve him and all his family, and to set his house on fire. Alas! I never shewed mercy to any person, who had displeased me, if I could once get him into my clutches, but glorified myself for a sanguinary ven-

geance, which I most assuredly must have derived from the devil. My pride of heart was so great, that I would take no advice, but went on my abominable career for many years, until I was declared by all men to be an enemy to the human race, and am in consequence now brought to justice. Lord have mercy upon my poor soul! Amen."

The wretched culprit was so execrated by the populace, that he was pelted all the way to the place of execution with rotten eggs, dead cats, and the like; and when the awful moment arrived in which he was launched into eternity, there was a loud and general shout of approbation and joy from all the spectators. William Pittmore, *alias* Gallows Billy, was upwards of thirty-six years of age, of a most forbidding countenance, with a spare figure, thin legs, no visible protuberance behind, and scarcely any chin.

A DARING ROBBERY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THIEVES! thieves! thieves! was the general cry which alarmed me in my bed a few nights ago; when opening my chamber-door, I found two thieves had made a forcible entry at the top of the house, and were plundering it without mercy. "Hip! hilloa!" said I, "who the devil are ye?" In answer to which question, a voice came down the well of the staircase as hoarse as thunder, informing me they were the High Contracting Parties. "You be d—d," said I, "for a brace of blackguards; I know you well enough. Did not one of you break into my house a fortnight ago? did not you rob my hen-roost? steal my geese and turkies, drive away my pigs, set fire to my barn, ravish my wife, strip my orchard, and frighten my children into fits? Did not you do all this, you scoundrels? and pick my pocket into the bargain?"—"Well, no matter for that," said they; "we are disposed to be good-humoured

now,

now, and heartily forgive you for all that has passed between us: so let's shake hands, and be friends again. Come, come, to forget and forgive is our maxim; and as we don't wish to quarrel again, we mean now to remove every bone of contention, by leaving nothing behind to contend for." On which, Sir, they very deliberately proceeded to strip my butler's pantry; my silver candlesticks, my silver waiters, my old family silver tankard, my coffee-pot, my table-spoons, and snuff-box, were all removed off without ceremony, and my chairs and tables followed. I had but one pair of black breeches in the world; and these, with my best hat and wig, they rolled up carefully in the flap of my coat, and placed them to the account of profit and loss with the articles above-mentioned. In short, Sir, I found them to be literally as they described themselves, High Contracting Parties; for they sat down to a fillet of veal of ten pounds, and contracted it to half a one. They tapped a barrel of beer of nine gallons, and contracted the quantity to half a pint. They opened a quart bottle of cherry-bounce, and contracted it to a thimble-full. In the parlour they left nothing standing but the mantle-piece; in the kitchen, nothing but the dresser; in the pantry, nothing but the shelves. They then stole my cart and horses, to carry my goods off the premises; but had the goodness to inform me, after quitting my house, and leaving me as bare as a bird just hatched, that I need not be under any uneasiness about future plunder, as the High Contracting Parties, I might depend upon it, would guarantee me. Now, Mr. Editor, as these High Contracting Persons are very well known to Mr. Reeves and his friends, I wish much to give them notice of what is going forward; as no honest man will be able to sleep in his bed if these infernal thieves are not speedily brought to justice.

TOM POLAND.

THE SORCERESS: A FABLE.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

IN the dead of the night, a Sorceress entered into a wood to exercise her infernal arts; a large circle was made, which was to enclose the scene of her terrible machinations; a dreadful hurricane was presently raised, the timber of the forest was seized with convulsions, a pestilence went abroad among the folds, the moon was drawn down from her orbit, and legions of spirits appeared before the Sorceress, and demanded her pleasure. "Only," says she, "shew me where is my little dog that has run away from me."

MORAL.

Would the reader wish for a better picture of a modern democrat?

He has been passed over in the list of preferments; he is rich, and unrewarded with nobility; he is a lawyer, and has not obtained a silk gown; he is a member of Parliament, and his predilection for some favourite measure has been crossed; or, he has lost a borough by the opposition of Government; he is a country gentleman, and his vote has not gained him a place; he is a person of feeling, and has received a supposed slight from a man in power; he is a merchant, and has lost a vessel for want of a convoy; he has not been received into the loan; he is a mechanic, and his invention for burning the enemy's fleet has been ill received. Any one of these disappointments is enough to make a democrat; that is to say, a man who, to gratify his resentment, would willingly involve this country in the ruin of France, break up all the peace and prosperity of the land, and bring misery and desolation upon the fairest kingdom which the nations of the earth have exhibited.

TERRORIST NOVEL WRITING*.

SIR,

I NEVER complain of fashion, when it is confined to externals; to the form of a cap, or the cut of a lapelle; to the colour of a wig, or the tune of a ballad: but when I perceive that there is such a thing as fashion, even in composing books, it is, perhaps, full time that some attempt should be made to recall writers to the old boundaries of common sense.

I allude, Sir, principally to the great quantity of novels with which our circulating libraries are filled, and our parlour tables covered, in which it has been the fashion to make *terror* the *order of the day*, by confining the heroes and heroines in old gloomy castles, full of spectres, apparitions, ghosts, and dead men's bones. This is now so common, that a novelist blushes to bring about a marriage by ordinary means, but conducts the happy pair through long and dangerous galleries, where the light burns blue, the thunder rattles, and the great window at the end presents the

* It is easy to see that the satire of this letter is particularly levelled at a literary lady of considerable talents, who has presented the world with three novels, in which she has found out the secret of making us "fall in love with what we fear to look on." The *system of terror* which she has adopted is not the only reproach to which she is liable. Besides the tedious monotony of her descriptions, she affects in the most disgusting manner a knowledge of languages, countries, customs, and objects of art, of which she is lamentably ignorant. She suspends *tripods* from the ceiling by chains, not knowing that a *tripod* is a utensil standing upon three feet. She covers the kingdom of Naples with India figs, because *St. Pierre* has introduced those tropical plants in his tales, of which the scene is laid in India; and she makes a convent of monks a necessary appendage to a monastery of nuns. This shews how well a lady understands the wants of her sex. Whenever she introduces an Italian word, it is sure to be a gross violation of the language. Instead of making a nobleman's servant call him *Padrone*, or *Illustriissimo*, she makes him address him by the title of *Maestro*, which is Italian for a teacher; she converts the singular of *Lazzaroni* into *Lazzaro*, &c. &c. &c.

This lady's husband told a friend that he was going to Germany with his wife, the object of whose journey was to pick up materials for a novel. "I think in that case," answered his friend, "that you had better let her go alone!"

hideous visage of a murdered man, uttering piercing groans, and developing shocking mysteries. If a curtain is withdrawn, there is a bleeding body behind it; if a chest is opened, it contains a skeleton; if a noise is heard, somebody is receiving a deadly blow; and if a candle goes out, its place is sure to be supplied by a flash of lightning. Cold hands grasp us in the dark, statues are seen to move, and suits of armour walk off their pegs, while the wind whistles louder than one of Handel's chorusses, and the still air is more melancholy than the dead march in Saul.

Such are the dresses and decorations of a modern novel, which, as Bayes says, is calculated to "elevate and surprize;" but in doing so, carries the young reader's imagination into such a confusion of terrors, as must be hurtful. It is to no great purpose, indeed, that we have forbidden our servants from telling the children stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, if we cannot put a novel into their hands which is not filled with monsters of the imagination, more frightful than are to be found in Glanvil; the famous *bug-a-boo* of our forefathers.

A novel, if at all useful, ought to be a representation of human life and manners, with a view to direct the conduct in the important duties of life, and to correct its follies. But what instruction is to be reaped from the distorted ideas of lunatics, I am at a loss to conceive. Are we come to such a pass, that the only commandment necessary to be repeated is, "Thou shalt do no murder?" Are the duties of life so changed, that all the instruction necessary for a young person is to learn to walk at night upon the battlements of an old castle, to creep hands and feet along a narrow passage, and meet the devil at the end of it? Is the corporeal frame of the female sex so masculine and hardy, that it must be softened down by the touch of dead bodies, clay-cold hands, and damp sweats? Can our young ladies be taught nothing more necessary in life,

life, than to sleep in a dungeon with venomous reptiles, walk through a ward with assassins, and carry bloody daggers in their pockets, instead of pin-cushions and needle-books?

Every absurdity has an end; and as I observe that almost all novels are of the terrific cast, I hope the insipid repetition of the same bugbears will at length work a cure. In the mean time, should any of your female readers be desirous of catching the season of terrors, she may compose two or three very pretty volumes from the following recipe;

Take—An old castle, half of it ruinous.

A long gallery, with a great many doors, some secret ones.

Three murdered bodies, quite fresh.

As many skeletons, in chests and presses.

An old woman hanging by the neck, with her throat cut.

Affassins and desperadoes, *quant. suff.*

Noises, whispers, and groans, three-score at least.

Mix them together, in the form of three volumes, to be taken at any of the watering-places before going to bed.

PROBATUM EST.

AMAZING FEAT.

TINTINNABULOUS INTREPIDITY, OR SCENES OF BELL-RINGING.

[From the Telegraph.]

LAST week the society of *Treasury Youths* rang a peal of 6469 majors, bob-majors, and triple-bobs, consisting of the following changes:

1. Glory of Old England—exertions by sea and land—glorious victories.

Exertions by sea and land—glorious victories—and glory of Old England.

Glorious victories—glory of Old England—and exertions by sea and land.

2. Honour

2. Honour of the nation—permanent peace—and ample security.

Permanent peace—ample security—and honour of the nation.

Ample security—permanent peace—and honour of the nation.

3. Our advice to the Admiralty—a line of squadrons—and the hints we threw out.

The hints we threw out—a line of squadrons—and our advice to the Admiralty.

A line of squadrons—our advice to the Admiralty—and the hints we threw out.

4. Famine in France—war in La Vendée—safe landing of the emigrants.

Safe landing of the emigrants—famine in France—and war in La Vendée.

War in La Vendée—safe landing of the emigrants—and famine in France.

5. Traitors—Jacobins—democrats.

Democrats—traitors—Jacobins.

Jacobins—democrats—traitors.

Which they performed with astonishing skill, for a wager of some *money*, and a *quantity* of *bread* and *beer*.

ETYMOLOGY:

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

SIR,

YOUR reception of my *critique* on the *Lover's Ballad* encourages me to submit to you the result of other critical studies. As I have been early trained "to live on syllables," I may say without vanity that I am well skilled in the science which hunts a word to its primitive sense, by the clue which its component letters afford. I am sensible that this gives me no title to an elevated rank in the literary world; but it is useful; and though the etymologist has been classed among the pioneers of literature, he may, perhaps,

as

as often congratulate himself upon fortunate discovery, as the poet may upon felicity of invention.

That this art has been the subject of ridicule can hardly be considered as an impeachment of it, when nothing respectable, or even sacred, can escape a sneer. My fellow-labourers and myself neither feel any injury from Swift's derivation of *Archimedes* from *Hark ye maids*, *Strabo* from *Stray Beau*, nor from that of King Pepin from *Οσπερ*, to be found in the *Diversions of Purley*. *Οσπερ*, *ηπερ*, *οπερ*, Diaper, Napkin, Nipkin, Pipkin, Pepin-King, King Pepin. The greatest authorities are on our side to prove that every word in modern languages must have a root; and that of those in ancient languages, which are generally supposed to be radical, many owe their origin to causes not immediately obvious. In the discovery of the secret connexion which exists between words of similar sounds but widely different significations, in compelling them by gentle concessions of each other's meaning to unite, consists the perfection of etymology.

To the learned Junius the first praise is due for his painful researches in this branch of philology. The most difficult words were traced by him to sources from whence the indolent lexicographer could never have suspected they could have proceeded. Thus the verb *to moan*, is derived by him from *μονος* (alone), because, he observes, grief naturally loves to be alone; thus the colloquial synonyme for sleep, *a nap*, is made to flow from *κνεφας* (darkness), because darkness commonly induces sleep. As Junius is a book not always at hand, such of your readers as are desirous of improving themselves in the art of *making* derivations, may find these, and many more instances, in the preface to Johnson's Dictionary.

Lord Coke should not be omitted by him who has the cause of etymology at heart. Whatever his Lordship might be in morality, he was certainly in grammatical pursuits a Stoic; since it is to this sect, if we may

may believe Heineccius, that we are to attribute the perfection of the science. *Money*, Coke says, is derived from *mones*, to admonish, because it admonisheth its possessor to make a good use of it. Its voice, I am afraid, like that of conscience, is very low and weak. *Nummus*, one of the many Latin names for money, is derived from *νομος* (law); because it circulates by an institution of positive society, not by any law of nature. Quære, if directly the reverse were the case, whether the name would not then suit it as well; as it would then circulate by a *law* of nature? A great number of similar instances are to be found in the First Institute.

Sanctioned by such names as Junius and Coke, I have contributed my feeble efforts to the stock of derivative knowledge. I have discovered that *Vale* and *Valley* proceed from the Latin *Vale* (adieu), because we bid adieu to the valley when we get to the top of the hill. Something very like this occurs in the grammars in common use at schools, where *Verse* is said to be the child of *Vertere* (to turn); because when we come to the end of one verse we turn our eyes to the beginning of the next. As I intend to publish my discoveries in some mode that shall be productive, I cannot, consistently with my interest, communicate any more of my improvements. Suffice it to say that no word is to be inserted in my dictionary which has not a copious explanation, and a long chain of reasoning; which, like that in Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon, will prove that men were chymists, philosophers, legislators, and divines, before they turned their thoughts to the invention of a language.

MOMUS CRITICORUM.

P. S. Does *Piccadilly* come from *Peccadillo*; being considered at the time of its foundation so remote from the main part of London, as to argue a *little error* in the builder? if not, can any of your correspondents tell me its origin?

If

If the following warm and animating Ode was not written near the time to which it applies, it is one of the most faithful imitations of the simple and beautiful style of the Scottish bards we ever read, and we know but of one living poet to whom to ascribe it.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS

TO HIS TROOPS, AT THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Scene, LEWIS GARDEN.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victorie!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour!
 See the front o' battle leurr!

See approach proud Edward's pow'r!
 Edward, chains and flaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?

Wha saw base as be a slave?

Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,

Freeman stand, or freeman fa!

Caledonian! on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!

By your sons in servile chains!

We will drain our dearest veins—

But they shall—they SHALL be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low;

Tyrants fall in every foe;

Liberty's in every blow!

Forward let us go or die!

 SUPPLEMENT TO THE TOBAGO GAZETTE*.

NOTWITHSTANDING the minute attention to every individual article with which the return of military and other stores in Tobago was made out, it

* This article was intended to ridicule the pompous display in the London Gazette of paltry articles captured; muskets without locks, locks without muskets, linlocks, &c. which certainly were not worth the paper on which they were printed.

And God called upon Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger?

And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name: therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness.

And God said, Have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a finner, bear with him one night?

EXHIBITION EXTRAORDINARY!

- [From the Courter.]

Catalogue of Pictures, Statues, Busts, Bronzes, &c. To which are annexed, some critical Observations.

FIRST DAY'S SALE.

Mr. EDMUNDS*, Beaconsfield.

1. *A CAPITAL* stained Drawing of Portland Harbour in a Mist. The obscurity delineated in the most natural manner. A storm apparently arising in the back ground.

2. *The Conquest of France—a Vision*. This piece discovers a wonderful imagination, though it has been ill executed, and cannot possibly be deemed a finished performance.

3. *The Devils entering into the Herd of Swine*. This is indeed a sublime picture. The connoisseur may almost imagine he hears the hogs grunt. The *swinish multitude* appear quite desperate.

4. *The celebrated Dagger Scene*. An hyperbolic sketch.

5. *A Penfioner skulking in the Dark* †. The counte-

* Probably meant for Mr. Burke.

† This article appeared shortly after Mr. Burke had accepted a pension.

nance, though deep in shadow, is curiously expressive of meanness and of shame—the “*darkness visible*” is exquisitely hit off.

Mr. WINDMILL*, Norwich.

6. *A Weaver and his Family starving.* A masterly production. Distress, misery, and despair, were never more charmingly pourtrayed—the dead child is beautiful.

7. *The Inside of the Old Bailey, with three felons at the bar just acquitted.* The design bad, and the colours too glaring.

8. *A War Piece.* Unfinished. The British troops are thrown too much in the back ground for effect.

9. *A Retreat.* The distresses of a flying army are here most forcibly displayed—the canvass, however, is too much crowded with the dying and the dead.

10. *The Passions personified.* Malice and Pride are too prominent, and Cruelty is out of all rule. There is no keeping in this picture.

11. *The Wish; or the Decay of Commerce †.* A hasty drawing, to serve as a frontispiece to a new novel called Tyranny Triumphant. There is no merit in the idea.

Mr. ROSEWELL ‡, Old Palace Yard.

12. *Midas turning every Thing he touches into Gold.* A rich composition. In addition to the ass's ears, the painter has ingeniously given him tiger's claws, as appropriate to his unbounded rapacity.

13. *Electioneering Rascals, or the Briber outwitted.* A humorous drawing in Indian ink. It is really strange that such an ingenious work should have been suffered to appear before the public; it is in every respect disgusting and disgraceful.

* Probably meant for Mr. Windham.

† An allusion to the famous expression of Mr. Windham, “Perish our commerce, let our constitution live.”

‡ Perhaps meant for Mr. Geo. Rose.

14. *An Ass in a River drinking up the Moon.* A moral sketch. This pleasant fable is happily illustrated.

15. *The Angel Aristocracy.* This is a bold sketch of genius: but why should the Angel be covered with gold, and have the talons of a Demon, and why should he be represented as trampling upon, and destroying, the poor and unprotected? Surely it is out of nature.

16. *Ignorance, Impudence, and Avarice dancing a Scotch Reel.* An entertaining allegorical group.

17. *The Palace of Corruption.* A powerful design, but the colours are too transparent; they are actually seen through.

Mr. DUNDONKY*, opposite the New Church, Strand.

18. *A Chamelion.* The shifting hues of the creature are done in a most extraordinary manner.

19. *Liberty*—in water-colours. The figure scarcely discernible.

20. *The Death of Mr. Habeas Corpus, commonly called the Poor Man's Friend.* The last agonies of this respectable old patriot are truly affecting. The groups round his bed express neither interest nor affection for him; indeed they all seem to be drunk or asleep. This is, upon the whole, a lamentable production.

21. *The Opening of a Campaign*—a Study. All enveloped in clouds—it also wants *perspective*.

Mr. PITMAN†, Downing Street.

22. *Views in Ireland.* Surely more confined, incongruous masses were never before exhibited; there is want of *freedom*, and the *contour* is by no means correct. The *yellow* harmony is evidently too predominant, and produces a very bad effect.

23. *A Banditti intent on Plunder.* There is a daring originality in this picture, which yet disgusts. The

* Probably meant for Mr. Dundas.

† Probably meant for Mr. Pitt.

majority of the figures exhibit a set of the blackest villains that ever disgraced society. The *yellow* harmony here also destroys the purity of the whole. The colours do not appear as if they would stand; they seem to have an evanescent quality.

24. *Scene in Botany Bay.* The design is uncommonly harsh, but the groups of suffering patriots are peculiarly interesting.

25. *The Empress of Russia singing Te Deum for the Subjugation of Poland.* An excellent idea; but the whole picture is too black, and wants relief.

26. *The King of Prussia counting over his Subsidy.*

27. *The Emperor of Germany ditto his Loan.*

28. *The King of Sardinia ditto.*—The laughter in the countenances of these three *great* men is admirably given.

29. *An Armed Nation.* There is an awful truth in the expression of this picture, that is really terrible.

30. *An Alarmed Nation* (as companion to the above). Though there is wonderful *art* in this composition, it can at best be called but a miserable attempt.

31. *An Invasion.* A most terrific scene. The painter here seems to have laboured with uncommon ingenuity to produce the effect.

32. *A Famine.* A shocking display of misery and despair; the rending distresses of the poor are exquisitely finished. N. B. This piece was originally intended to have been sent to France, but, owing to the present troubles in that unhappy country, will now remain in England.

33. *Drawings of all the Towns in Holland.* N. B. They are already disposed of.

34. *Satan, the Enemy of the Human Race, in Pandemonium.*—A formidable figure, with a horrible countenance. It is supposed to be a portrait of the master himself. There certainly is a strong resemblance.

ODE.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE SLAVES AT ST. DOMINGO.

(Written in the Year 1792.)[From the *Cousier*.]

LOWLY sinks the ruddy sun,
 Sheathe the blade, the war is done;
 Cried Orrah, to his murderous band,
 Who wearied stood on Cuba's strand.
 But hark! what sound invades the ear?
 Hark!—Sheathe the blade, no danger's near:
 'T is the gasp of parting breath,
 'T is the hollow voice of death,
 'T is the sigh, the groan of those,
 Once our tyrants, once our foes.
 Loud, loud, ye fiends, shriek loud! your cries
 Pour loud! a grateful sacrifice
 To him, at whose behest ye bleed,
 Who smil'd propitious on the deed!
 And, ye hoar cliffs, that frown around,
 The echos of our shouts resound,
 While around the votive fire
 We've sooth'd the spirit of our fire.
 'T was night, when bound in servile chains,
 We sail'd from Atric's golden plains:
 The moon had reach'd its utmost height,
 Its orb disclos'd but half its light;
 Darkling clouds hung o'er the deep,
 And the hush'd murmurs seem'd to sleep.
 Sudden floating in the skies
 A shadowy cloud appear'd to rise;
 Sudden gliding o'er the flood
 The dim-seen shade before me stood;
 Through its form the moon's pale beam
 Shed a faint, a sickly gleam;
 Thrice its arm I saw it rear,
 Thrice my mighty soul did fear.
 The stillness dread a hollow murmur broke;—
 It was the Genius groan'd; and, lo!—it spoke!
 "O, my troubled spirit sighs
 When I hear my people's cries!
 Now, the blood which swells their veins
 Flows debas'd by servile chains:

Desert

Desert now my country lies;
 Moss-grown now my altars rise:
 O, my troubled spirit sighs
 When I hear my people's cries!
 Hurry, Orrah, o'er the flood,
 Bathe thy sword in Christian blood!
 Whidah * will thy side protect;
 Whidah will thy arm direct."
 Low'ring frown'd the burden'd cloud,
 Shrilly roar'd the whirlwind loud,
 Livid lightnings gleam'd on high,
 And big waves billow'd to the sky.
 Astonish'd I, in wild affright,
 Knew not 't was vanish'd from my sight;
 Whether on the storm it rode,
 Or sunk beneath the troubled flood.
 Again! along the beam-gilt tide,
 Ah! see again the spirit glide!
 It joins our triumph! on the fight
 It bursts in majesty of light.
 Mark! how it bows its wondrous head,
 And hails our deed! Ah! see—'t is fled!
 Now, now, ye cliffs, that frown around,
 The echoes of our shouts resound,
 While around the votive fire
 We've sooth'd the spirit of our fire.

**SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ALBIONITES,
 A NEWLY DISCOVERED PEOPLE IN THE GERMAN
 OCEAN.**

From the Travels of Launcelot Gulliver, Esq. F. R. S. a valuable manuscript in the British Museum. The author, who died lately, deposited it there, with a strict injunction that it should not be published entire. By the favour of one of the curators, we have, however, obtained the following extract. There being no date to it, it is not easy to say at what time it was written, nor whether the people described by the author still exist, nor whether, which we think more probable, they were not swallowed up in that ocean which nearly surrounded their coasts.

THE constitution of the Albionites is a very singular one. It has been generally thought to have been constructed upon magical principles; and

* The God whom the Africans on the Coast of Guinea worship.

indeed, while I remained among them, I had some reason to think that this was the case. If viewed through one glass, which they call *theory*, it appears full of beauty, order, and security; but there is another glass, called *practis, pratique*, or some such name, through which it appears disjointed, distorted, confused, and tottering. Nor can we wonder at this; their mode of repairing it being so curious, that perhaps there is nothing like it in the world. Their mode of propping it up, is to take something from the foundation; and whenever they apply a buttress, they undermine the wall it is meant to support. Some of their statesmen who shewed us this phenomenon, seemed to wish we should understand that it was made by magic, although we saw nothing in their countenances to induce us to think that they had a conjuror among them. It appeared to me, that this constitution, supported as I have described, is not of long standing, perhaps not more than four or five and thirty years old; but how long it may remain firm under such a novel scheme of architecture, it is impossible to say.

All European governments, it is well known, are either monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, absolute or limited, or mixed. That of the Albionites differs from all these, being what they call a Pittarchy; a word, of which I never could procure the proper meaning. Pitt, in their language, means something *deep, dark, and dangerous*; but it has so many other significations, that it is impossible to guess at the one meant. Besides the above, it means *an ambitious man, a shallow politician, a proud look, an apostate, a lover of wine, an encourager of spies, a weak minister, and a wry nose*, things which are confessedly of very opposite natures. So that all the pains I took were insufficient to attain the proper meaning. There are many other instances of this in their language, which greatly perplex strangers. The word by which they express *people* means also *swine*; and they have but one word

to express, *to petition, to grant, to remonstrate, and to squeak*. The answers to my questions respecting Pittarchy were ridiculous enough. One said, "I have a slice of the loan;" another, "My brother is promised the lottery;" and a third, "My uncle has a contract:" Expressions, which will not bear translating, there being no English idioms which correspond with them.

Notwithstanding the inability of the Albionites to explain Pittarchy, they are so remarkably attached to it, that they never fail to punish any man who endeavours to speak against it. Their punishments are chiefly calling opprobrious names, burning houses, or threatening with the gallows; nay, if a man were to go so far as to say that it is not *perfect*, he would undoubtedly be accused of an intention to dethrone the king, murder all the lords and bishops, burn towns and villages, ravish virgins, and rip up women with child. During our stay in the island, therefore, we found it necessary to be guarded in our communications with the natives; yet, in spite of all precaution, my servant had like to have got into a very ugly scrape. The poor fellow had been drinking, and the drink getting up into his head, he began to fancy himself in a Christian country, and drank *Peace on earth and good will towards men*. This created no little confusion, as they maintained that he was a spy; but I had hopes the worst was over. Next night, however, when he went to see a play, some of his pot companions recognised him, and calling out *Boo, dammee, boo* (which means God save the King), they turned him neck and heels out of the house. Not that he fared worse than some of themselves; for we were told, that a poor clergyman, who had made a discourse on these very words, was served in the same manner by about twenty or thirty of the rabble, who had disguised themselves in the *military uniform* for the purpose.

But let it not be thought that the blind attachment of the Albionites to their Pittarchy is singular. We

observed them equally enthusiastic in other matters. A neighbouring nation, or at least some of the people of it, had amused themselves for some time in throwing loose papers at such of the Albionites as they met with, upon which were written—"Neither God nor devil," "Equality," and some other strange words. The Albionites immediately took it into their heads that Pittarchy, religion, and property were in danger. They immediately declared war, shut up their shops one day for three years, and ate nothing but fish and soups. But it so happened that they were defeated in all their undertakings, and, from the origin of the war, got the name of *paper skulls*. This story appeared to me so incredible, that I made many inquiries respecting it; and although I found that it was literally true, I could not get any man to tell me what religion they were fighting for; and they expressed an indignation approaching to abhorrence, when I put such questions as, "Whether any religion could be supported by fighting? Whether a good religion did not forbid all wars that were not purely defensive? Whether the Author of the only good religion was not in an especial manner termed the *Prince of Peace*, &c. &c.?"

In England, it is notorious, that in the choice of persons to fill the highest stations either in the *state*, the *church*, or the *army*, no regard is paid to any recommendations of interest. Ability, integrity, and industry are the only qualifications by which a man can rise in these great departments. But the case is the very reverse with the people whose history I have attempted to sketch. Their statesmen are the most corrupt, weak, and idle, that can be supposed. For months together the public hear no more of them than that on such a day they dined together, or on such a day they went on a party of pleasure. Nay, if any of them, upon entering an office, happen to be possessed of any good qualities, he must get rid of them as fast as possible, which is said to be no difficult matter; otherwise

otherwise he is not deemed fit for his place. The more corrupt a statesman is, that is, the more persons he can corrupt, the more popular he is; and so very popular does he become, that he may plunge the nation into the most dangerous of all possible wars, and reduce the kingdom to the greatest distress, by carrying on that war in a manner the most weak and wicked imaginable, and yet retain his situation. Very lately, one of their statesmen, who was appointed to the government of a particular district, bargained with his colleagues that he should grant the people certain privileges which they thought themselves entitled to; but no sooner did he shew an inclination to gratify them, than his colleagues came, and, as their custom is, stuck his seat full of pins and needles, so that he was obliged to leave it. They seldom turn any man out, as is done in other countries, but they render his seat so uneasy, that he cannot sit upon it with safety; and sometimes they besmear it so with filth, that he must leave it, or be defiled.

The same system prevails in their appointment in the church and army. Hence their regiments are commanded by boys; but the lieutenants and inferior officers, it must be confessed, are men of years, and might be useful, only that it is presumption in them to offer their experience. In the church, they have a very curious plan. The man who does the most duty, or business, rarely has more than from thirty to fifty *quids* a year. A *quid* is a coin nearly equal to our guinea. He who does somewhat less has an hundred, and he who does yet less has two or three, and so on progressively till we come to those who have thousands, and who are not expected to do any duty. Living, as we are accustomed to do, in a land of wise men and philosophers, we do not grudge the opulence of the episcopal order; but leaving them out of the question, surely, miserable and contemptible must be the state of religion in that kingdom where profit is in the in-

verse ratio of merit and industry ; and where immense livings are frequently given to the most notorious scoun—. [There is part of this leaf so much torn as to be illegible.]

 CRIM. CON.

MR. BALDWIN*,

IN most of the late trials for Crim. Con. *alias* adultery, *alias* an affair of gallantry, *alias* a slip, *alias* a *faux pas*, I observe that the defence set up is, “that the husband exposed his wife to temptation, by not being sufficiently attentive to her ; or by not *guarding* her sufficiently ; or by being absent from her for a time, &c.” In some cases the juries appear to have listened to such a mode of defence ; in others it has been rejected.

Now, Mr. Baldwin, what are we married men to think of all this ? Is the fair sex become so very frail, and difficult to keep, that a husband must *guard* his wife, like a state prisoner, allow none of his friends to see her, and forbid her the use of pen and ink ? Must the Spanish system of duennas and padlocks be received in this country ? Or is my wife justified in committing *crim. con.* because I frequently invite an officer of the guards, a colonel, and some other dangerous friends, to my table ? Nay, more, cannot I take a journey into the country, upon the most urgent business, without being accused of being off my guard, and exposing my wife to temptation ?

Really, Sir, these are serious matters. I think a general meeting of husbands ought to be called, to consider what is proper to be done in such an alarming emergency. For my own part, I know not what to propose. I am often obliged to go journies of a week, and sometimes ten days at a time. To the best of my knowledge and belief, I have hitherto escaped, but

* Printer of the St. James's Chronicle.

how long I shall be able to escape, if such a mode of defence is supported in the courts of law, I know not: and if my situation be perilous, what are we to think of the officers of the land and sea service, and of captains of East Indiamen? With great piety do I repeat the prayer "for all travellers by sea or land,"—who have handsome wives. There is a necessity for this prayer, which I never before was sensible of; and which you may perceive has no connexion with storms and shipwreck.

In my humble opinion, we pay no very great compliment to the ladies, when we suppose that they want to be more closely watched and guarded *after* marriage than before it. Instances of crim. con. it is true, are abominably frequent, but it is a poor defence to insist that a husband ought to be his wife's *jailer*, and in his absence employ turnkeys to prevent her escape. That which requires so much watching is seldom worth the care and trouble of it; and small, indeed, is our security, if bolts and bars are all we have to depend on. I am, Sir, in much trepidation,

Your very much frightened humble Servant,

ANTICORNU.

SIR,

IN spite of *Anticornu's* assertion, that he has a firm reliance on the virtue of his wife, I am convinced he is some cuckold, whose connivance at the levity of his spouse has disappointed him in his expectations of enormous damages.

According to your correspondent's doctrine, Cato, in a modern *crim. con.* action, would recover heavy damages against his friend Hortensius, though Cato had obligingly lent him his wife. Cuckoldom is so lucrative a state, that the virtue of the Censor could hardly have withstood the temptation of exposing himself in a Court of Justice.

The times, Sir, are much altered since my dancing days

days. I was then an officer in the guards, and, though an acknowledged favourite of the ladies, *un homme à bonnes fortunes*. I was never insulted with law for my little gallantries. If a husband conceived himself aggrieved by his wife's conduct, he reproached her with it; and in such cases I always thought it my duty to run him through the body, or to cane him, according to the rank he held in society: thus the peace of families was preserved, and the reputation of the lady suffered nothing from her intercourse with a man of honour. These were indeed the days of chivalry. But now, as Mr. Burke says, all the decent drapery of life is rudely torn off. The man who discovers the most platonic affection between his wife and a gentleman, repairs to an attorney: Westminster Hall is immediately made acquainted with it, and the dear lady is undone, and her character is blasted for ever. This is the true levelling system; a gentleman and a scavenger are treated with no distinction. Amphitryon behaved in a different manner, when Jupiter did him the honour to spend an evening at his house.

You may say what you please on the subjects of liberty and property, but I never can believe that I am in a free country, when I am debarred the liberty of a little innocent *chit chat* with my friend's wife. My property, too, cannot be considered in safety, when every cuckold has a claim upon me for the supposed injury I have done him. No, Sir, these things are upon a better footing in France; and if they are not better arranged here, a reform in parliament at least, if not a revolution, will be necessary. For what man of fashion will step forward to support a constitution which restrains his enjoyments?

We hear no more of that stale maxim, that a virtuous woman is a treasure to her husband. If *crim. con.* continues to be so costly, I must absolutely marry to recruit my circumstances, and pay the price of my offences by the profits of my wife's transgressions.

If

If my wife should be pretty, she will be to me a treasure at all ev. nts. I may perhaps, through her means, acquire what my own merits have failed in obtaining—the colonelcy of my regiment.

Your humble Servant,
CLODIUS.

P. S. I find, by a late case, that even seduction is not allowable. Where the tyranny of Government will stop, in restraints upon our natural liberty, it is difficult to say.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Ω τοῦ κρατίστου καὶ Ποσειδῶνος Θεοῦ

Χαίρε κ' Ἀφροδίτης.

Ἄλλοι μὲν ἢ μακρὰν μάρ ἀπέχουσι Θεοί,

Ἡ οὐκ ἔχουσι ἄγα,

Ἡ οὐκ εἰσὶν, ἢ οὐ προσέχουσιν ἡμῖν οὐδὲ ἐν,

Σὲ δὲ πασσάνθ' ὀρώμεν,

Οὐ ξύλιν', οὐδὲ λίθινον, ἀλλ' ἀληθινόν·

Εὐχόμεσθα δὴ σοι,

Πρῶτον μὲν εἰρήνην ποίησον, Φίλτατε,

Κύριος γὰρ εἰ. σὺ.

ATHENÆUS, VI. p. 253. D.

SIR,

WE were discoursing the other day on the fashion once so prevalent in Rome of *deifying* those benefactors of mankind, the Emperors. A person in company observed, that it was not original, or peculiar to Rome; that many instances of it might be found in the Greek history; at the same time he mentioned Alexander the Great and Demetrius Poliorceta. The latter example not being quite so well known as the other, he informed us, that the Athenians, besides paying other compliments to Demetrius, sang an hymn to him at his entrance into Athens, from which this gentleman repeated the verses above quoted. Being requested by the unlearned part of the company to explain the verses, he gave us the following translation:

“ Hail, O son of the most powerful God Neptune, and of Venus !”

(N. B. *Son of Neptune*, in poetry, we know, signifies a King with a mighty naval power ; and *son of Venus* denotes that air of grace and dignity mixed, which is inseparable from royalty.)

“ For all other gods are either at a great distance from us, or have no ears, or exist not at all, or pay not the least attention to us : but thee we behold a present Deity, made neither of wood nor of stone, but a real God. We therefore pray thee, first of all, to give peace in our time, O dearest ; because thou only fightest for us.”

Another observed, that there was something in the general spirit of this address extremely like a late composition that had been much handed about in manuscript. The poem was read, of which I send you a copy, if it can be of any use to your paper. We all agreed, however, that the author had, with great judgment, avoided the pacific conclusion of the Greek verses, which shews that the Athenians were sorry cravens, in comparison with true British Hearts of Oak.

T. STERNHOLD.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

BY A NEW-MADE PEER.

HAIL, gracious Sire ! to thee belong
My morning pray'r, my even song ;

My heart and soul are thine :
Inspire me, while I chant thy praise,
In zealous, though in feeble lays—
And shew thy pow'r divine !

Late while I lay a senseless mass,
As dull as peasant, ox, or ass,

Unworthy note and name,
Methought thy fiat reach'd mine ear—
“ Let Mr. SCRUB become a Peer !”

And Scrub a Peer became.

Of such a change in Nature's laws
 What pow'r could be th' efficient cause,
 Inferior to a God ?

All public virtue, private worth,
 Conspicuous talents, splendid birth,
 Attend the Sov'reign's nod *.

I'm now a Member of that Court
 That settles, in the last resort,
 The business of the nation ;
 Where, since I'm kick'd up stairs by thee,
 I'll clearly prove my pedigree
 As old as the *creation* †.

But not omnipotence alone
 Adorns the owner of a throne ;
 His attributes pass counting :
 Of justice, when he hangs poor knaves,
 Of mercy, when rich rogues he saves,
 He's rightly call'd the fountain.

In part of payment for thy favours,
 I tender thee my best endeavours,
 If haply thou shalt need 'em :
 Nor shall I grudge thy shirt to air,
 For all the Bed-room Lords declare
Thy service perfect freedom.

The Devils of old, as Milton sings,
 Were angry with the King of Kings,
 And thought he'd reign'd too long ;
 Of late the herd of Gallic swine
 Dar'd to deny the right divine
 Of Kings, to govern wrong.

"Go," said the Lord, "my son, pursue
 This factious diabolic crew,
 And on them pour my ire :
 In hell, then let them count their gains,
*There dwell in adamantine chains,
 And roast in penal fire !*"

* In Latin *numen*.

† *Clown*. You were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do ; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Autolicus. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

So didst thou lend thy chosen son,
 With sword, and bayonet, and gun,
 French Atheism up to root:
 He fought, he beat, the rebels fell;
 He sent their armies all to hell—
 Or tried at least to do 't.

Yield never to such fiends accurs'd;
 Fight on, and bid them do their worst;
 And, if thy Commons still
 Shall vote thee cash to subsidize
 Our trusty, firm, sincere allies,
 We'll not reject the bill.

These truths when first we rise to speak,
 With voice irresolute and weak,
 As is the mode, we utter;
 But, in the progress of th' oration,
 Inflam'd with lordlike indignation,
 At Jacobins I sputter:—

“ My *Lads*, you've heard a noble *Lad*
 Wisely advise to shed more blood;
 For who that wears a star,
 While honour in this House survives,
 Values a ruff plebeian lives?
 I therefore vote for war.

“ What! leave Religion in the lurch!
 No:—sink our commerce—save the church;
 Nor spare men, money, nor ship;
 Fresh millions after millions sing—
 For, if we lose our Church and King,
 What will be left to worship?

“ My *Lords*, the Reverend Peers in lawn
 Have laid their precious souls in pawn
 Upon the war's success;
 These wizards know a curious spell,
 Which rightly us'd, will Heaven compel
 The British arms to bless.

“ Let ev'ry soul forbear to treat
 His hungry maw with drink or meat,
 On We'n'day next till e'en;
 The grumbling of our famish'd inwards
 (So 't is decreed by holy synods)
 Cures God Almighty's spleen.”

But

But I digress. — *Whoever wishes* *
 To share the treat of loaves and fishes,
 The Courtier's faith must cherish;
 Which faith, unless each mother's child
 Keep pure and whole, and undefil'd,
 He shall most surely perish!

All epithets of God to thee
 Belong in th' infinite degree,
 Just, powerful, good, and wise;
 And what behov'd me first to sing,
 As God's eternal, is the King
 Of England never dies.

Then hymn his praise, ye chosen few,
 Whom he vouchsafes a nearer view
 Of his effulgent glory;
 Avaunt, ye Whigs! no peace expect,
 For none is number'd with th' elect,
 Except an arrant Tory.

This faith, like Vicar erst of Bray,
 I'll hold until my dying day,
 And persevere stedfast in:
 And who so dare gainsay or scoff
 The smallest particle thereof,
 Be damn'd to everlasting.

ATHANASII SYMBOLUS.

ROYAL INTERVIEW OF A MAYOR.

DURING the reign of King James II. and when the people were much oppressed and burdened with taxes, that Monarch made a very expensive tour through England; and on his return he slept at the Palace of Winchester. The Mayor and Corporation, for the honour done them by this royal visit, determined to address his Majesty in the morning; but as the Mayor could neither read nor write, it was agreed that the Recorder should prompt him on the occasion.

Accordingly, being introduced into the Royal pre-

* *Quisunque vult.*

fence, and every thing ready for the ceremony, the Recorder, by way of encouraging the Mayor, who appeared awkward and embarrassed, gently jogged his elbow, and at the same time whispered in his ear, "Hold up your head—look like a man." The Mayor, mistaking this for the beginning of the speech, stared the King boldly in the face, and with a loud voice repeated, "Hold up your head—look like a man." The Recorder, amazed at this behaviour, again whispered the Mayor, "What the devil do you mean?" The Mayor, in the same manner, instantly repeated "What the devil do you mean?" The Recorder, chagrined at this untoward circumstance, and fearing his Majesty's displeasure, still whispered in the Mayor's ear, "By G—d, Sir, you'll ruin us all!" which the Mayor taking to be a continuance of the speech, and still staring the King in the face, with a louder voice than before, repeated, "By G—d, Sir, you'll ruin us all." The King, on this, rose with some anger; but being informed of the cause of this rough address, his Majesty was pleased to pass it by with a smile, and the Corporation was perfectly satisfied with the honour done them.

TRIAL OF THE MUTINEERS

OF THE PATRICIAN AND ST. STEPHEN'S, LYING AT
PALACE-YARD.

[From the True Briton.]

THE Court Martial was held in the great cabin of the *Britannia*, and consisted of the following Members :

The Hon. Admiral NATIONAL JUSTICE, President ;	
Capt. Loyalty,	Capt. Courage,
Capt. Patriotism,	Capt. Candour,
C. pt. Conscience,	Capt. Humanity,
Capt. Religion,	Capt. Honour,
C. pt. Liberty,	Capt. Public Spirit, and
Capt. Order,	Capt. Common sense.

The

The Commission having been read by the Judge Advocate (Mr. Sergeant Vigilance), empowering the Court to inquire into the conduct of the crews of the two above-mentioned ships ;

* *Francis B—f—d*, supernumerary seaman in the *Patrician*, was brought to the bar.

The charges were then read, setting forth that he, with others of his own ship, and part of the crew of the *St. Stephen's*, having laid aside all regard for the interest and welfare of their King and Country, had long been endeavouring, wickedly, ambitiously, and avariciously, *to raise a mutiny for increase of pay*; to dismiss their officers; forcibly to usurp the command of their respective ships; and, in case of failure, had resolved (which it has pleased God providentially to prevent) either to carry them into an enemy's port like traitors, or to blow them up like desperadoes.

The prisoner pleaded *Not Guilty*. Captain Loughborough, commander of the *Patrician*, was called as first witness for the prosecution.

Q. Do you know the prisoner?—A. Yes.

Q. Relate to the court what you know of his conduct.—A. I believe he has been corrupted by others. When he first came on board, I observed him frequently on the larboard side of the ship, where a few who always opposed their officers, were accustomed to hold their meetings. Being then only a seaman, and not suspecting they had any improper design, I used sometimes to attend them myself. They saw he was vain of his talents, and fond of money, and accordingly flattered him, and told him what a capital speechifier he would make, and how easily he might get an *increase of pay* for them all, by raising the crew against their officers, till they got the thoughtless lad to put himself at their head.

Q. Was he chosen a delegate?—A. Yes; he went

* Probably meant for the Duke of Bedford.

frequently, as a delegate, on board the *Crown and Anchor*, Captain Whig, where he sat more than once as president, and had his toasts and speeches printed.

Q. Were you on board the *Patrician*, May the 3d?
—A. Yes.

Q. Was the prisoner particularly active?—A. Yes. When the mutiny at Portsmouth was first whispered aboard our ship, some of the officers, who saw that he was going to mount the quarter-deck and speak, advised him for God's sake to say nothing about it; but he swore by God he would speak, and not miss so glorious an opportunity to get their heels tript up; adding, that he would consider the mutiny at Portsmouth as no misfortune, and the navy might go to the devil, provided he could make it the means of getting them turned about their business, and himself and his friends appointed to command in their stead.

Q. How long did he continue this violent language?
—A. Why, when he saw that almost the whole ship's company disapproved of his conduct, and read in the newspapers that the nation, to a man, condemned it, he began to lower his tone, and to say that no one was a better friend to good discipline, and the defence of his country, than he; that, for his part, he had found himself compelled to speak as he did, but that he could now bear a hand and assist the officers with all his heart.

Cross-examined by the Prisoner.

Q. Does the witness believe I would have carried the ship into an enemy's port?—A. He never directly said he would; nor, if it were directly proposed to him, do I believe he would agree; but he suffers himself to be led by those who certainly would: and, in his blind pursuit of pay and power, he has neither understanding nor coolness to perceive the consequences of their conduct, and therefore he would be within the mouth of Brest harbour before he saw his error, or attempted to put the ship about.

Q. (By

Q. (By the Court)—What should have made the prisoner so eager for increase of pay? Is he straitened, or his family large?—A. He has no family, and is the richest seaman in the fleet.

Q. How did he get his wealth?—A. From his forefathers, who, before the discipline of the navy was fixed, by a justifiable resistance to improper orders, procured the present excellent regulations to be established.

Q. Do you think a wish to imitate them was his motive?—A. I have no doubt his flatterers made use of this argument, and he is silly enough not to see that his forefathers, if they lived now, would act a part directly the reverse of his, and bleed again to preserve that admirable discipline which they purchased with their blood, and which he is wantonly and blindly endeavouring to destroy. (Witness removed.)

Lieutenants Grenville and Portland, and Charles Liverpool, able seamen of the *Patrician*, confirmed the evidence of the Captain.

The prisoner, being told he might proceed with his defence, addressed the Court, assuring them that, through the whole, he had been actuated by nothing but regard for the service and for his country, as he hoped to make appear.

He then called *James L—d—le**, a seaman lately dismissed from the *Patrician*, for misbehaviour. This witness gave the prisoner a most extravagantly high character; and concluded by saying, he believed the fleet would never prosper till he was placed at the head of it.

Cross-examined by the Court.

Q. In what ships have you served?—A. I was some time in the *St. Stephen's*, and afterwards turned over to the *Patrician*.

Q. For what crime were you dismissed?—A. Please your honours, it was all a mistake. I one day went

* Probably meant for Lord Lauderdale.

aboard the enemy's ship *Convention*, to dine with Captain Briffot, who was my *particular friend*, and the ship's company gave out that I wanted to desert, and so had me dismissed.

Q. What did you plead in your defence?—A. I told them my friend Captain Briffot was not only the ablest seaman, but the most virtuous man in the world, and that, if I had been able to borrow a few of his regulations, and his book of signals, it would have been of the greatest advantage to our service; but they found out that he had one bad habit, which they happened to discover, of which, however, he was cured.

Q. What was that?—A. Beheading his superior officers.

Q. How was he cured?—A. By being beheaded himself.

Q. Have you never tried to get employment again?—A. I wanted to be employed in my old ship *Patrician*, by getting the birth of a man whom I laid hold of as he was going up the ship's side; but he being stronger, pushed me overboard: and I lately endeavoured to be appointed *hangman* to the *London*, but the crew hissed and hustled me out at the quarter gallery. In short, my desire for employment is so strong, that if your honours would recommend me, I would accept of the lowest station, even that of powder-monkey to a fire-ship, for which I think myself particularly qualified.

The petulant manner of this witness seemed to make his evidence have little weight with the Court.

The prisoner having examined several men from the *St. Stephen's*, as to his general character, and an old woman, *Nancy M—y—d*, who said she always considered him as a man *at bottom*, finished his defence, and was removed.

In a short time, he was brought again to the bar, and the President addressed him thus:

President.—"The Court having considered the evidence with the utmost impartiality, unanimously find you guilty

guilty of all the charges, and hereby adjudge you disqualified to serve his Majesty in any capacity whatsoever."

The prisoner cried much on receiving sentence; but we are sorry to add, that immediately on being dismissed from the bar, he joined some of his old associates, and soon grew as clamorous as before against his officers, and as desirous to embarrass and disturb them in the exercise of their duty.

The Court rose, having agreed to try the mutineers of the *St. Stephen's* next day.

Francis B—f—d is a tall good-looking man, and would have much the appearance of a gentleman, if he did not wear his hair cropt, and without powder.

POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

KING and Constitution.—The present heaven-born Administration, their friends and families.

Disaffection to the King.—Whatever points out the grievances of the People, and endeavours to remove a weak or wicked Minister.

A Sower of Sedition.—A man who digs potatoes*.

The Licentiousness of the Press.—Its truth.

Prudence and Economy.—An increase of taxes, to lavish the treasure upon favourites.

Subversion of the Constitution.—Petitions for Reform.

Laws agreeable to the Constitution.—Acts to deprive us of the gift of speech.

The Sense of the Kingdom.—The voice of the Minister.

Religion.—A bloody war, carried on in contempt of the spirit of Christianity.

* In an Irish proclamation, it was stated, that the populace of certain parts of the country had been guilty of sedition, by *digging* potatoes, &c. They had assembled in great numbers to dig the potatoes of persons confined on suspicion of treason.

Rewards of Merit.—Places and pensions to apostate Whigs.

Regard for the Dignity of the Crown.—Support of Mr. Pitt.

An Enemy to his Country.—A person solicitous to save it from destruction.

Humanity.—A manufacture of widows and orphans, instituted Jan. 1793, and still flourishing.

National Debt.—Indemnity for the past, and security for the future.

A true Englishman.—A man without eyes and ears.

Negotiation for Peace.—A method of raising a loan.

Regard for the Poor.—Clothing our soldiers in flannel.

High Consideration.—“Kiss my — *.”

An able Negotiator.—One who does nothing, and who has nothing to do.

Full Power.—That of dispatching couriers †.

Abuses.—The most valuable part of a constitution, and which every good subject is bound to defend by his life.

Parliamentary Reform.—In Scotland, a short passage to Botany Bay.

Flourishing State.—A state of unparalleled degradation and disgrace.

Inexhaustible Resources.—Raising money at 12 per cent.

A Friend to the French.—A person who wished to make peace with advantage and honour.

Spirit of the Laws.—Any construction that a lawyer may give them.

Starvation.—A curious experiment, which, after being tried in America and France, has succeeded tolerably well at home.

* The bitter and insulting notes that passed between Charles de Lacroix and Lord Malmesbury, always ended with “*High Consideration.*”

† In allusion to Lord Malmesbury sending couriers to his court, before he answered any proposition of the French negotiators.

Barracks.—Symptoms of loyalty.

Social Order.—Absolute monarchy, and a military government.

Corruption.—Reasoning.

Convincing Arguments.—Any sum from 500*l.* to 5000*l.* a year.

ORGIES OF BACCHUS.

PART I.

SIR,

I LEARN from your paper, that an expression in Mr. Friend's pamphlet, "*The orgies of Bacchus,*" has been much bandied about. As I apprehend that many of your readers may be in as great doubt as I was, concerning these same *orgies of Bacchus*, I hope the following brief sketch will not displease them. In drawing up this account, I have had recourse to my two excellent friends, the Rev. Thomas Kipling, would-be Professor of Divinity to his Majesty, and Thomas Taylor, self-created Polytheist of Great Britain. These two amazing men, *quos longe sequor et vestigia semper adoro*, have kindly condescended to chalk out the plan of the following dissertation, and to furnish me with several valuable hints for its conduct. Let me here indulge myself in giving a short character of these two worthies.—The one, by the mere force of genius, without the slightest tincture of learning, has *founded all the depths and shoals of Christian theology*; the other, without staying to learn even the inflexions of Greek words, has plunged to the very bottom of Pagan philosophy, *taught by the heavenly muse to venture down the dark descent, and up to reascend, though hard and rare*. But to business.

There are some rumours, indeed, of Bacchus being an Egyptian, but I shall lay no stress upon them. What gave rise to these rumours, is probably the fact which Apollodorus relates, that he sojourned some time
in

in Egypt. The common opinion is, that he was the son of Jupiter, king of gods and men, by Semele, a mortal female of Thebes. This system, while it was defended by his disciples and followers, was denied or ridiculed by the profane. In this latter number were some of his own family, who asserted, that Bacchus was no more a child of Jupiter than themselves; but that "Semele (a), having been too well acquainted with some mortal man, dignified her disgrace by calling Jupiter the father of the child." Of this injury Bacchus complains in very pathetic terms, and threatens to make them smart for their incredulity. "For (b) which reason," says he, "I have put on a mortal appearance, and have changed my form into the nature of a man," or, as he expresses it elsewhere, "I have changed myself to an human form from a god." Among the obstinate unbelievers were Alcithoë and her sisters, who denied that Bacchus was the son of Jupiter, and had the impudence to work, after the priest had given orders for a general holyday (c). Ovid is rather too luxuriant in his description for an historian; so he tells us, in his allegorical style, that these unfortunate sisters were changed into bats; other authors say, into owls and bats (see Antonius Liberalis, in his tenth story); but take either account, the meaning is equally clear. These poor girls, for daring to speak their minds, were so persecuted by the drunken mob, who called themselves Bacchanalians, that they

(a) Δόνυσον οὐκ ἔφασκον ἐκφῆσαι Διός.
Σαμέλῃν δὲ συμφειθεῖσαν ἐκ θεοῦ τινος,
Εἰς Ζῆν ἀναφέρειν τὴν ἀμαρτίαν λέγεις Eurip. Bacch. 26.

(b) Ὡς οὐνεκ' εἶδος θεῶν ἀλλάξας ἔχω
Μορφὴν τ' ἐμὴν μετέβαλον εἰς ἀνδρὸς φύσιν. Bacch. 53.
Μορφὴν ἀμείψας ἐκ θεοῦ βροτοῖσιν. Bacch. 4.

(c) At non Alcinoe Mnytiæ orgia censet
Accipienda Dei; sed adhuc temeraria Bacchum
Progeniem negat esse Jovis.
— festum celebrare sacerdos —

Jussurat.

Ovid, Metamorph. IV. init.

were

were fain to shun the haunts of men, and hide themselves from the light, in holes and corners. But neither did this stop the mouths of the scoffers. Pentheus derided the claims of this new god, and denied the divinity of his cousin. You may easily guess the fate of such an unbeliever; for the sect of Bacchanians, while they were weak, were persecuted, and, when they grew strong, persecuted others; which is perfectly natural. Indeed Tiresias, the wizard (who, by the by, was as blind as a beetle), foretold as much to the young man. "Unless," (*d*) quoth he, "you honour this Bacchus with temples, your mangled limbs shall be scattered in a thousand places, and your mother and aunts shall be stained with your blood." Grandfire Cadmus, too, gave sound advice to the headstrong young man; but he was resolute, and would not be ruled. It will do your heart good to hear the old gentleman's arguments in behalf of occasional conformity. "Supposing," (*e*) says he, that this person is not a god, as you say that he is not, let him pass for one with you, and tell a splendid lie, that he is; partly for Semele's credit, that she may have the reputation of being brought to bed of a god; partly for ours, that honour may redound to the whole clan." But all these reasonings were thrown away upon Pentheus. Wherever the spirit of enthusiasm takes possession of the human mind, it extinguishes all sentiments of mercy, and all the charities of relationship. Pentheus was torn in pieces (according to the prophecy of Tiresias, which probably was the cause of its own completion) by a gang of female devotees, and his mother and her

(*d*) Quem nisi templorum fueris dignatus honore,
Mille lacer spargere locis; et sanguine fixas
Fœdabis, matremq; tuam, matrisque sorores.

Ovid. Met. III. 521.

(*e*) Καὶ μὴ γὰρ ἔστιν ὁ θεὸς οὐδὲς, ἄν σὺ φῆς,
Παρά σοι λεγέσθω καὶ καταψύδου καλῶς,
'Ὡς ἔστι Σαμίλη θ' ἵνα δοκῆ θεὸν τεκεῖν,
'Ἡμῖν τι τιμῆ, παντὶ τῷ γένει προση.

Euryp. Bacch. 333.

sisters were in at the death. It is scarcely worth while to observe, that Bacchus recommended to his followers to take now and then a sup of the juice of the grape.

In the mean time the worship of Bacchus throve mightily. The frisks and gambols of his votaries were called *orgies*; which signifies, that passion had a greater share in them than reason; and *mysterics*, that is to say, secrets, which could only be understood by the initiated. From Greece these mysteries passed to Rome, concerning which hear Dr. Taylor (*f*).—“The Bacchanalian mysteries, a scheme of Greek extraction, had lately made their way into Rome. The main ingredient in them, in order to practise upon the weakness and curiosity of the vulgar, was the possession of a secret, communicable to none but the initiated. They were gilded over with professions of a religious worship, to support their credit, and in a short time became the fashion; and that perhaps prevailed over every other consideration beside,” &c. &c. Livy (*g*), whom Dr. Taylor quotes on this occasion, tells us, that very severe laws were made by the Romans against those who frequented *the orgies of Bacchus*.

Pass we now to a grand, a leading, I may say a necessary feature in the character of Bacchus—his descent into hell. For, as John Beaumont observes, in his *Gleanings of Antiquities* (*h*), “no great man occurs in the poets, but he sometimes descended into hell.” Now all your authors are unanimous that Bacchus descended into hell. The mere descent, to be sure, is a trifle. “Easy,” says Virgil (*i*), “is the descent of Avernum; all nights and days is the portal of gloomy Dis open; but to return and view the cheerful skies, in this

(*f*) Elements of Civil Law, p. 549, ed. 3.

(*g*) XXXIX. 13.

(*h*) Jortin's Tracts, vol. ii, p. 506.

(*i*) *Æneid*. VI. 126.

the task and mighty labour lies. A few, for whom Jupiter has shewn a distinguished affection, or whose glowing virtue has exalted to heaven; a few, born of the gods, have enjoyed this privilege."

Aristophanes, in his *Frogs*, gives a particular account of the circumstances of Bacchus's descent; which, if must confess, is rather comical. Bacchus disguises himself like Hercules, and is by the inhabitants of the infernal regions taken for Hercules. Perhaps Virgil's muse (*) saw Bacchus in this dress, and mistook him for that hero; and indeed there is a considerable likeness between Bacchus and Hercules. Hercules was begotten by Jupiter, upon the wife of a mortal man, Amphitryon, to wit. Only observe how exactly the description corresponds. "At thy approach the Stygian lakes and the porter trembled." Now that you mention Amphitryon, it is curious to see into what a passion the poor man put himself, upon learning that some stranger had made his wife a mother, till he was informed that the stranger was Jupiter. The whole matter is related by that accurate historian, Plautus. See particularly Act IV. Sc. I. Horace transiently mentions this expedition of Bacchus; but he only says; that Cerberus behaved very gently, and crouched to him with the most abject submission. Apollodorus informs us; that men, finding Bacchus to be a god, worshipped him. His fame penetrated even into India; and pillars have been found there which record his exploits. Apollodorus adds (1), that, when he visited hell, he rescued his mother, and carried her up to heaven.

Here, Sir, I finish my scrap of mythology. In these ticklish times, when to look or think awry is an unpardonable crime, which can be expiated only by fine,

(*) *Æneid*. VIII. 296. Te Stygii tremuere lacus, te janitor Orci.

(1) 'Ο δέ, ἀναγαγὼν ἐξ ἔρου τὴν μητέρα—μὲν αὐτῆς εἰς οὐρανὸν ἀνήλθεν.
Apollodor. III. 5. 3.

banishment, or derance, we are not yet, I trust, prohibited from the discussion of philological questions. Talk of religion, it is odds but you have infidel, blasphemer, atheist, or schismatic, thundered in your ears; touch upon your politics, you will be in luck if you are only charged with a *tendency to treason*. To wish that things may be better, is to assert, by *innuendo*, that they are bad; and whoever dares to disapprove of the present war, is a *deviler of sedition, and ought to have his right hand struck off, pursuant to an Act of Parliament made in the reign of Edward I.* a statute which is not yet repealed (m). Nor is the innocence of your intention any safeguard. It is not the publication that gives the character of the author, *but the character of the author that gives the tendency of the publication*. I have therefore endeavoured to steer clear of all these rocks. I have sent you a simple recital of an ancient fable, and if it be received with approbation, shall perhaps from time to time transmit similar communications. If my paper is dull, it is at the same time perfectly harmless; if it is not recommended by the elegancies of composition, it is at least free from the contagion of pernicious opinions; and though it may fail of conveying amusement or instruction, it cannot possibly give offence or scandal.

MYTHOLOGUES.

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ORGIES OF BACCHUS.

PART II.

SIR,

PERHAPS you may remember, or perhaps you may have forgotten, that some time ago I sent you a short account of the *Orgies of Bacchus*. I chose this subject for two reasons; first, because it had of late been frequently mentioned; secondly, because I thought

(m) An infamous paragraph to this purpose lately appeared in one of the public papers.

it totally unconnected with any public question, religious or political. But I begin now to perceive, that I reckoned without my host. The principle *Nestor* of *Saie* has been applied to my innocent lucubration with a vengeance. Though I knew that the Morning Chronicle was by many reputed a seditious, jacobinical paper, I never dreamed that this character pervaded the whole of the work, but that it affected such parts only as might seem to animadvert on the *supposed* defects and abuses of the constitution. *Supposed*, I repeat; for I believe there are no *real* defects or abuses. I and Mr. Dymock defy to equal combat all malecontents who find flaws in the British government and the British King's title. *Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I have sent an article to that factious Journal, the Morning Chronicle. Who can touch pitch, and not be defiled?* Accordingly, the defenders of liberty and property (of their own, I mean) took the alarm. Mr. Chairman Reeves found out that the dissertation aforesaid did, by dangerous insinuations, hint doubts concerning the Prince of Wales's hereditary right to the Crown, and even glanced here and there at CÆSAR himself. Is not this a brave fellow to see through a mill-stone? If these charges could be made good by evidence, I dare say, this champion of the best possible system of government would shower down his tender mercies plentifully upon the offender's head. But my Lord Chief Justice of Newfoundland's reasoning is so humorous and diverting, that I shall give you a taste of it for your entertainment. I had observed from the legend, that "Bacchus was the son of Jupiter, king of gods and men."—"Here," says this able expounder, "Jupiter plainly signifies his most gracious Majesty George the Third, (whom God long preserve!) For mark the next words—'King of gods and men.'—Can any good subject doubt, that by 'King of gods and men,' this rascal means, *The Supreme in Church and State*, the legal title of the King.

of England? But as if this were not enough, the libeller proceeds, and adds, 'by a mortal female.' Here he drops the mask, and discloses jacobinical sentiments in all their virulence. Here that horrid and diabolical position stares you full in the face, with all its native ugliness, *That a Queen, Heavens bless us! is no more than a woman—A MORTAL FEMALE* *. Here is no need of innuendoes, implications, parallels, constructions, double meanings, &c. engines which we lawyers are sometimes obliged, in default of evidence, to employ for the public good. Here is treason in terms. Oh! Mr. Mythologist, you must not think of insulting with impunity whatever is great and venerable. But hear the libeller again: 'When he visited hell, he rescued his mother, and carried her up with him to heaven,' i. e. during our amiable Sovereign's malady, the Prince of Wales and the Queen were associated in the Regency." But I dare say you have had enough of this learned Judge in his comments. Let me now proceed in my defence.

There are so many authors who have written concerning Bacchus (and they differ so widely with respect to his birth, parentage, education, and the circumstances of his life in general), that if I had engaged to repeat every thing that has been said of him, I must have written a large book instead of a short letter. I endeavoured to avoid prolixity, and was therefore content with selecting some few of the most important particulars. If, then, any other person, more sagacious or malignant than usual, should be able to squeeze a dangerous meaning out of my First Part, he will be utterly foiled, if he tries to wrest the additional circumstances to his purpose. I hope that you will insert this supplement as soon as you can, since Bishop Horsley, I am told, declares, that the First Part is an

* "On this scheme of things, a king is but a man; a queen is but a woman." — *Burke's Reflections*, p. 114.

infamous attack on the doctrine and discipline of the church of England.

1. I omitted to observe (for I was unwilling to be personal), that the main objection of the governing powers to the *Orgiasts of Bacchus*, was, that their meetings were by night. From this they argued, that they were devoted to drunkenness and debauchery. The votaries of Bacchus, it is true, denied this charge with great vehemence, though they confessed the fact of the nightly meetings. (a) "Of what sort are your orgies?" asks Pentheus, "and in what manner are they performed?"—"They are not to be divulged to the uninitiated," answers the Bacchant. "Are they performed by day or night?" interrogates Pentheus.—"By night, for the most part," replies the other; "much solemnity in your night and darkness."—"This," says Pentheus, "is deceitful and suspicious with regard to the women." This peculiarity it was that gave such an edge to the persecution. The Romans too were in equal dread of nocturnal assemblies, when they prohibited the orgies of Bacchus, and were actuated with the same apprehensions of debauchery and sedition, as we learn from Livy, before quoted. For my part, I never believe above half what the world says. But it does appear that these promiscuous nightly meetings had excited some scandal even among those who were hearty well-wishers to the cause.

2. A band of the giants rebelled against Jupiter, intending to expel him from his throne.

—Them th' Almighty Power.

Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,

With hideous ruin and combustion, down

To bottomless perdition.—

In this task he was assisted by several other deities; but

(a) Π. Τὰ δ' ὄργῃ ἐστὶν ἰδίαν ἔχοντά σοι,

Δ. Ἀρίστη ἀβήχῃ δόλοισι τοῖσι εὐδίναι βροτῶν.—Euripid. Bacch. 471.

Π. Τὰ δ' ἰερὰ νόμιμα ἢ μὲθ' ἡμῶν τελεῖται;

Δ. Νόμιμα τὰ πολλὰ, σιμυθῆντι ἔχει σέβητος,

Π. Ταῦτ' εἰς γυναῖκες δόλοισι ἐστὶ καὶ σάβητον.

his two principal auxiliaries (*b*) were his son Bacchus, and his daughter Minerva, or the goddess of Wisdom. I may perhaps forget, if I do not mention it now, the manner of Minerva's birth. She came forth full armed from the head of Jupiter, and was always supposed to be his best beloved daughter. I shall presently have occasion to apply this history.

3. I omitted to observe, that several accounts (*c*) make Bacchus the son of Jupiter and Proserpine. This Proserpine was doubtless an extraordinary personage. For though she was not only married, but also had Jupiter for a gallant, she enjoyed the title of ΚΟΡΗ, or *Virgin*; given her by way of eminence. For instance; Arrian (*d*), in his Expedition of Alexander, informs us, that the Athenians worship a Bacchus, the son of Jupiter and the *Virgin*.

4. Perhaps you may think this title somewhat strange; and to us indeed it may have an odd appearance; but meditate a while on what Callimachus says (*e*)—"If thou knowest God, know also that every thing is possible to the Deity." Lest, therefore, you should stare, I thought fit to prepare you with the account of Jupiter's breeding Minerva. But Juno's case is still more in point: She was so enraged at this *Lucina sine Venere*, that in revenge she brought forth Mars, without violating her chastity (*f*).—"If Jupiter," says she, "is become a father, neglecting the use of a wife, and

(b) Γίγαντας—οὗς ἑστῶς ἀπὸ Διὸς ἀναίρεισθαι, ὑπογόνῳ Κορῆς ἠδὲ Περσεφίδος καὶ Διονύσου μετὰ τῶν ἄλλων θεῶν. Diodor. Sicul. III. 69. — Horace also bears testimony to the prowess of Bacchus on this occasion, Carm. II. 19, 21.

(c) Diodor. Sicul. III. 64.

(d) Καὶ τὸν ἐκ τῆς Κόρης Διὸς υἱὸν εἶναι καὶ ΚΟΡΗΝ εἰς Βουκάλῳ. Arrian Exp Alex. II. 16.

(e) — εἰ θεὸν εἶδα,

Ἴδ' ὅτι καὶ μέγας δαίμων, ἦν ἀναλόν.—Callimach. Fragm. 267.

(f) Si pater est factus, — neglecto conjugis usu,
Jupiter; et nomen salus. Atque tenet;

Car ego desperem fieri sine conjugis mater,

Et parere intacto, damnosocasta, uero &c. Ovid. Fast. IV. 239.

claims to himself the name of each parent, why should I despair to become a mother without an husband, and to have a child while I remain chaste and unaided by a male?" And for what relates to Proserpine's remaining a virgin after her delivery, recollect what Pausanias (g) tells us of a fountain in Nauplia called Canathus, in which Juno, by bathing once a year, renews her virginity. Lastly, all the world knows that Minerva preserved perpetual virginity, and yet Domitian, the best of princes in his day, was her son. At least he told the people so himself, and he said he cared not who knew it. The fact, indeed, was so generally acknowledged (h), that the mayor of Tarentum was imprisoned for not inserting a clause to that effect in the public prayers.

5. After all, you may perhaps doubt the truth of this story, which makes Bacchus the son of Proserpine. Doubt, if you please. How can I help it? I am a plain simple historian. It is my business to set down facts as I find them. I tell you my tale and my tale's author. If it be a lie, you have it as cheap as I. Pausanias, I confess, with a crowd of other writers, makes Semele or Thyone the mother of Bacchus. Add here I must allow that the second part of the parallel, which the learned Judge Reeves has drawn, is not without a face of probability, as it now stands. I mean what Apollodorus relates "of Bacchus rescuing his mother out of hell, and carrying her up into heaven." I beg leave, therefore, to correct myself by the following addition: Apollodorus is contradicted by Pausanias (i),

(g) Καὶ χιμῆνες εἶεν ἐν Ναυπλίᾳ καὶ πηγή Κανάθος καλομένη. ἐν ταύτῃ τῷ ἕρῳ φασὶν Ἀργεῖοι κατὰ ἔτος λαμβάνειν παρθένον ἡγεσθαι.

Pausan. II. 38. p. 201.

(h) Ἐπίκουρος δ' αὖ φησὶ καλῶς γεγραπὸς φησὶν, ἐπιπέδη θέναν ἐν Τάραντι, οὐδ' ἔρχετο, μὴ προσέθῃται ταῖς δημοσίαις ἠσχαῖς, ὅτι Δοματιανὸς Ἀθηναῖς εἶν καί.

Philostrat. Vit. Apollon. Tyant. vii. 24. p. 304.

(i) Καὶ φασὶν ἐξ ἔδου Σεμέλην ὑπὸ Διὸς ἵκνου κομίσθαι ταύτην—ἐγὼ δὲ Σεμέλην μὲν οὐδὲ ἀποθανεῖν ἀρχὴν κείσομαι, Διὸς γὰρ εἶσα.

Pausan. II. 31. p. 183.

whose words are these: "Here they say that Semele was carried out of hell by Bacchus; but I believe that Semele never died at all, being, as she is, the wife of Jupiter." And now may I presume to hope that I have rendered the passage quite unexceptionable?

6. Some parents made use of these *orgies of Bacchus* as a convenient argument to bar young people (particularly daughters) from wedlock; by pretending that their children had already devoted themselves and their virginity to Bacchus. Thus Amata (*k*), in Virgil, to prevent her daughter Lavinia's nuptials with Æneas, declares that the girl had sworn allegiance to the God, and nourished her hair to be consecrated to him.

7. But if Bacchus had done nothing else, it is enough to immortalize his name, that he invented that covering for the head, called *the mitre*, from which mitre, says Diodorus Siculus (*l*), kings afterwards took their diadem. An hymn or epigram on Bacchus (*m*), calls him, among other epithets, *χρυσομίτης*, or *Lord of the Golden Mitre*, which seems to contain some mystical meaning; but this point I leave to the more learned in allegory.

8. Bacchus wrought, wherever he went, a great number of wonders. It would be tedious to recount them all; I shall only mention two or three of the most notable. The most characteristic was certainly his furnishing his companions with a marvellous supply

(*k*) Quin etiam in silvas, stimulo numine Bacchi,
 Mâjus adorta nefas, majoremque ossa furorem,
 Evolat, et natam frondosis montibus abdit,
 Quo thalimum eripiat Teucris, tædæque moretur:
 Evæ Bacche, frenens; solum te Virgine dignum
 Vociferans; etenim molles tibi sumere thyrsos,
 Te lustrare choro, sacrum tibi pascere crinem.

Virgil. Æn. VII. 385.

(*l*) Διαδεδίσθαι λέγουσιν αὐτὸν μίτρα τὴν κεφαλὴν, ἀφ' ἧς αἰτίας καὶ μνησφόρον νομάζεισθαι, ἀπὸ δὲ ἰαυλῆς τῆς μίτρας ὑστερον παρὰ τοῖς βασιλεῦσι κατὰδαιχθῆναι τοῦ διάδημα φασί.

(*m*) Antholog. Lib. I. cap. 38. epigr. 11.

of wine and other good things (*n*). Our old friend Pausanias here again helps me out (*o*): "The Andrians say, that at their annual feast of Bacchus, wine flows spontaneous from the temple." In general, you may observe, that whenever any eminent person becomes famous for a wonder-worker, his successors will always claim to themselves the same powers and privileges which he was supposed to enjoy. Another gift that Bacchus bestowed on his favourites, was to handle serpents without hurt (*p*): and another, still more valuable, was, that when they were closely confined in the strongest prisons (*q*), their fetters would fall off, the doors of the prison open of their own accord, and leave the Bacchanalians free to pursue their *orgies*.

* * * * *

I have now, I trust, completely vindicated myself from the charge of disloyalty to the HEIR APPARENT; and I beg leave to add a few words on the subject of innuendos. If we go on as we have begun, it will be impossible for a man to write or speak without incurring the danger of a prosecution, either for a private or

(*n*) 'Ρεῖ δὲ γάλακτι πῖδον,
'Ρεῖ δ' οἴνω, ῤεῖ δὲ μελισσῶν.
Νίκηλαρι.

Euripid. Bacch. 142.

* Ἄλλη δὲ γάρθηκε εἰς πῖδον καθήκε γῆρας.

Καὶ μῦθε κρήνην ἔξαγῆκε δίνου θύος, κ. σ. λ.—Euripid. Bacch. 142.

Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyadas,

Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes

Cantare iivos, atque truncis

Lapsa cavis iterare mella.—Horat. Carm. II. 19. 9.

(*o*) Λέγουσι δὲ καὶ Ἄνδριοι περὶ τῆος σφίσιν ἐς Ἴον Διονύσου. Ἦν ἐορτήν.
εἰν οἶνον αὐθόματον ἐκ τοῦ ἱεροῦ.—Pausan. VI. 26. p. 518.

(*p*) Ὀφιοὶ καλεζώμενοι ἰο λυχμῶσιν ἰγίρη.—Eurip. Bacch. 698.

Nodo coercēs viperino

Bistonidum sine fraude crines.—Horat. Carm. II. 19. 19.

(*q*) Πέτοθα δὶνά διαπέφυγέ μ' ὁ ξένος,

* Ὅς ἔβρι δισμαῖς ἦν κρήνησασμίνους.—Eurip. Bacch. 643.

Protinus abstractus solidis, Tyrrhenus Accetes

Clauiditur in tectis; et dum crudelia iuste

Instrumenta necis, ferrumque ignesque parantur;

Sporite sua patuisse fores, lapiscu lacertis,

Sporite sua fama est, nullo solvente, catenas.—Ovid. Met. III. 696.

public libel. I was amusing myself lately with writing a set of fables, partly translated, and partly original. While the rough copy of some of these fables lay on my table, who should come into my garret, before I had time to lock up my papers, but a member of the Crown and Anchor Association? You know the custom of that gang; they immediately lay hands on all the letters and papers they see, in order to get some information for the blood-hounds of the law. My friend, therefore, without ceremony, began reading first to himself, and then aloud, "The dying lion then said, 'The insults of the nobler beasts I could bear, but it embitters my last moments to think that I must patiently submit to be kicked by the heel of an ass.'" — "This is venomous enough," quoth my friend; "but it is no business of mine; let Dr. Kipling * take it up, if

* Dr. Kipling is distinguished in the university as an author; as moderator in the divinity schools, as a preacher, and as a promoter. His first debut as an author was in the year 1777, when he published a collection from Smith's *Optus*, with a preface of his own. In his preface he tells us, that "the following treatise contains many inaccuracies, and even some errors, of which the editor was fully sensible before he sent it to the press, but was restrained from correcting them, by the dread of reprehension." This dread of reprehension he got over in the year 1793, when his fac simile of the Beza MS. appeared. To this work he gave also a preface, which, from the numerous errors and bad latinity in it, afforded a great deal of amusement to the university; and in that place were collected in the following epigram, some of the more notorious faults in the Doctor's style of writing:

Paginibus nostris, dicitis mihi menda quod insunt

At non in recto vos puto ego esse viri

Nam primum, jurat (cetera ut testimonia omitto)

Mijnerus, quod sum doctus ego et sapiens.

Classicus haud es, aiunt. Quid si non sum? in sacrosanctis

Non ullo tergum xerto theologia.

These errors were, soon after the delivery of a great number of volumes to the subscribers, pointed out to the learned Doctor, who reprinted the paginibus sheet, inserted it in the books remaining with him, and, where he had an opportunity, removed the offending page in other books. A sufficient number, however, retains the original reading, and the booksellers consider them as literary curiosities. The university was at the expense of this work, paying for the paper, the types, and the printing, near two thousand pounds. The Doctor is supposed

if he pleases."—"Dr. Kipling!" hastily interrupted I.
 "Ay, Dr. Kipling," answered he; "who can mistake

supposed to have pocketed about six hundred guineas; for the original price to subscribers was two guineas, and he was permitted to demand three for the copies he had in hand; two hundred and fifty copies were printed. In the arduous undertaking of copying the manuscript, the Doctor very judiciously took a coadjutor, his own servant, whom he taught to read the work as fluently as himself.

Appointed by the Bishop of Landaff to preside in the divinity schools, our Doctor had an opportunity every fortnight of shewing his classical and theological abilities; and the person, manner, style, and whole behaviour of the new moderator being exactly the opposite to every thing in his predecessor, the schools were soon deserted. At times he was, however, observed to speak for two or three minutes together, with more than ordinary fluency, and this circumstance exciting attention, the poor Doctor was found out: the speech was written down, which he took care to introduce by a question to one or other of the disputants, sometimes with, sometimes without reason.

As a preacher, he was the champion of orthodoxy, the professed defender of our most excellent liturgy. His English sermons were not inferior to his Latin prefaces or speeches.

With such talents, he was deservedly raised to a higher sphere in the year 1793, when he became the head of the Cubics and promoters. At the beginning of this year, Mr. Frend published a pamphlet, entitled, "Peace and Union," which set the Cubics in a rage, because it ventured to express the necessity of a reform, in some points, both in church and state. They met in a body of twenty-seven at the first meeting, at the house of the Vice-chancellor. The Cambridge men are mathematicians, and have no objection to a joke. Twenty-seven being the cube of three, and three being the sacred number, which was to be defended, these twenty-seven were named the Cubics of the Trinity, or simply the Cube, and thence commonly the Cubics. The Cube then assembled at the Vice-chancellor's, elected a committee, of which our learned Doctor was appointed the head, to superintend the prosecution of Mr. Frend; and thus Kipling's name alone appeared, and he acted as prosecutor, which, in the language of the Court, is termed promoter. In this character, he outdid all his other doings: his ignorance of the law proceedings was amply compensated by the favour of the Court; but the victory obtained over their opponent was dearly bought. The conflict was much harder than they expected; and even in that time of alarm, when every effort was made by Administration to represent its enemies as Jacobins and levellers, the Cube was in a high degree unpopular. The promoter looked for something more than barren honour; but the reward was long delayed. He got nothing till this year, and now only the mastership of the Temple; but such talents, such orthodoxy, and such zeal, cannot long remain without their proper covering, the mitre. We have just heard that the deanry of Peterborough has passed his way to a thimble.

it? Mr. Friend, for he is plainly typified by the dying lion, would have been easy if any decent man had been his prosecutor; but he laments that he is expelled at the instance of such an animal as Dr. Kipling. But let that pass. I have more important matter behind." He then read the next fable:

FAB. XXXIX.

A STORY OF A COCK AND A BULL.

A gay, lively, flippant cock was stretching out his neck, clapping his wings, and crowing with all his might. His dunghill happened to be near a large piece of water, on the other side of which he spied a bull.

But, Mr. Editor, here my story of a Cock and a Bull must be cut short; for if the world should die in ignorance of the conclusion, I, like my friend Scrub, "am determined to say nothing, till there's a peace." Suffice to tell, that my friend, before he had got half through it, could hold no longer.

"This," says he, "is a more seditious and dangerous libel than any that Sir Archy has yet picked out, not excepting even the Derby Advertisement."—"Where is the harm?"—"The harm!" cried he in a passion; "is it no harm to cast a slur upon the present just, politic, necessary, glorious, profitable, and, above all, religious war? If I were not your fast friend, I should certainly inform against you; but I shall content myself with giving an hint of your principles to Mr. Reeves, who, I warrant, will have a watchful eye upon you." So saying, he departed, leaving me in such astonishment, that I had not power to tell him that I would dispense with his visits in future. But if ever he darkens my door again, say my name is not

MYTHOLOGUS.

ORGIES OF BACCHUS.

PART III.

Bacchus et ad culpam causas dedit.——

——— Quid me alta silentia cogis

Rumpere et obductum verbis vulgare dolorem. VIRGIL.

SIR,

YOU remember well what treatment I experienced when I published the First Part of the Orgies of Bacchus. Bishop Horsley called it heretical, and said that it was a libel on the established Church. Mr. Reeves pronounced it seditious; but added, that the seditious tendency was rather obscure, till it should be illustrated by that luminous critic, the Attorney-general.

It is, I know, generally speaking, childish to pester the public with personal grievances; yet there are cases, where the welfare of the individual is so closely connected with the common good, that a public appeal may be made with propriety. Whether my case comes under this description is for others to decide. I have for some time past kept a great dog, which was palmed upon me for a true old blood-hound, though I afterwards learned that the whelps of this breed were imported into the kingdom not a century back. This dog of mine has one very odd humour; he barks at every other dog that has not a collar about his neck, and worries him if he thinks himself the stronger. — One day, being grown more than usually valiant, he began first to tease, and then to bite, a knot of dogs of an outlandish breed. They set upon him in concert, and sent him limping home with loss and disgrace. For my part, I own, I thought him very rightly served. Without interposing in the fray, I stood a spectator at a little distance; when who should pass by, but Mr. Reeves? He called me all manner of names; said that I had not a grain of patriotism; that no true Briton would tamely look on, and suffer an English bull-dog to be roughly treated by foreign curs.

curs. I answered, that I would defend no animal, canine or human, in a quarrel purely of his own seeking; that I thought it very handsome in me to pay the dog-doctor for his cure; and as for the name of *true Briton*, he and his gang had brought it into such disgrace, that I did not want them to brand me with the title. Ever since this accident, Mr. Reeves has circulated a report that I am a Jacobin, and that I sleep in a red night-cap.

Hinc mihi prima mali labe; hinc semper Ulysses
Criminibus terrere novis: hinc spargere voces
In vulgum ambiguas, et quærere conficius arma.

Peace to the reverend Prelate, and to the no less reverend Judge! Their criticisms make no impression upon me. But I was startled when I heard that many of my friends complained that I had not exhausted the subject. My enemies, on the other hand, affirmed, that my vein was dried up, and that I could not proceed. This threw me into a little reflection, of which I here give you the result.

I was aware, from the first, that I should omit much more than I inserted. I beg my censurers to believe, that I could have been far more copious, if I had not feared to trespass upon their patience. There are, besides what I have noted, so many things done by Bacchus, that if they were all collected, a waggon would not contain the books that were written. I selected the principal circumstances, and, if either the language or arrangement is unequal to the dignity of the subject, my poverty, not my will, consented. Or are these critics tainted with the taste of the age? Do they think that no hero should have a biographer less voluminous than Mr. Boswell? I am of a different persuasion. I could mention a man among the ancients as eminent at least as Dr. Johnson; a man who, like Dr. Johnson, was a teacher of religion and morality; a man who, like Dr. Johnson, conversed familiarly with

with harlots; a man followed by many disciples, who; like Dr. Johnson's disciples, swore that every word their master spoke was gospel: yet all the authentic memoirs of this man are comprised in four books, which only fill a small pocket volume. It is scarcely necessary to add, that I mean Socrates*.

The few particulars concerning Bacchus that I thought worthy to be recorded, I have here set down by way of appendix; but first it behoves me to wipe away the aspersions of heresy and rebellion, by an express and solemn confession. Since suspicion in these days quickly ripens into conviction, no loyal citizen—(subject, I mean; for citizen, God shield us! is a word of naught)—no loyal subject ought even to be suspected.

I declare, therefore (and Justice Griffith, of Manchester, shall take my affidavit), that in matters of religion I believe exactly as much as the Archbishop of Canterbury believes; and in matters of government, as much as Mr. Pitt commands us to believe. I believe that the present war is just, cheap, and humane; that we have had full as much success as we could reasonably expect; that our allies are as faithful and honest as crowned allies commonly are; and that, if the sky falls, we shall not only catch larks, but all the French atheists into the bargain.

Oh, what a blessed day! What a heavenly sight, to see the streets paved with the heads of those infernal villains! His Royal Highness will give me, as being a dutiful subject, one of the prisoners to my share; and what do you think I will do with him? Pitt, I will tear out his pluck, and devour it before his face;

* I say "all the authentic Memoirs," because I look upon Plato's works as apocryphal. Concerning the harlots, see the conclusion of Mr. Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, and, in the third book of Xenophon's Memorabilia, the conversation of Socrates with the harlot Theodora.

next, I will cut off another part, and give it to my wife for a plaything; thirdly, I will make his chitterlings into a necklace for my eldest girl; and lastly, I will chop his carcass into four quarters, and send them to the *fountain of mercy*, if you know of any such place. But I shall dwell no longer upon my justification, lest you should cry out in the words of the old proverb—Ὅδῳ πρὸς Διόνυσον—“What is all this to the Orgies of Bacchus?”

1. I allow, that in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes are many other curious and diverting passages touching Bacchus; but these I omitted, because I thought them of doubtful authority. The poets have always overlaid history with so much fable, that their testimony ought to be received with great caution. One circumstance, however, may seem worth notice. Bacchus is apprehended, and brought before the judge as a criminal; upon which he says (*b*), “I tell you not to chastise me, who am immortal; if you do, you will blame yourself; for I am a God, Bacchus, the son of Jupiter.” But they give him a severe whipping (*c*), and tell him, that if he be really a God, he will feel no pain. Xanthias, his slave, betrays him into this scrape.

2. I thought it too trite a piece of information, or I should have told you that Bacchus was the patron of the theatres. Perhaps you may not know what sort of a thing a theatre was in those remote ages. A theatre was a goodly pile of building, erected at the public expense, and consecrated to Bacchus. Remember that I am speaking of the improved state of

(b) ——— Ἀγορεύω τινί;

Ἐμὲ μὴ βασανίζῃς ἄθανάτος ἦν, εἰ δὲ μὴ,

Ἄλλοι σὺ στυγίον αἰτίῳ

Ἄθανάτῳ· ἵναί φημι Διόνυσῳ· Διός. — Aristoph. *Ran.* 641.

(c) Καὶ σολύ γὰρ μάλλιν ἐστὶ μαστῖνῆς,

Ἐντε· οἶος γὰρ ἐστίν, ὅτι κ' αἰσθητέας. — *Ibid.* 646.

the theatre: A Stage of boards, in Latin called *pal-pita (d)*, was raised in the most conspicuous part of the house. On these boards, a set of people, in masks, called sometimes *Dramatis Persona*, sometimes *τροχιαία* *Hypocrita*, mounted in the holydays. Here they sang hymns to Bacchus; which afterwards were accompanied with instrumental music. These entertainments were, in process of time, improved into regular comedies or tragedies, as they thought the audience inclined to mirth or sorrow. Yet it was observed, that these compositions often leaned too much to farce and buffoonery. And how did the audience behave, do you ask? Just as they do at a play with us; some were fast asleep; others were talking over their private affairs; some were making assignations of gallantry: people of quality and fashion came to shew their fine clothes in the foremost seats; and a few attended to the music or the discourse. If you inquire what was the use of these tragedies and comedies, the real use was, to get money for the persons who brought them out. The avowed intent was to instruct mankind in virtue and morality. But there are mysteries in this as well as in all other professions; frequently one man would buy or pilfer another's play, or new-ramp an old piece, and produce it for his own.

Such bigots were the Athenians to this frippery, that they reckoned holy all the persons who belonged to it. They set apart a large share of the public revenues, for the sole purpose of maintaining the theatres in splendour. They even enacted a law against proposing to divert this money into any other channel: for being devoted, said they, to the honour of Bacchus, and appropriated to pious uses, it would be sacrilege to employ it in profane services. Demosthenes, indeed, a sad republican and leveller, ventured to oppose this

(d) Horat. Epist. II. l. 174; Art. Poet. 215, 279.

absurd law, and, strange to tell !, had the good luck to escape.

3. I said, in a former part of this dissertation, that Bacchus was a worker of wonders. One of these, with the omission of which my friends were displeas'd, I shall here insert. Bacchus, seeing a number of persons who had been dumb from their cradle, took compassion on them, loosed the string of their tongue, and cured them of their long silence (a).

4. I omitted, either from hurry or forgetfulness, to state the behaviour of Bacchus, when he was brought before Pentheus, *Governor of Thebes*, as *Hotace (f)* call him. Pentheus makes an angry speech, to which Bacchus returns this answer—"I covet not the earthly palace of Pentheus; the home of Bacchus is his paternal altar. And if you yourself had the choice of the earth or the starry sky, tell me which you would prefer, the seven-girt heaven, or the seven-gated Thebes (g)?"

5. These feats have justly advanced Bacchus to a seat in the house of Gods. His fame has been spread, as I long ago remarked, through a great part of the world; altars, statues, and temples, have been erected to his honour, and medals (b) have been struck, on which his name has been inscribed with the Greek epithet ΣΩΤΗΡ or *Preserver*. The Corinthians dedicated an altar to him, on which they gave him the title of ΣΩΤΗΡ, a word of the same signification.

(a) Βάκχος ἰσχυρὸν ἔλαττον ἀνορθώσαντο δ' ἀπὸ λαλοῦντων
ἐλάσσαν δισμῶν ἔλασαν καὶ ἄλασαν ἄλιαν αἰθήρ.

Nonn. Dionys. XXVI. 288.

(f) Pentheu, Rector Thebarum. Epist. l. 16. 79.

(g) Ὁν χθονίῳ Πανθῶν ἰδὼ χθονίῳ μετέθην,
Δῶμα Διωνυσίου τίλει παρ' αἰθέρι αἰθήρ,
Καὶ, χθονὸς εἰ κρείσσιν ἦεν, ἢ ἄεροιῶν ἡλύμην,
Εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῳ τίνα φίστερον αἴθερ ἐπέψεν,
Οὐρανὸν ἐπ' ἄλζωνον, ἢ ἐπ' ἄλζωνον χθονα ὄψεν.

Nonn. Dionys. XLVI. 63.

(b) Ezechiel Spanheim, Dissert. V. de Usu et Præstantia Numismatum, p. 383, ed. 1671.

He was thus called, Pausanias tells us, in obedience to a certain prophecy (*i*). He was also worshipped with the same title in another temple (*k*) of the same city, as we learn from the aforesaid inquisitive traveller. The Emperor Julian assigns to Bacchus a distinguished rank among the Deities. He makes him the son of the Sun (*l*), whom he calls the King of all the Gods (*m*), being in truth one and the same with Jupiter (*n*). He gives Bacchus the title of ΧΑΡΙΩΤΗΣ (*o*), or *Grace-giver*; and adds, that he reigns together with the Sun. But I shall not press this opinion, because the simplicity of the old religion was grievously corrupted in Julian's days, and overwhelmed with mysticism and allegory.

But how comes it to pass, that notwithstanding Bacchus's former credit in the world, he has sunk so rapidly in the esteem of later ages? In times of old, whether a man slept or prayed, he would frequently see a vision of Bacchus. Nay, the God would at times appear upon earth, which the heathen Greeks called *Epiphania*, or, *the Appearance*. At present, this celestial light irradiates no man's tabernacle, except where a great crevice gapes in the upper study. I fancy the true solution of the question may be learned from Catullus (*p*). He says, that while mankind were just and holy, the Gods frequently favoured them with their company; but when all decorum, virtue, and religion, went to wreck, the Gods withdrew themselves, and have never, from that time to this, paid us poor mortals a visit.

(i) Ὁ μὲν πρῶτος ἐστὶ (βασιλεὺς) Διονύσου, καὶ δὲ τὸ μέγιστον καὶ ὀνομαζομένου Σαυίτη. P. u' an. b. II. p. 184.

(k) Ἐτέρω δὲ καὶ ἄλλοις θεοῖς καθήμενος ἴσθαι. Ibid. p. 198.

(l) Ἐφάνη δὲ ἡμῖν Ἥλιος—Διονύσου μὲν πατρὸς ἐμολύμενος. Orat. IV. p. 112. C.

(m) Παρὰ τῷ βασιλεῖ τῶν ὅλων Ἥλιος. Ib. p. 138. A.

(n) Ἵπὸ Διὸς δῆκωθεν ὅσπερ ἐστὶν ὁ αἴθρᾳ Ἥλιος. Ibid. p. 149. C.

(o) Χαριδότης δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ Διονύσου εἰς ταῦτον λεγόμενος Ἥλιος συμμαχολύειν. Ibid. p. 148. G.

(p) Nupt. Pelei et Thet. prope fin.

Thus

Thus far I have written, to convince my enemies how mistaken they were, when they asserted that my bolt was shot, and that I had nothing more to advance. I can truly say with Pindar (g), "that I have still under my arm a quiver, stored with darts, which sound to the intelligent, but to the multitude require an interpreter." It is now, I think, time to take leave of Bacchus and his Orgies. However, by divine permission, and the aid of Took's Pantheon, I can send you, if you want them, some similar stories, full as authentic, and I hope as diverting, as the Arabian Nights; at least they have one quality in common—they are Oriental Tales. Whenever you can spare a column from religion, politics, the national debt, the King's bathing, and other matters in which the salvation of the public is concerned; I may perhaps trouble you with an explication of some other points of Pagan theology, as they were (I will not say, believed or understood, but) professed by the ancients.

MYTHOLOGUS.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE REVEREND JOHN IRELAND

BY WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

IMITATION OF HORACE, LIB. II. ODE XVI.

Otium Divos regat, &c.

[From the True Briton]

WHEN howling winds and low'ring skies,
The light untimber'd bark surprize
Near Orkney's boisterous seas,
The trembling crew forget to swear,
And bend the knees, unus'd to pray'r,
To ask a little ease.

(g) Olymp. II. 149.

* Now vicar of Croydon in Surry, and author of "Discourses on the Rejection of the Gospel by the ancient Jews and Greeks."

For ease the Turk ferocious prays—
 For ease the barbarous Ruffian craves;
 Which P——k could ne'er obtain;
 Which Bedford-Jack'd amidst his store,
 And liberal Clive, with mines of ore,
 Ott bade for—but in vain.

For not the liveried troop, that wait
 Around the mansions of the great,
 Can keep, my friend, aloof
 Fear, that attacks the mind by fits,
 And care, that like a raven sits
 Around the lordly roof.

“ Oh! well is he,” to whom kind Heaven
 A decent competence has given,
 Rich in the blessing sent;
 He grasps not anxiously at more,
 Dreads not to use his little store,
 And fattens on content.

“ Oh! well is he,”—for life is lost,
 Amidst a whirl of passions tost—
 Then why, dear Jack, should man,
 Magnanimous ephemeron! stretch
 His views beyond the narrow reach
 Of his contracted span?

Why should he from his country run,
 In hopes beneath a foreign sun
 Serener hours to find?
 Was never man in this wild chase,
 Who chang'd his nature with his place,
 And left himself behind.

For, wing'd with all the lightning's speed,
 Care climbs the bark, Care mounts the steed,
 An inmate of the breast;
 Nor Boreas' heat, nor Zembla's cold,
 Can drive from that pernicious hold
 The too tenacious guest.

They, whom no anxious thoughts annoy,
 Grateful, the *present* hour enjoy,
 Nor seek the *next* to know;
 To lighten every ill they strive,
 Nor, ere Misfortune's hand arrive,
 Anticipate the blow.

Something must ever be omitted—
 Man has his joys, but perfect bliss
 Lives only in the brain—
 We cannot all have what we want;
 And Chance, unask'd, to this may grant
 What that has begg'd in vain.

Wolfe rush'd on Death in manhood's bloom,
 Paulet crept slowly to the tomb—
Here breath, there fame was given:
 And that wise Power who weighs our lives,
 By *contras* and by *pros* contrives
 To keep the balance even.

To thee she gave two piercing eyes,
 A body—just of Tydeus' size,
 A judgment sound and clear;
 A mind with various science fraught,
 A liberal soul, a threadbare coat,
 And forty pounds a-year:

To me, one eye, not over-good,
 Two sides, that, to their cost, have stood
 A ten years' hectic cough;
 Aches, stitches, all the numerous ills
 That swell the devilish doctors' bills,
 And sweep poor mortals off:

A coat more bare than thine—a soul
 That spurns the crowd's malign control;
 A fix'd contempt of wrong;
 Spirits above Affliction's power,
 And skill to charm the lonely hour
 With no inglorious song.

A GENERAL SPEECH,

ADAPTED TO ALL OCCASIONS, AND TO THE MEANEST
 CAPACITIES.

[From the Telegraph.]

SIR,
UNUSED, unacquainted, unhabituated, unaccus-
 tomed to public speaking, I rise, Sir, in conse-
 quence of having caught your eye, Sir, to express with
 the utmost diffidence my humble ideas on the import-
 ant

ant subject now before the House: I will therefore, Sir, be bold to affirm, and I am also free to declare, that I by no means meet the ideas of the Noble Lord in the blue riband. I will not, however, go over the same ground, or commit myself by taking up a principle without the most perfect consideration. But as I am upon my legs, I certainly shall not blink the question; nor am I at all inclined to meet him half way, because, on the first blush of the business, I was determined to scout the idea in toto; for if, Sir, the well-being of civilized society, and the establishment of order and tranquillity, is the grand object of our investigation, I cannot hesitate to pronounce—Sir! I cannot hesitate to pronounce, that I want words to express my indignation at the general tenour of the arguments so ably agitated by the Honourable Member on my left hand. But, Sir, the idea does not attach, and when my Learned Friend professed to lay down his principles with so much method, he only proved his weakness by undertaking to cleanse the Augean stable, and to perform the labours of Hercules himself. No, Sir: I am again free to assert, and, Sir, I am by no means disinclined to prove, that if Gentlemen, under the existing circumstances, do not act with vigour and unanimity against the introduction of French principles, our glorious constitution, produced by the wisdom of our ancestors, may fall to the ground, Sir!—yes, fall to the ground by the impulse of a Jacobin innovation. But on this head we are ripe to deliberate; and I trust the Gentlemen with whom I have the honour to act, and who constitute the decided majority of this Honourable House; for whose worth, integrity, firmness, perspicuity, ingenuity, perseverance, and patriotism, I have the most dignified respect, and in whom also I place the most perfect confidence; I say, Sir, I trust they will preserve the privileges of this Assembly from the lawless banditti of acquitted felons, who not having been killed off, insult us daily by their negative successes, and circulate their seditious principles,

principles, to the danger of every respectable man in the community, and who, by possessing property, becomes an object for their diabolical depredations. Not, however, to trespass any longer on the patience of the House, I shall conclude by observing, with the great Latin poet of antiquity,

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere;
Carpe diem.

EXEUNT OMNES.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

MR. BALDWIN,

I BEG leave to communicate to you the following very extraordinary phenomenon. It appears on the south wall of the parish church of Streatham, in the county of Surry.

The monumental inscription runs thus :

“ Elizabeth, wife of Major-general Hamilton, who was married near *forty-seven* years, and never did one to disoblige her husband. She died in 1746.”

If, Sir, we lived in an age of miracles, or where reported miracles were generally believed, I know not but this might pass in a crowd ; but when I consider that we live in an age of great experience and much knowledge in matrimonial affairs, I scarcely know what to think of it. It crept into the papers within these few days, and has excited no small degree of consideration among my acquaintance.

Conjecture is generally fruitful ; and I must say some very ingenious specimens have been tried to solve this difficulty. But still unbelief prevails ; and the term of *forty-seven* years exceeds all capacity of swallowing. People buried for a month under the snow—rats eating bank notes—a man catching trout by means of a red nose—the taking up of footpads by the police officers, or taking up of the pavement in Bridge Street :

all

all these, which appear now and then in the papers, may receive some degree of credit, particularly from weak minds—but a wife that never disoblged her husband for *forty-seven* years! I am in a maze, and know not how to get out.

A lady of my acquaintance has suggested, that probably her husband was afflicted with deafness, or deprived of the use of his sight, or his hearing: “yet still,” adds she, “she might have disoblged him in many ways.” I consider this lady’s opinion as of great weight, for she is one of the best of wives.

A very sagacious gentleman, who has the happiness to possess a most excellent wife, who nevertheless cannot believe a syllable of this story, thinks, that as the husband was a Major-general, he might probably be on foreign service all the while. But this is neither consistent with the duration of our wars, nor with the gallantry of our soldiers. Various other *supposes* have been offered on this occasion, but none that will admit the possibility of the *fact*, and only tending to explain the *enigma* of the inscription.

The ladies, for instance, who must be allowed in such cases to be the best judges, protest that they cannot conceive such a wife to have ever existed; and likewise declare that an excess of tameness is unbecoming the dignity of the sex, and a direct violation of the rights of woman. Many gentlemen adopt the same opinion; and although they do not complain that the excess of tameness is a prevailing evil, yet they decidedly in favour of a woman—that is, a *wife*—having a spice of the d—l. It is by a mixture of concords with discords that music and matrimony are most agreeably composed. For my own part, Mr. Baldwin, I shall neither decide one way or other, but shall leave this remarkable relation as I found it; hoping, that, though not literally true, it may produce some good effect. We are all exhorted to be *perfect*, which does

not imply that any of us can ever *be* perfect, but that it is our duty to approach as nearly as possible towards it.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

DEBORAH DOUBTFUL,

Married six months.

BENEFITS.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

MR. BALDWIN,

AS I observe that many of our eminent performers are greatly at a loss to draw out a proper bill of fare for their benefits, suited to the present *enlightened* dramatic taste, I have taken the liberty to offer the following as a *model*; and I have no doubt but that he or she who follows it, will find it greatly to their advantage.

Mr. ———'s Night.

By desire, the Tragedy of

MACBETH.

Macbeth—By a *Gentleman*, being his first appearance on any Stage.

In the first scene will be introduced

A real *Hail Storm*.

End of Act I. (for that night only) the two Kangaroos from Exeter Change, will make their appearance in a dance.

End of Act II. A Hornpipe, by the gentleman who performs Macbeth.

End of Act III. The real Turkish Ambassador will walk across the Stage, attended by his suite.

End of Act IV. Lady Macbeth will recite *Garrick's Ode to Shakespeare*, with *John Gilpin's Journey to Edmonton*.

During the Play,

The Witches will sing *Poor Jack*, the *Little Farthing*

thing: *Ruslight, the Jolly Lampfighter,* and other Airs,
in character.

At the end of the Play
An entire New Epilogue,
By an eminent literary Gentleman;
In the course of which will be introduced,
A real River, with actual Salmon, Trout, and
Whitebait.

Between the Play and Farce,
A new Interlude,
(Written for this night only,) called
Harlequin in Paris,
Or the Humours of the Guillotine;
(In which, by particular desire, Harlequin will take a
flying leap through a caldron of burning brimstone,
the like never performed in *this* world.)

The characters in the Interlude,
(For that night only,) all by Frenchmen.
A dance of *Murderers*, by the principal Performers of
this Theatre,

To conclude with a procession of the Guillotine,
(As performed in Paris with universal applause, for
upwards of a twelvemonth past;)

And a *real* Head, lately imported in an American
bottom.

End of the Interlude,
A Solo on the Violin,
by

A CHILD OF SIX MONTHS OLD.

To conclude with
The Cries of London,
and

The Tombs in Westminster Abbey.

To which will be added,

A FARCE,

And other Entertainments,

As will be expressed in the Bills of the Day.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANT-
COLONEL BULLER,

MORTALLY WOUNDED ON THE 8TH OF JANUARY 1795,
IN AN ACTION WITH THE FRENCH ON THE BANKS
OF THE WAAL.

(Written by Mr. Sheridan; and addressed to Miss P. Ogle, now
Mrs. S.)

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SCARCE hus'd the sigh, scarce dried the ling'ring tear
Affection pour'd upon a brother's* bier;
Another loss, bid Laura's sorrows flow,
As keen in anguish as a sister's woe.
Unknown by me the object of her grief,
I dare not counsel, did she ask relief:
Yet, may the wish no vain intrusion prove,
To share her grief, for all who shar'd her love.
Yes, gallant victim! in this hateful strife,
Which pride maintains 'gainst man's and freedom's life,
If, quick and sensible to Laura's worth,
Thy heart's first comment was affection's birth;
If thy soul's day rose only in her fight,
And absence was thy clouded spirit's night;
If, 'mid whatever busy tumults thrown,
Thy silent thought still turn'd to her alone;
If, while ambition seem'd each act to move,
Thy secret hope was Laura, peace, and love;
If such thy feelings and thy dying pray'r,
To wish the happiness you could not share;
Let me with kindred claim thy name revere—
And give thy memory a brother's tear!
But, ah! not tears alone fill Laura's eyes!—
Resentment kindles with affliction's sighs;
Insulted patience borrows passion's breath—
To curse the plotters of these scenes of death!
Yet, sooth'd to peace, sweet mourner, tranquil be,
And ev'ry harsh emotion yield to me!

* Capt. Newton Ogle, aid-de-camp to Sir C. Grey. He perished in the West Indies—the pride of his family, and delight of all who knew him.

Remembrance sad, and sweet regret, be thine—
 The wrath of hate, the blow of vengeance mine;
 And, oh, by heav'n! the hour shall surely come,
 When, fell destroyers, ye shall meet your doom!

Yes, miscreant statesmen, by the proud disclaim
 Which Honour feels at base Corruption's reign—
 By the loud clamour of a nation's woes—
 By the still pang domestic sorrow knows—

By all that hope has lost, or terror fears—
 By England's injuries, and Laura's tears,
 The hour shall come, when, Fraud's short triumph past,
 A people's vengeance shall strike home at last!!!

Then, then shall foul Remorse, the dastard fiend,
 Who ne'er pollutes the noble soldier's ead,
 With dark despair around the scaffold wait—
 And not one look deplore the victim's fate!

But, while remembrance shakes his coward-scams,
 And starts of pride contend with inward shame:
 The mute reproach, or execration loud
 Of sober justice, or the scoffing crowd,

Alike shall hail the stroke that ends his doom,
 And gives to infamy his mem'ry and his tomb!
 Turn from the hateful scene, dear Laura, turn;
 And thy lov'd friend with milder sorrow mourn!

Still dwell upon his fate; for, still thou 'lt find
 The contrast lovely, and 't will sooth thy mind!—
 Fall'n with the brave, ere number'd with the slain,
 His *mind*, unwounded, calms his body's pain!

Half rais'd, he leans. See friendship bending o'er,
 But, ah, with looks that promise life no more!
 Hopeless, but not dismay'd, with fearless eye
 He reads the doom that tells him "he must die;"

Lays his brave hand upon his bleeding breast—
 And feels his glory while he finds his rest!
 Then yields the transient breath which nature gave,
 And, sure of prouder life, o'erlooks the grave.

Sweet is the meed that waits his laurel'd bier:—
 'T is Valour's hope, 't is Honour's praise sincere;
 'T is Friendship's manly sigh, and gentle Beauty's tear!

MEDICAL REPORT.

[From the Telegraph.]

The illness of Mr. John Bull having been often mentioned in the newspapers and very much misrepresented, we are happy to have it in our power to lay before our readers the opinion of an eminent physician, lately called in to a private consultation. This opinion was sent in the following letter to a brother physician in the country, who has kindly permitted us to copy it.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING now had leisure to consider the case of our friend Mr. Bull, I am enabled in some degree to comply with your request, although the refractory behaviour of the patient, though not his own fault, prevented us from prescribing. Yet, from what follows, I flatter myself, you will be able to comprehend the nature of his complaint.

I need not tell a person of your eminence in the science, that there are no disorders which give us more plague than disorders of the *nerves*; and when I add that Mr. Bull's disorder arose from a *fright*, you will readily anticipate the difficulties we have to encounter in the method of cure. This fright was brought on about four years ago. He at that time enjoyed a *constitution*, which, if not altogether sound, was at least free from the vicissitudes which other persons have to encounter, and having in 1788 attained his *hundredth year*, he was in remarkable spirits. His brother, Nic Frog, had, about that time, left off his *evil courses*, and was recovering strength very fast. John, whose benevolence you have often experienced, was quite rejoiced at this, forgot all Nic's old tricks, called him his *brother*, and offered to *shake hands* with him.

How it came about, I know not; but at the time I have mentioned, John awoke one morning, after rather a disturbed sleep, in the most violent trepidation, his limbs shaking, and his whole frame disordered. These symptoms were followed by the *scarlet fever*,

fever, which covered his whole body. He talked of nothing but thieves, murderers, and cannibals, of eating hearts broiled on gridirons, and devouring children alive, with other fancies peculiar to a disturbed mind. His best friends endeavoured to compose him, and assured him that there were no thieves and murderers near him; or, if there were, the five old wooden walls he had erected round his premises would secure them from any attack. Unfortunately he saw every thing in a perverse light, and would listen to none of the regular faculty, but called in a tribe of quacks, such as may be met with frequently in the streets, and are fitter to harangue a mob on *Tower-bill*, than to prescribe at a patient's bed-side.

The consequence of listening to these fellows was, what might naturally be expected. Whenever a man with a good *constitution* goes to quacks, they seldom leave him till they have fleeced him of all his *cash*, and left him with more dangerous complaints, than they pretended *originally* to cure. Poor John swallowed every thing they prescribed, though they brought him in such *bills* as at any other time would have frightened him out of his senses; yet he bore these *impositions* with the greatest patience: and though he was every day losing strength, fancied himself growing stronger. One of his oddest whims was, that he could walk all the way into the heart of Nic Frog's estate, nearly three hundred miles, although, with all his efforts, he was not able to stir as many yards. The strength of the medicines which these quacks prescribed, was such; indeed, as no constitution could stand against. Strong doses of the bitter root of *bellum lethale*, and violent bleedings; without the smallest use or necessity, were their common *recipes*; and while they persuaded him that all this was done to preserve his constitution, it was visible to every one of his friends, that they were fast undermining his constitution, taking from him his accustomed *spirit*, and relaxing his *habit* beyond the chance of cure.

It would be quite superfluous to point out to you, my dear Sir, all the effects of a system of quackery, as you must have met with them often in the course of your practice. But in all mine, which has been pretty extensive, I never remember so flagrant an instance of the mischief arising from quackery, as in the case of our poor friend Bull. To you who knew him so well, I need not describe what *he was*, but it would melt a heart of stone to view him as *he is*. Pale, emaciated, and wan, he is but the ghost of his better days. His appetite is quite gone; he can scarce get a bit of *bread* down, without great difficulty*; and as to *wine*, the case is much the same. Indeed he sold a great part of his stock of liquors, to buy those pernicious *preparations* of *steel* which his quacks advised, and which have proved of no more service to him than the raspings of a broomstick. Indeed, jocularly speaking, I don't know but the latter would be preferable, for John never enjoyed such good health, as when he could *hang out the broom* in the face of all his *neighbours*.

That loss of *business* should follow loss of *health*, is too common a case to excite surprise. It is among the worst consequences of this quackery, to which John has addicted himself, that he has almost wholly neglected his *shop*. He don't sell half the articles he did, and some of his *wholesale* customers have *shut their doors* against him, so that his goods may lie to rot in his warehouses. So little, however, is he affected by this, that he exclaimed one day—"D—n my *shop*! so my *constitution* is safe;" a circumstance which convinced me that his intellect was disturbed. What could have produced such derangement in a mind so sound as his used to be, his friends have in vain attempted to discover. The *quacks* who surround him, will answer no questions, or, if they do condescend to

* This article appeared when bread was at the monstrous price of fifteen pence the quarter loaf.

tell why they prescribe any remedy, they speak as if they did not wish to be understood. I accidentally met with one or two of them, and they appear, from their *broken English*, to be foreigners, either *Germans* or *Swiss*, I know not which.

The consequences, however, of our poor friend's unhappy situation are not confined to himself alone. His *family* has lost much of the respect it commanded. Among his *neighbours* he is no longer looked up to as a *man of consequence*. While he had a shilling left, they professed a cordial *partnership* with him, but now that he cannot advance more, they affect to despise him, and he has been for some time in a kind of *stupor*, from which I have ventured to predict very alarming effects. You know, my dear Sir, that a stupor is always dangerous in proportion to the length of time it lasts. Now *his* has lasted a very long time, and nothing seems capable of rousing him; nor, indeed, can he awake from this lethargy, unless his *friends* procure access to him, which at present is impossible, as the whole tribe of quacks *place* themselves firmly round him, and will admit nobody to see him, who is not of their way of thinking.

Such, my dear Sir, is the situation of our friend John. You who remember him in his better days, and who prescribed so successfully to him some years ago, when he fell into a dangerous disorder by *drinking tea* at Boston, can best know how to appreciate his present situation. I confess I am not without hopes. I see as yet no mortal symptom. His *constitution* is such as might be restored, were we allowed to prescribe *immediately*; but the whole annals of our science cannot afford an instance of an obstinate perseverance in quackery which did not render the *constitution* so bad as to baffle the efforts of the most experienced physicians. His *pulse*, it is said, may yet be *felt*; and although a cure would probably be tedious, yet surely the object is worthy of all our skill and perseverance!

When we reflect upon his goodness of heart, his benevolence, his courage, and the many good qualities which distinguished him in former days, who but must sigh to behold his present depressed, debilitated, and humiliating situation? Who would not exult in being the means of restoring him to his pristine health and vigour?

Yes, my dear friend, let us not despair. It may be done; but it cannot be done without an entire change of system. Those who have deluded him, must be removed; all vestiges even of their *prescriptions* must be destroyed. The gag must be taken from his mouth, and the film removed from his eye. He will then look back with contempt on those who have deceived him, and forward with pleasure to the happy days, when, surrounded by *friends* only, he may enjoy long and happy life, respected by, and respecting his neighbour as himself. I am, dear Sir, yours,

Warwick Lane, Aug. 6; 1796. GABRIELUS.

P. S. Should any favourable change take place, you may depend upon hearing from me. There is a vague report, that some one has prescribed *Spanish flies* to remove the lethargy. I question whether he has strength for it. I am averse to more *outward* applications.

NEW LOGIC.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

SIR,
DID you ever, Mr. Baldwin, meet with a man whose brains are in his pocket, whose logic is a bottle, and all whose decisions are wagers? If you have, you will have some idea of a very worthy gentleman who disturbs the peace of our little evening club, by giving no answer that has not a *bet* at the tail of it. If you say, we have had good news from abroad, he lays a bottle that the news are bad.—If you hint that they are bad, he offers a bottle that they are

are

are good.—In this way he goes about the room for hours together, *chinking* his arguments in his pocket, and referring every question of politics, law, or trade, to the unanswerable decision of *two and sixpence*. No man can open his mouth without risking a bottle with this *wager-bunter*. If you even drink his health, he'll lay you a bottle that he is the healthiest man in the room: if you stir the fire, he bets a bottle that you will put it out. Nay, it was but lately, that, on going away, I bid him *good night*, and he offered to lay a bottle that it was *morning*. Another time, when I helped him on with his great coat, he laid me a bottle that I could not tell who made it.

There is no contending, you perceive, with such a logician as this; and our club have had several meetings to consider what is to be done. We are a plain, sober, orderly kind of people, who meet to discuss the business of the day in a cool, argumentative way; but it is very hard, Sir, that a man cannot risk an opinion for less than *half a crown*. It has been suggested by a very sagacious member, who sees much further through a mill-stone than most of us, that this *two and sixpenny* reasoner, this *silver-tongued* orator, is under articles with the landlord for the more speedy consumption of his port wine, and that he has ten *per cent.* on every decision which he pours down our throats. But this probably is scandal—O! here he comes—and quite in character—for he proposes a bottle that he knows what I have been writing—and so he may, if you please. I am, Sir, yours,

NO WAGER-MONGER.

CANTATA.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

RECITATIVE.

LO! I who erst a MIGHTY MONARCH'S RAGE
 Made the bold subject of heroic page;
 Disclos'd the secrets of the Royal House,
 And sang the GUILLOTINISM of—a *louse*;

Taught greasy cooks and scullions how to moan,
 And gave to porters language not their own ;
 Now meek as lamb in humbler measures creep,
 And sing the virtues of a flock of sheep !

AIR.

Adieu ! ev'ry sheep that I've got !
 Ye playful and innocent lambs !
 Ye ewes, the support of my flock !
 Ye sober and reverend rams !

No more to my arms shall ye run,
 As together we frisk it and play,
 In the summer to feed you with grass,
 In the winter to feed you with hay.

I shall lead you no more to the fold,
 No more shall I bring you together,
 No more to a sweet little ewe
 Shall I couple a merry bell-wether *.

Lack-a-day ! how I'm alter'd of late,
 As, I fear, by my visage appears,
 Ah ! I am not the same as I was †,
 For I'm older by sixty good years !

Oh ! list to this maxim, my friends,
 Which at once is both novel and true,
 " Ye too must resign your sweet breath,"
 For *who* his *past years* can renew ?

What thanks to your love do I owe !
 In the sunshine, whenever I sleep,
 Reposing my limbs on the ground,
 How sweet to be guarded—by sheep.

Let me copy your virtues so rare,
 Then receive my last thanks and last sigh !
 Your *simplicity* taught me to live,
 Let your *innocence* teach me to die !

* I am well aware of the objection the critics may make to my coupling a ewe to a bell-wether ; but I shall beg leave to refer them to Shakspeare's *As You Like it*, Act III. Scene 2. an authority, inconceivable, fully sufficient to answer any objection they may think proper to bring against me.

† Non sum qualis eram.

A RUINED NATION.

Then no more shall my mortified spirit
Use any unfortunate imp ill ;
But all, whilst they envy, shall own
THE VIRTUES of—PETER—the simple.

A RUINED NATION.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

SIR,

IT is the peculiar advantage of your paper, and what I have ever valued it for, that in the most confused of times, you give us a little of something to amuse us. I am sure, if it were not for this, a man would lose his senses amidst the din of Parliamentary Debates, Common Halls, Palace Yards, and Copenhagen Houses. One can scarcely eat a morsel, or drink a drop, that does not smell of politics ; which we old fellows, Sir, past the hey-day of life, cannot relish as we used to do. Alas ! Sir, the time has been, when I could—but no matter—for, as my friend John Wilkes says, “ Every dog has his day.”

To be sure, now and then one can't help talking a little in the old way about the *ruin of the nation*, and such like subjects, as served to amuse us in our youth. I have lived, Sir, to see this country ruined more than half a dozen times. I remember we were *ruined* in 1756, when we went to war with France. Well, Sir, when we got out of that war in 1763, I thought all was safe ; but it so happened that we made a peace which *ruined the nation* again. Then, Sir, came the glorious days of Wilkes and liberty. It would do your heart good, to think how we were *ruined* then. When the Tea-act passed, which threw America into a flame, we were completely *ruined* again, and, I do not know how it happened, but the fact is, when that act was repealed, some very sensible people said we were *quite ruined*. However, we made a shift to hobble on pretty well till the year 1775, and then we went to war with America ; from which time, all wise and long-

long-headed politicians said this country might date its ruin. Away we went, however, and ruined ourselves into a peace, and were told that the "fun of Great Britain was set for ever." Scarcely had this ruin been out of our mouths (and I don't think it was any where else), when the *Coalition* ruined us again—but Mr. Pitt came into power, and during his time the account current runs thus—

His coming into power	<i>Ruined.</i>
Shop Tax	<i>Ruined.</i>
Tobacco Excise	<i>Ruined.</i>
War	<i>Ruined.</i>
Bills to punish Treason and Sedition	<i>Ruined.</i>

I am, Mr. Baldwin, yours,
OLD STYLE.

CREEDS TO CHOOSE.

First, or Tory Creed.

"I BELIEVE in the infallibility of all crowned heads.

"I believe in the infallibility of the Minister for the time being.

"I believe in William Pitt as the maker of all good men.

"I believe in the perfection and inviolability of the English constitution, as now administered; and I think it a damnable heresy to believe that it can be amended.

"I believe in the charity, religion, and virtues of the church, as established by law.

"I believe in the holiness of all Bishops—in the necessity of pluralities—in the advantages of tithes—and in all good things dependant upon high church government.

"I believe in the salvation of Test Acts.

"I believe in the virtue of corruption, without which there can be no regeneration.

"I believe

“ I believe in the saving grace conferred by pensions and sinecure places.

“ I believe in the virtue of riches, and vice of poverty—and I believe that all men who do not believe as I believe, will, or ought to be, damned in secula seculorum. Amen.

“ A. CAVALIER OF THE OLD COURT CUT.”

Second, or Jacobine Creed.

“ I do not believe in any thing that is ancient, fixed, stable, or permanent.

“ I believe only in the virtues of change and experiment.

“ I believe that all crowned heads are tigers, prowling for prey.

“ I believe that all ministers are jackals, purveying for such tigers.

“ I believe that the English constitution is bad, will be worse, and ought to be destroyed.

“ I believe that it is wiser to rush into any evils that may await change, than to attempt to amend what is amiss, because life is not long enough to wait the slow progress of reform.

“ I believe that all good governments are made only for the existing members, and that they have nothing to do with posterity.

“ I believe that the next world has nothing to do with us, and consequently that we have nothing to do with the next world.

“ I believe that every rich man is a rogue, and ought to be poor.

“ I believe in the Rights of Man, as far as they serve to give me a right to live independent of all control, as a man ought to do.

“ I believe that the only fit men to frame a government for free men, are those who have always lived independent of any government whatever, as they only can know what freedom is.

“ I believe

"I believe in Tom Paine as the saviour of this world. Amen.

"A REPUBLICAN OF THE NEWEST CUT."

Third, or my own Creed.

"I believe that every constitution is not adapted to every country.

"I believe that a limited monarchy is best adapted to produce peace, plenty, prosperity, and protection in Great Britain.

"I believe that the constitution of England, as originally framed, is the wisest idea of a free government that ever entered into the imagination of man.

"I believe that no human institution ever was, or will be, perfect; but if it is susceptible of amendment, may always be approaching nearer to perfection.

"I believe that, being of human institution, the English constitution is subject to abuses and to decay.

"I believe that many abuses have crept into the Administration, that many decays have begun to appear in the English constitution.

"I believe that no man is infallible, either as a King or as a minister.

"I believe it to be the interest of every minister to encourage abuses in the Administration, and to hide decays in the constitution."

"I believe that all the abuses in the Administration, and all the decays in the constitution, are practical evils, and admit of easy and practical cures."

LINES

Written to a Lady, who had a loose Tooth extracted, and fastened in again by drilling a Hole through it, and passing two Ligatures, by which it was tied to the Tooth on each Side.

[From the Morning Post.]

DEAR Madam, tell an anxious friend,
 What terms you live on with your tooth;
 I hope your *jars* are at an end;
 But still I wish to know the truth.

'T is

'Tis well you were alarm'd in time,
 And took the hint, and look'd about;
 He and his neighbours could not chime,
 They threaten'd shortly to *fall out*.

He then shew'd signs of *insurrection*,
 And soon acquaintance had with *Pain*;
 But now he's *drill'd*—a just correction,
 And to *the ranks* reduc'd again.

An action you commenc'd for trove,
 And LAW * bade all contention cease;
 He *took him up*, and *bound him over*,
 And *tied him down* to keep the peace.

Then, lest himself should gain no fame,
 And you no profit from his labours;
 As further sureties for the same,
Bound over both his *next-door neighbours*.

Now let him learn to prize his lot,
 And try to keep within his tether;
 Let each old grievance be forgot,
 And may you both long *bold together*!

MUSTAPHA'S ADORATION OF THE SUBLIME SULTAN PITTANDER THE OMNIPOTENT.

[From the Courier.]

PART I.

WHEN the morning wakes, I go forth to find
 thee; when the light of evening fades, I trace
 thy steps, *thou great and sublime Pittander!* for I am
 thy slave, and I will worship thee for ever.

Thou giver of all good things, I adore thy mightiness!

Thou sayest to mankind, Go forth and die, and, lo!
 thou art obeyed; at thy voice the world shall become
 a desert.

Thy forehead smiteth the skies, and the earth is the
 footstool of thy pride; thy breath is desolation, and

* The name of a deity.

thy frown despair; the treasures of the globe are at thy disposal, and thou givest them to thy creatures.

Though the low and the laborious execrate thy name, though the poor speak of thee in anguish and in tears, yet the princes of the world are glad of thee, the nobles of all lands sing Hallelujahs to thy greatness.

Oh! who shall abide thy wrathful indignation? All who contend against thee shall drink of the cup of the fierceness of thy rage.

Thou sendest out armies conquering and to conquer, and when they are discomfited, thou becomest exceeding wroth, and orderest forth others to be again destroyed; for thy power and thy glory are without end.

Thy palace is built upon a rock, it is built upon a *Treasury*, it defiesth the wind and the tempests, and the mighty wind; for its walls are of adamant, and its chambers are of gold, and its grand halls are of porphyry and fine gold, and precious stones. It is called the *Palace of Downing* at this day.

The merchants of thy great city, whose riches overflow like the waters of the Nile, make offerings unto thee; they bring thee wealth from Tyre and from Sidon; from the East and from the West, which thou deignest to receive at their hands; then thou commandest *thy people* to repay them with the *sweat* of their brow to all ages—so excellent is thy loving-kindness towards them.

Yet the poor shall come forward in vast multitudes, and with much complaint, and shall say unto thee, "Fye upon thee! fye upon thee!" but thou shalt not be ashamed.

And thou shalt take the offerings of the rich merchants, and the wealth of Tyre and Sidon, and thou shalt scatter them over the face of the earth, and upon the great waters, and in the air; then all men shall be astonished, and many shall blame thee; but I will laud thy doings, I will exalt thy name without ceasing,

Day and night will I sing praises unto thee; oh!
lead

lead me into thy secret *places*—bestow a *resting place* upon thy slave.

Fain would I bow me down and kiss thy hinder parts, in testimony of my submission; but thy hinder parts are wanting; I would pour precious ointment on thy beard, but thou art without a chin. Glory be to thee, great *No-chin*, for everlasting; thou art not of the children of men.

Should the whisperings of thy slave offend thee, *most mighty Sultan!* set thy foot upon his neck, and crush him in the dust, that he may die in honour. Even in death would I glorify thee.

The pillars of thy power are in the remotest corners of the earth, and thy strength is in many mighty men. At thy right hand is *Dundasopbat* the great chieftain, and the high priests, and the elders.

The *Burkites* also, and the *Jenkinsonites*, and the *Canningites*, fight for thee.

The *Roseites* and the *Steelites*, and *Reeveites*, and all the *Majorities*, uphold thee.

And is not *Loughboroboam*, the wise lawgiver, on thy side?

The captain of fifties, and the captains of hundreds, and the associations, and the corporations, support thee, *most magnificent Sultan!*

And those likewise who have *penions*, and those who have *places*, and those who have *titles*, and all who *wish for them*, or *expect them*, give countenance unto thee. Who then shall dare to resist thy will? who shall *speak of Reform*, and not *perish*?

The *Vulpites* shall fly before thee like the morning dew from the gates of the south; their numbers are reduced; they are faint with their losses, they shall soon be cut down, be dried up and wither.

Sberidanexor shall be overthrown, *Greyhoashim* shall fall beside him, and none shall oppose thy progress.

But thou shalt come forth with *sackbuts* and *psalteries*, and all kinds of music, in *the majesty of thy triumph*.

The

The *Tookites*, the *Hardites*, and the *Thelwalites*, with all the children of sedition, shall be smitten with the edge of the sword; their bodies shall be quartered, and their limbs shall be fixed upon the high places, as a warning to all nations.

O that I had a tongue to utter the sentiments of my joy!—O that I could make known to all men the fulness of my delight!

For the armies of *Anarchy* shall speedily be dispersed, the new *Satan of Liberty* shall be beaten down under our feet, and the *Kings of the earth* shall revile him.

The *presses* shall be broken, and burnt throughout the land, the reign of *mystery* shall be restored, the impiety of *reason* be at an end, and amongst the vulgar shall be *order, tranquillity, and—despair.*

But the rich and powerful shall bless thee, and glorify that day, saying, “Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for now we are safe.”

Deal with mankind as thou choolest; they were created for thy pleasure, *thou heaven-born Sultan!*

Thy wisdom is beyond the wisdom of Mahomet, thy greatness beyond *his* greatness; he shall become a *cipher* in thy sight.

He shall recreate himself in the bowers of Paradise with the *only houri* of his heart; he shall chase the wild stag on the banks of the Euphrates, whilst thou shalt govern in his stead.

And thou shalt put words into his mouth, and he shall utter them, and they shall be of marvellous strange import, which peradventure, had he been left to himself, he would never have spoken.

For thou shalt persuade him to say that murder, rapine, and desolation, are *just and necessary*, and to call upon Providence for aid to *exterminate a nation*, whilst the weak and disaffected shall marvel with many murmurs, and talk of a day of retribution.

But thou laughest to scorn all idle talkers, secure in the plenitude of thy power.

O sublime

O sublime Pittander! first created of beings, how wonderful also is *thy memory!*

For when it pleaseth thee, *thou canst forget to remember, or remember to forget!*

But away with serious thoughts, my sovereign! My master! relax the sinews of thy mind, and enjoy the luxuries of life.

The splendid banquet is prepared for thee in the *Holy Wood*, and *Dundasopbat* awaits thee.

I will mix the rich bowls of sherbet with opium and strong spices, and I will pour therein abundance of wine, when none shall see; and thou shalt drink thereof, and be exceeding glad.

When thou art *drunk* with the beverage of bliss, I will lay thee on a couch of roses, and leave thee to repose.

And I will watch all night in thy portal, lest any harm should come unto thee.

On the morrow I will awaken thee with *new hymns of delight—new songs of ADORATION.*

MUSTAPHA.

PART II.

WHY is thy brow overcast, and why art thou disquieted, *great master of the universe!* can sorrow approach thy mightiness, can the sufferings of slaves disturb thy peace, or can the voice of general indignation afflict thee? Ah, no! thou art more good than goodness, more vast than vastness, and more wise than wisdom.

Though the leaders of thy janissaries should desert thee, though the thousands and ten thousands and millions whom thou *payest*, should fly from thee, withdraw but the light of thy countenance, and they shall perish *everlastingly*; for who else can uphold them, *magnificent Pittander!*

Hast thou not sworn there shall be no peace on earth?

Thy

Thy right foot is on the ocean, and thy left foot is on the land, and the lightning of thine eyes is the flaming sword of a destroying angel.

Another million of human beings shall be cut off! in the pride and glory of youth they shall die; yea, every one: O then be comforted!

The sun that riseth in the east hideth himself in the western wave at evening, and darkness overshadoweth him; but thy meridian splendour is without end.

Let *Loughborboam**, the great law captain, contrive the victories of thy power; let him plan new sieges, so shall thy conquest be secure.

He shall scatter dismay amongst thine enemies, he shall march into the centre of their land, and lay their chief city in the dust, and none shall deliver them; but the whole faction that opposeth thee shall be destroyed, they shall all be *exterminated*.

The fathers of families shall be slain, the mother and the virgin shall be deflowered and put to death;—even sucking babes shall not escape on that great and terrible day; but thy strength and thy vengeance shall be made known unto all nations, and all men shall honour thee, *thou most sublime one!*

Then the chief-city of thy foes shall be no more: its palaces shall become the dens of wild beasts, and there the lonely pelican shall breed, and the bittern and the owl shall abide there, and the fox and the wolf shall roam there; all shall be solitude, silence, and desolation.

Then shall there be much feasting throughout *thy kingdom*; *thy people* shall triumph, the *great* shall rejoice, and the *lowly* shall be full of joy;—there shall be A JOY OF WILD asses.

And in those days *Charlefox*, who had impiously dared to contest thy will, shall humble himself before thee; *Sheridanexor* shall do homage unto thee—and all the *opposites* shall hail thee.

* Alluding to the Dunkirk expedition, supposed to have been planned by Lord L——.

But the lord their sultan is a jealous potentate: the magnificent *Pittander* shall wax wroth against them; and they shall be thrown into utter darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The river of thy rage shall sweep them away;—that dreadful river, the river of thy rage.

And those who have spoken *treason* against thee, and who were yet set free from before the judgment seat, shall be delivered over to the *Recvites* and the *Whiteites*; and the *Scotites* and the *Misfordites*, to be tormented for ever.

The *Adairians* and the great *Windbamite* shall revile them: now the latter shall prophesy with much fury, and he shall call them *innocent culprits*, and *acquitted felons*; and *thy people* shall laugh thereat and be exceeding merry.

Then *Hardingias* shall come forth and say, O people, wherefore do ye laugh, and why are ye exceeding merry? Behold, and lo, it was *not* the great *Windbamite* who spake these words, but it was I myself, even I.

Moreover it was I who did utter these words, "*Perish commerce*,"* and though, peradventure, I should have heard the great *Windbamite* speak them, he not dismayed: your ears deceived you—evil communications corrupt good manners.

Now it shall come to pass, that as *Hardingias* representeth only two slaves; he therefore shall not dread their rebuke, he shall not be confounded.

Then the multitude, *who are like unto a herd of asses*, shall grunt and murmur, and not believe.

O how glorious art thou, *omnipotent Pittander*! how wonderful are thy ways! When thou passeth through the groves of *Mecca* I will kiss the impression of thy feet upon the dust, I will gaze upon thee with admiration till I faint, I will die in adoring thee.

* Mr. Hardinge fathered those remarkable words, which it afterwards appeared were certainly spoken by Mr. W.

The *holy Mabomet* sustaineth thee, for thou offerest up to him daily frankincense, and flattery, and myrrh; gold also and precious jewels to the *only houri* of his heart. The mighty prophet leaveth the chase of beasts in the black forest, that he may commune with thee. Thou art favoured beyond the sons of men.

For, lo! he hath appointed thee his *vice-gerent* upon earth. And thou shalt come forward with chariots, and with horses, and much people, and thou shalt stand upon a pinnacle of glory, and shalt swear with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth, that *Liberty shall be no more!*

But, O my sovereign, my protector, and my joy! why art thou art an enemy to the delights of love?

Throw aside thy maiden coyness, and raise up seed to do thee honour: so shall thy seed be more numerous than the sands of the sea, or the stars of the firmament.

And I will bring unto thee a young virgin of Circassia, whose polished skin shall be more white than the tooth of the elephant.

Her two breasts shall be bunches of ripe grapes that wait for the pressing:

And her breath shall be a morning zephyr in the citron grove, when the birds begin to pair, and the spring appeareth:

And her opious tresses shall be like the beams of the young moon, when she peepeth over the great waters:

And the kisses of her lips shall be like pure honey taken from the cedars of Mount Lebanon.

Turn not away from her with disdain, reject not the transport of her embraces, indulge the longings of her heart!

For the possession of her charms shall give a tenderness to thy nature, and *humanize* thy soul.

Then the miracle of thy prowess shall be wasted to the

the uttermost parts of the sea, and all the tribes of the earth shall be glad.

And *Dundasophat* shall glorify thee for thy good deeds, *omnipotent Pittander!* and there shall be much feasting and wine-bibbing in the *Holy Wood*, because of the day of thy greatness.

Wilt thou not listen to the prayer of thy slave? Consider that the number of thy days is nearly thirty and six years, and it is time thou shouldst learn to love.

Even the mighty *Mahomet* is himself a progenitor; has he not much issue?

The murder of millions, the overthrow of liberty, and the destruction of a nation, will not so console thee as the soft pressure of beauty in the bowers of bliss.

Let me then fly upon the wings of the winds, and bring her to thine arms.

And silence shall guard thy chamber, and the gales of night shall be hushed to sleep, during the season of thy mysteries.

When the morning breaketh, I will sing unto you both a new song; I will heartily rejoice in the strength of thy mightiness.

So shall I have a *new title* to the world's esteem, so shall I find a *place* of comfort for my age.

Glory be to thee, *sublime Sultan!* till time shall be no more.

MUSTAPHA.

PART III.

○ MIGHTY Lord of all things, most excellent Pittander! have compassion on the sorrows of thy slave; alas! his adoring heart is torn with anguish, and his soul sickens with despair; for, lo! his slumbers have been visited by affliction, and his deep sleep by a terrible vision.

Now it came to pass, that as I lay upon my couch in the night season, the likeness of a giant stood before me; and his limbs were of adamant, and his head was

of pure gold, and he cried with a dreadful voice, saying, *I am Mankind.*

And I looked up and beheld his breast, which was of crystal, and his heart, which was of fire; in his left hand he bore a branch of olive, in his right hand was a destroying sword.

On his brows, he wore a cap of scarlet cloth, on which was written, *Peace, good-will towards men, and liberty to the world.*

Then my spirit trembled with affright, and the hair of my flesh stood up.

As he spake, his countenance became like the countenance of an houri, and he said unto me, Awake, Mustapha, arise thou slave! for thine eyes are opened, and many marvels shall be revealed unto thee.

Then I looked forward, and beheld an immense continent at a distance, and methought it was called Europe.

And mighty armies were in motion, and there was a dreadful carnage, with groans and howlings and bewailings.

On a sudden I saw divers kings, arrayed in purple and fine linen, with crowns of precious stones upon their heads; and they marched forward with innumerable hosts, that they might conquer and destroy.

And I heard the prancing of their horse-hoofs, and the sound of timbrels, and the shouts of triumph, as they rushed onward in the fury of their pride.

Then they fell upon a single nation, which was without a king, that they might bind the people in fetters of iron, vanquish opinion by the sword, and divide the land amongst themselves.

Moreover sundry strong cities submitted to their power, and many thousands were massacred, and women and children, and aged persons, were slaughtered, and divers war-ships were burnt; and on every side was treachery, and fire and desolation.

Now the Kings who were combined against the single

gle nation, glorified themselves, saying, "*Yea, verily, this people also shall have a King.*"

Then the giant stretched out his right arm, and smote the earth with his sword, and shouted vehemently—"Come forth, my armies."

And in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, *the whole nation was in arms*, even every man from the age of sixteen to sixty; and they hastened to meet the Kings, and to give them battle.

They took also with them sulphur and brimstone, and javelins, and spears, and scimitars, and all the implements of war.

The neighing of their war-horses rent the air, their songs of victory mounted the skies.

Before them went a Spirit of Light, whose eyes were two suns, whose voice was the music of the spheres, and whose name was Liberty.

And when the shrill clangour of their trumpets rattled in the gale—when the threatenings of the host were heard, the many Kings were seized with a deadly fear, and they fled in horror and dismay.

Yea, their immense armies where every where defeated, they were driven to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south; they perished miserably by thousands, and the birds of the air and the beasts of the field devoured them.

Then the single nation took unto itself the territories which had been conquered from the many Kings, and gave freedom to the inhabitants thereof, who rejoiced thereat with exceeding joy.

And again I looked, and saw afar off an island in the northern sea; its ports were full of ships, its surface was covered with abundance, yet its wealth and its commerce were for the advantage of the few, while the many were in want, in subjection, and despair.

But, *O my Sovereign, my Guide*, how may I make known unto thee the sequel of my vision?

For as I gazed, even thou thyself, sublime Pittander, wert presented to my view, seated on a throne of sul-

phur, with a rod of iron in thy hand; and, lo! I heard thee utter these words: "*This people is my people, their treasures are my treasures—My will be done.*"

"Go forth, my people! and subdue *the single nation* that hath humbled *the many Kings*; for as my soul liveth, *it shall be overcome.*"

"Now it is written, that society to be civilized must be enslaved, tranquillity and order must be enforced by destruction and *alarm*, and our holy religion must be established by blood.

"And the treasures of *my people* shall not be spared, until the words of my mouth have been fulfilled."

Then methought the great Windhamite who was beside thee, with exultation cried out, "Perish the prosperity of the world, so our high places be secure."

Moreover Dundasophat, and Loughboroboam, and all the Majoritites who had found favour in thy sight, exclaimed with one accord, "Amen, so be it!"

Now it came to pass, that the inhabitants of the island were possessed by an evil spirit: and the name of the evil spirit was Lucre. And they moved forward in madness and in fury to *exterminate* the single nation, and they assaulted it by famine, by corruption, and by the sword. Nevertheless the single nation smote them sorely in the presumption of their pride, drove them backward with shame, and triumphed over them. Then throughout that island was remorse, with murmurings and lamentation.

But at the sound of the murmurs thou didst wax wroth, and didst seize those who uttered lamentations, and didst cause them to be bound in chains, sent to the uttermost parts of the earth, or cast into the burning fiery furnace which had been prepared for all men who put not their trust in thee.

"Verily, verily," didst thou say unto them, "forasmuch as ye have erred in your hearts, and have not known my ways, neither have hearkened to my words, but have received my commandments with complaint,

so

so shall ye every one be chastised and tormented, and there shall be no salvation amongst you."

Then suddenly there appeared an immense multitude, that advanced with much clamour and terrible indignation, and they were even like unto swine.

And the Swinish Multitude cried out and said, "Where is this Pittander, who would not hearken to our complaints in the hour of our tribulation? We asked for *peace*, and he gave us *war*—we called for *reformation*, and he gave us a *scourge*—we demanded *justice*, and he laughed us to scorn—Away with him, away with him!

"The Lord our King is merciful, and of loving kindness; *him* will we honour and obey: by the laws of our forefathers also will we abide, but the injuries and insults of Pittander we will not endure;

"Inasmuch as he would not give ear to the voice of our prayer, but sent *spies* into our habitations, and *informers* to watch over us, and because he suspended the laws which had been made for our protection; and ruled us by artifice, and cruelty, and corruption; so shall he be delivered over to rebuke, and justice shall overtake him.

"Those likewise who have aided his projects, and those who have spoken bitter things against us, shall account for their misdeeds; and, moreover, the mates shall not be forgotten."

Then methought that thou, omnipotent Pittander! wert stricken with fear, and thy cheeks were wet with the dew of trepidation; and all the ministers of thy *wrath*, and all the Alarmists who infested that island, began in verity to be *alarmed*.

And the great Windamite did unsay the words he uttered in the glory of his power; but no man heeded him, and no man pitied him.

For the season of *jargon* was gone and past, the reign of *reason* was begun.

After this, my protector, my joy! I saw thee no

mbre; even the Majorities, and those who had found favour in thy fight, disappeared; but there was a loud outcry, with much agitation, and a terrible trampling of the hoofs of swine.

And, lo! *thy people* did set themselves against the deeds that thou hadst done, and gave laud unto Charlefox, unto Sheridanezor, unto Greyhoiachim, and the Opposites.

The multitude also shouted with one accord, saying, "*Glory be to Stanthopijah the Good, for he likewise is our friend.*"

Then the giant that stood beside me took the olive-bough that was in his left hand, and planted it in the earth, and it sprang up, and became a mighty tree, the branches whereof extended to the remotest corners of the world, and the people of all nations sought refuge under its foliage.

And there was peace, and merriment, and happiness, and fraternity amongst men.

Having beheld these wonders, the vision passed from before mine eyes, and I found myself awake upon my couch.

But, O magnificent Pittander! be not offended with thy slave, for dreams are idle fancies, which the fool alone regardeth.

The whole earth is thine, and all the inhabitants thereof; be not cast down, for thy power is for ever and ever.

Even as thou hast sworn, so shall it come to pass; the liberties of mankind shall perish.

Then hasten to the Holy Wood with rejoicing, and there shall be sacrifices, and banquetings, and burnt offerings.

The young maiden from Circassia shall gaze on thee with dove's eyes till thy senses faint amidst delight; fountains of wine shall flow round thee.

And thy paths shall be strewed with roses, and myrtles, and cassia, and rich odours.

Nor

Nor shall my Hymns of adoration be wanting to console thee: for evermore will I glorify thy name.

MUSTAPHA.

GILES JOLLUP THE KNAVE, AND BROWN SALLY GREEN.

A ROMANCE, BY M. G. LEWIS.

A DOCTOR so grave and a virgin so bright
Hob-a-nobb'd in some right marasquin:
They swallow'd the cordial with truest delight:
*Giles Jollup the Knave was just five feet in height,
And four feet the Brown Sally Green.*

“And as,” said Giles Jollup, “to-morrow I go
To physic a feverish land,

At some sixpenny hop, or perhaps the mayor's show,
You'll tumble in love with some smart city beau,
And with him share your shop in the Strand.”

“Lord! how can you think so?” Brown Sally Green said;
“You must know mighty little of me;
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear, 'pon my honour, that none in your stead
Shall husband of Sally Green be.

“And if e'er I, by love or by wealth led aside,
Am false to Giles Jollup the Knave,
God grant, that at dinner too amply supplied
Over-eating may give me a pain in my side;
May your ghost then bring rhubarb to physic the bride,
And send her well dos'd to the grave.”

To Jamaica the Doctor now hasten'd for gold;
Sally wept till she blew her nose sore;
Yet scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when, behold,
A Brewer quite stylish, his gig that way roll'd,
And stopp'd it at Sally Green's door.

*His barrels, his bungs, -and his brass-headed cane,
Soon made her untrue to her vows,
The stream of small beer soon bewilder'd her brain;*
He caught her while tipsy; denials were vain;
So carried her home as his spouse.

And now the roast beef had been blest'd by the priest,
 To cram now the guests had begun;
 Tooth and nail, like a wolf, fell the bride on the feast.
 Nor yet had the clash of her knife and fork ceas'd

When a bell ('t was the dustman's), toll'd "On.,

Then first with amazement Brown Sally Green found,
 That a stranger was stuck by her side:
 His cravat and his ruffles with snuff were embrown'd;
 He ate not, he drank not, but, turning him round,
 Sent some pudding away to be fried.

His wig was turn'd forwards, and short was his height;

His apron was dirty to view:

The women (oh wondrous!) were hush'd at the sight,
 The cats as they ey'd him drew back (well they might),
 For his body was pea-green and blue.

Now as all wish'd to speak, but none knew what to say,
 They look'd mighty foolish and queer:

*At length spoke the lady with trembling—"I pray,
 Dear sir, that you peruke aside your would lay,
 And partake of some strong or small beer."*

The bride shuts her fly-trap; the stranger complies,
 And his wig from his phiz deigns to pull.

Adzooks! what a squall Sally gave through surpris!
 Like a pig that was stuck, how she open'd her eyes,
 When she recognis'd Jollup's bare skull!

Each miss then exclaim'd while she turn'd up her snout,
 "Sir, your head isn't fit to be seen!"

The pot-boys ran in, and the pot-boys ran out,
 And couldn't conceive what the noise was about,
 While the Doctor address'd Sally Green.

"Behold me, thou jilt-flirt! behold me," he cried;
 "I'm Jollup, whom some call the Knavel!
 God grant that, to punish your falsehood and pride,
 You should feel at this moment a pain in your side
 Quick, swallow this rhubarb! I'll physic the bride,
 And send her well dos'd to the grave!"

Thus saying, the physic her throat he forc'd down,
 In spite of whate'er she could say;

Then bore to his chariot the maiden so brown,
 Nor ever again was she seen in that town,
 Or the Doctor, who whisk'd her away.

*Not long liv'd the Brewer, and none since that time
To inhabit the brewhouse presume ;*

*For old women say, that, by order sublime,
There Sally Green suffers the pain of her crime,
And bawls to get out of the room.*

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite
With shrieks make the chamber resound :

"I won't take the rhubarb!" she squalls in affright,
While, a cup in his left hand, a draught in his right,
Giles Jollup pursues her around.

With wigs so well powder'd; twelve doctors so grave,
Dancing hornpipes around them are seen ;
They drink chicken broth, and this horrible stave
Is twang'd through each nose, " To Giles Jollup the Knave;
And his patient, the sick Sally Green!"

THE GREEN ASS.

[From the Morning Post.]

MR. EDITOR,

WITH your permission I will tell you a short story: A widow somewhat advanced in years, had, in order to sooth her sorrows for the loss of her first husband, resolv'd to take a second. A smart young fellow in the neighbourhood so occupied her thoughts, that she made a female friend the confidant of her determination, provided that any means could be found to silence the tittle-tattle of the town on so disproportionate a connexion. "Nothing so easy," replied the friend; "'t is true you will be ridiculed; you will be the subject of ballads and epigrams for a fortnight; but in a month you and your marriage will be as little attended to as last year's almanack. I will engage even that yonder jack-ass on the common shall be the means of quieting the tongues of scandal in a few hours."—"A jack-ass silence scandal? You jest, sure."—"No, I am perfectly in earnest; therefore marry as soon as you please, and leave the rest to me."

The widow required no very urgent remonstrances to

induce her to comply with her inclination. The ceremony was performed, and all the wags of the neighbourhood were assembled round about the door of the happy couple, to indulge their raillery and mirth. In the midst of the merriment, an ass comes suddenly round the corner, of the colour of a parroquet. The nuptial door is deserted, and every eye and tongue is engaged on this prodigy. A green ass! who the de—l could have thought of such a strange production: where, in the name of wonder, could it come from? “From Greenland, to be sure,” says the barber of the village, who had been a traveller, “or else from the Cape de Verd; I remember seeing a herd of them; they are as green as grass while they are young, but turn as yellow as saffron when they are old.”—“Depend upon it,” says an old woman, “this green ass portends some mischief; I remember myself a white blackbird appearing when I was a girl, and that same year there was a rot among the sheep, and the weathercóck on the church steeple was struck by lightning.”

The widow’s friend, in short, completely gained her point; and the green ass so effectually employed the attention of the neighbourhood, that the wedding was as much forgot as if it had never been performed.

But a story, Mr. Editor, is but a barren rhapsody, unless it admits of an application. The ministerial scribblers, then, act the part of the widow’s friend, and Lady Jersey is the green ass. If ill-timed and ill-combined measures produce their necessary effects—misfortune and disaster; if the public indignation is roused at expeditions madly concerted and ruinously conducted; if all the ministerial prophecies turn out to be absurd and childish chimeras, a most effectual method is ingeniously adopted by two of the hireling prints, to divert the public mind from these calamitous objects, by a column of paragraphs on the conduct of Lady Jersey. This is so palpable an artifice, that it is really astonishing how long the nation has suffered itself to be

be the dupe of it; or that it has never occurred to them, that the whole of this repetition of abuse and ridicule on the character of an individual, while Europe is teeming with portentous and dire events, is nothing more than the second edition of

THE GREEN ASS.

SONG

SUNG ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF MR. FOX'S BIRTH-DAY,
BY CAPTAIN MORRICE.

THE rising Sun of Freedom, with radiant justice crown'd,
Now bursts in bright effulgence, and spreads its blessings
round;

Creation's sons rejoicing, receive the welcome light,
*While God unchains the fetter'd world, and Nature claims her
right.*

CHORUS.

Then hail celestial Liberty! fly round this mortal sphere,
And in thy blest redeeming course, *unchain thy children here.*

Soon o'er this suff'ring island, in Freedom once so blest,
This vital beam returning, shall cheer the Briton's breast;
Vain is the impious arm of pow'r, or craft of tott'ring pride,
To stop the heav'n-directed ray, or turn its course aside.

Though foul Corruption's baseness hath *fold our isle to woe,*
Though deeds of dire destruction awhile have laid us low;
The hour comes on, when Britain's sons their blessings shall
regain,

And hard Oppression's iron rod be broken here again.

Through each eventful æra, that sounds in British song,
To Roman, Saxon, Norman, Dane, whoe'er the sway be-
long,

Still struggling Freedom restless burn'd, unconquer'd by
control,

And, while the body bent to fate, *more firmly rose the soul.*

It matters not what safeguard the tools of pow'r devise,
Swords, edicts, chains, or bribes, on which still tyrant sway
relies;

They feel their coming fate, and know, though force up-
holds their guilt,

One *British moment* strikes to dust the works their fears have
built.

E'en in this deadly moment, when force and fraud combin'd,

Have *stopp'd the breath of Freedom, and broke the British mind;*

The buried spark, retouch'd by Heav'n, and piercing through the strife,

Shall from the grave of Freedom burst, and *light us back to life!*

'T is thus the God of Britain in danger ever saves,
Still Fate renews our Freedom, when *tyrants* doom us slaves.

They crush her in our *vices* down; but, when our *virtues* join,

John serves her cause on Runnymede, and James upon the Boyne.

Oh! give me life, ye powers, that happy hour to meet,
When strangled Freedom breathes again, in *this her ancient seat;*

When, 'stead of tame degen'rate sloth, the patriot flame inspires,

And British bosoms glow again with all their fathers' fires.

Of-times I view in fancy, the bursting blaze expand,
And see th' electric spirit fly like lightning o'er the land;
See all the jealous fervour rage, the virtuous tumult roar,
And hear th' avenging phalanx say, *Thus flood our fires before.*

Then cheer'd by British story, let's meet the coming day,
When Heav'n's correcting mercy shall scourge the fiends away;

A breath can blast their tyranny, a touch unloose the chain,
And when they fall, as fall they must, *we live redeem'd again.*

Oh Liberty! from traitors avert our country's death!

Watch o'er this *natal* moment, that gave *thy champion breath,*

Preserve through England's dangers this *great, this British mind,*

And, 'midst the dismal wreck of state, leave Fox to save mankind.

A JOURNAL OF EVENTS,

WHICH WE MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED, IF THE JACOBIN PARTY HAD SUCCEEDED IN THEIR ATTEMPTS TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT OF THIS COUNTRY—FOR A WEEK.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

1st July, 1794.

THIS day Citizen C*** reported to the British Convention, that he had discovered a distant relation of royalty, whom the Committee of Public Safety had negligently overlooked. Resolved, That he be immediately delivered over to the Revolutionary Tribunal. Several clergymen, who had been detected in the act of preaching the Gospel, were included in the same resolution.

2^d July.—Margaret White, aged 79, was guillotined with forty-seven others. Her crime was of the blackest nature; in having given relief to three of her grandchildren, who were in a state of accusation.

3^d July.—The Convention received the report of the state of the prisons; when it appearing that no more prisoners could possibly be contained in them, ordered, That on Wednesday next a gaol-delivery take place; to be conducted by two commissioners appointed by the republic, who shall decide whom it is proper to spare, and whom it is proper to guillotine. Their power of mercy not to extend to such as are descended from peers, or bear the family name of any such peers, nor to those who have any property, real or personal, in the state; and that in the mean time all criminals who shall be apprehended be confined in the *Temple of Liberty*.

4th July.—The pest-fields (formerly Carnaby Market) were open to receive the bodies of such as had been guillotined the preceding week, the people having more occasion for burying-places than markets. The heat of the weather conspiring with the carnage to infect the air, great danger of a plague.

6th July.—Fifty-four persons guillotined. A hair-dresser apprehended for an attempt to attain sovereignty; which was clearly proved from his having been heard to say, that he had gained a *crown* that day by dressing some of the Convention. The Revolutionary Tribunal enjoined to make strict search for those members who had conspired to advance this man to the throne.

6th July.—Loud complaints for want of provisions. An address from Sh—d, praying that the Convention would take such measures as in their wisdom they thought best, to *annihilate* all those who complain of *want* of any kind, and that they would decree *poverty* a counter-revolutionary quality. A mutiny among the soldiers: quelled by doubling their pay.

7th July.—The national commissioners proceeded to execute their office: liberated seven, ordered for execution four hundred and seventy, who were guillotined in the course of six hours and a half. Thanks voted to the public executioner for his zeal and dispatch. Eight thousand more of the French landed, to take possession of those towns which were granted them by treaty, for their assistance in the revolution. The people very clamorous—Fresh rumours of plots—A riot in the city—A rising in the North—A descent in the West—Confusions, uproars, commitments, guillotinings, &c. &c.—Tom Raine appointed dictator *for the present*.

Tu Jupiter, quem statorem hujus urbis atque imperii vere nominavimus, Hunc et Hujus socios, a tuis aris ceterisque templis, a tectis urbis, ac moenibus, a vita fortunisque civium omnium, arcebis; et omnes bonorum inimicos, hostes patriæ, latrones Italiæ, scelerum foedere inter se, ac nefaria societate conjunctos, æternis suppliciis vivos, mortuosque mactabis.

CICERO IN CATILINAM.

BEAR-LEADING.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

SIR,

I KNOW not whether it hath ever happened in your lot, but I am persuaded it hath happened often in that of many of your correspondents, to fill the honourable and necessary office of bear-leader. If you have, you will fully comprehend the expediency of the plan I am about to propose.

But in case there should be any of your readers so deplorably ignorant as not to understand what I mean by a *bear-leader*, give me leave to explain the meaning of the term. A bear-leader, then, is a good-natured inhabitant of London, who receives once a year, or perhaps oftener, a visit from half a dozen country cousins; whom he is under the necessity of accompanying to all public amusements, and to whom he must shew all public exhibitions, between Westminster Abbey and Greenwich Hospital *one way*, and between Vauxhall and Sadler's Wells *the other way*. He must attend them every day and night during their stay in town, whatever other engagements of business, &c. may be pressing; and all this he must do with the greatest pleasure and good humour imaginable; albeit, any appearance to the contrary notwithstanding, he wishes them all at the d—l, and regrets that they did not break their necks in coming to town.

Such, Sir, is a bear-leader. Now, Sir, it will not require much eloquence to prove that this is, to a citizen of London particularly, a very inconvenient and troublesome office. For, Sir, not to speak of the loss of time, and of the expense, there are very few men in London qualified for the office, from another consideration; namely, their not having *seen the sights themselves*. And I hold it as very sound doctrine, that a man who has never seen the inside of St. Paul's or the Abbey, is very ill qualified to shew them to strangers; especially as strangers are apt to ask questions,

tions, and it appears very awkward not to be able to satisfy the demands of curiosity about matters with which we are presumed, from local habitation, to have a perfect acquaintance. If to this you will add what I have already hinted, respecting the loss of time and business (very serious things to a man who knows what pounds, shillings, and pence mean), I hope you will agree with the plan I am about to propose.

There are very many idle gentlemen and ladies about town, who are at a great loss to dispose of their time, and whose means are but scanty: I would have a few of the most public spirited, and best informed of them, obtain a charter, incorporating them as the Worshipful Company of Bear-leaders. All strangers who wish to see fights should have only to send to their office, or hall, informing the clerk that they want a *bear-leader* for the day, or the week, or any given time. This bear-leader to attend the said strangers to all public places, and point out to them what is worthy to be seen; or, what is often as great an object of curiosity, what is not worthy to be seen. Their reward ought to be a *per centage* out of the money paid at the doors of all public places; or in cases where no money is demanded, as in cases of shopping, attending auctions, or a sail on the river, so much *per hour*.

It is incredible what a relief such a society would be to the quiet and industrious inhabitants of London; and how much more glad they would be to see their country friends upon such terms. Besides, consider the many advantages a sensible, well-informed, and handsome-looking *bear-leader* might enjoy, by being the *Ciceroni* to a rich country family. But this by the by.

Nor let it be thought that the office of bear-leader would disgrace any of the ladies and gentlemen I have
proposed.

proposed to fill it. Besides its dignity and importance, it would necessarily require a great deal of knowledge, historical, political, civil, military, and religious. The *bear-leader* ought, for example, to know the history of all those famous philosophers, generals, admirals, divines, poets, &c. whose monuments are in Westminster Abbey; and be able to tell, what few of themselves perhaps could tell, if they were living—*how they came there!*

He ought to be, likewise, a tolerable architect; at least he ought to know a *cornice* from a *cupola*; and not talk, as the old woman at Blenheim used to do, who, speaking of the house, said that the *wings* were thought not to be *portioned to the dissenters*.

His knowledge of painting, too, ought to be considerable. It is shocking to hear the *Ciceronis* in our noblemen's houses, talking of *Paul Varnish*, *Hannibal Scratch-eye*, and of a piece done by *Michael* and the *Angel*.

But it would be endless to recount all the qualifications of this office. For brevity's sake, I shall just mention that he ought to be as much of a herald as to know "what nobleman's coach that is passing;" and as much of a man of consequence as to know "who that is with the *star* and the *glass eye* that's just passing through Piccadilly!" Country people like mightily to see a *lord*; and if they have had the good fortune to peep at a couple of *dukes*, or a *prince*, it is something to talk about when they return home. Nor ought a bear-leader to be devoid of religion. He ought to know the names of all the churches, who is the best *preacher*, and where the best *organ* is. He ought likewise to be acquainted with the saints from whom they take their names, and be able to descant with great fluency on *St. Margaret Pattens*, and *St. Andrew Under-shaft*; and it would do him some credit were he able to tell who *St. Sepulchre* was.

But,

But, Mr. Baldwin, as I perceive I have exceeded the usual bounds of my epistolary efforts, I conclude, and am, Sir, yours, &c.

A RETIRED BRAR-LEADER.

EXISTING CIRCUMSTANCES.

[From the Telegraph.]

FRANCE has made peace with Spain,	they say,	Good lack-a-day!
Britain will not make peace,	they say,	Good lack-a-day!
Then let us fight, John Bull will pay,		Good lack-a-day!
The Russian fleet is on its way,		Good lack-a-day!
France will be conquer'd yet,	they say,	Good lack-a-day!
Ireland is angry and <i>uneasy</i> ,		Good lack-a-day!
Lord Moira surely must be crazy,		Good lack-a-day!
The times are bad, the weather hazy,		Good lack-a-day!
Poor men can't wear a powder'd jazy,		Good lack-a-day!
The poor are starv'd, the rich are lazy,		Good lack-a-day!
When will prosperity and peace come back?		Good lack-a-day!
No man can tell, good lack, good lack!		
		CRAMBO.

LOTTERY PROPHETS.

[From the True Briton.]

—Corniger Hammon

Et dudum taciti rupere silentiæ Delphi.

CLAUDIEN.

SIR,

AS this is the season of insurance, in which fortunes are promised to the bold and the confident, I wish to be satisfied, if any of your readers can inform me on what foundation it is safest to rely for success, and which

which of the various modes of discovering a lucky number has been found most profitable by those who have adopted it. I am ignorant whether the visions of the day be entitled to more respect than the dreams of the night; whether it be better, in the pursuits of chance, to be watchful, or to slumber; and though I have seen something of the effects of each state, I am yet unable to balance their advantages or disadvantages.

Among those who are *awake* to their interest, my footman Thomas deserved the foremost rank. No action in life, which comprehended a figure in it, was indifferent to him; but his ruin was decided by the cross position of a knife and fork on the plate of a mathematician. Nothing could be more obvious than that the Roman numeral X was here intended to be represented: and thus distinguished by the communication of the fates, he expended so much of his own and of my property on the Pythagorean number 10, that, like Pythagoras himself, he was forced to run away from home. His successor saw wealth revealed to him in two parallel silver spoons, which he interpreted, according to the Arabic table of ciphers, to signify No. 11; but the oracle failed, and he found, in the prosecution of his golden views, that my spoons could be more usefully employed than merely as types and symbols. The reverend curate of our parish preached a sermon on the following Sunday, in which he inveighed against the danger of this epidemic distemper: and if his sermon wrought little, he had no reason to complain that his text was unobserved; for it was carefully noted down by my servants, and my cook insured the number of the chapter, my housemaid that of the verse. Nor is their ill success mentioned in the neighbourhood, without some reflection on the Parson for his ignorance, or his malignity, in thus misleading those who placed confidence in him.

In the house opposite to my own, the night is the
time

time of fairy instruction. No one there lies down to sleep who does not hope to be disturbed by dreams and calculations: repose is not there the object of going to bed. Their walls are chalked with illegible characters, which it is the labour of the day to decipher; yet I do not hear that they have been more lucky than their less laborious competitors, who work only in the day-time. A dream sometimes miscarries, because the dreamer lay on his left side; sometimes because he had negligently turned on his back. It is sometimes without effect, because the figures cannot be read; and at other times it is misinterpreted from their doubtful position.

There is a third class of insurers, who, neither trusting to the delusions of the day, nor the night, woo a particular number by long attachment and unshaken constancy. Thus 8 is preferred by some, because it is the smallest cube, and 9 by others for its mystic properties. The folly of these persons, if not innocent in its consequences to them, is at least venial from authority. The *quincunx* of Brown has furnished the world with motives for admiring No. 5; and Macrobius wastes the time of his reader in monstrous commendations of No. 7. But lest I may mislead your readers into partiality for this number, let me observe that one of the reasons why Macrobius is enraptured with it, is, because it is composed of 1 with 6, and 2 with 5, and 3 with 4, each of which numbers, says the learned author, is *perfect* in itself, and has *its particular merits*.

I am well aware of the difficulty of deciding between such contrary systems; but I doubt not that some of your correspondents will furnish me with a motive of preference; and as I live in a village where all can prophesy on this abstruse subject, I am unwilling to appear less learned or less confident than my neighbours.

B. A.

LETTER

LETTER FROM DR. FRANKLIN TO MADAME B**:

WRITTEN AT PASSEY, NEAR PARIS.

YOU perhaps recollect, Madam, when we lately spent so happy a day in the delightful gardens of Moulin Joli, with the amiable society who resided there; that I stopped in one of the walks, and permitted the company to pass on without me.

We had been shewn an infinite number of dead flies of the ephemeron species, the successive generations of which, it is said, are born and die in the same day.

I happened to perceive, on a leaf, a living family engaged in conversation. You know, Madam, I understand the language spoken by every species of animals inferior to our own; and the very close application I give to the study of them, is perhaps the best excuse I can offer for the little proficiency I have made in your charming language.

Curiosity led me to listen to the conversation of these little creatures; but, from the vivacity peculiar to their nation, three or four of them spoke at once, and I could scarcely learn any thing from their discourse. I understood, however, from some broken sentences which I caught now and then, that they were warmly disputing about the merit of two foreign musicians, a drone and a gnat; and that they appeared to spend their time in these debates with as little concern for the brevity of life, as if they had been sure of living for a whole month. "Happy people!" said I to myself, "you certainly live under a wise, equitable, and moderate government; since no public grievances call forth your complaints, and your only source of dispute is the perfection or imperfection of foreign music."

I left them soon after, in order to observe an aged ephemeron with gray hairs, who, perched solitarily on a leaf, was talking to himself. His soliloquy will, I believe, amuse that amiable friend to whom I am indebted for the most agreeable of my recreations, the
 charms

charms of animated conversation, and the divine harmony of musical execution.

“It was the opinion,” said he, “of the learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished before us, that this vast world itself could not subsist more than eighteen hours: and that opinion to me appears to have some foundation, since, by the motion of the great luminary that gives life to the whole nation, and which in my time has, in a perceptible manner, declined considerably towards the ocean that bounds the earth, it must necessarily terminate its course at that period, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and deliver up the world to cold and darkness, the infallible forerunners of death and universal destruction. I have lived seven hours in these eighteen; it is a great age, amounting to no less than four hundred and twenty minutes. How few of us live so long!

“I have seen whole generations spring up, flourish, and disappear. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who, alas! are no more, and whom I must soon follow; for, in the ordinary course of nature, I cannot expect, though in good health, to live more than seven or eight minutes longer.

“What avail at present all my labours, all my fatigues, to accumulate a provision of sweet dew, which I shall not live long enough to consume? What avail the political discussions in which I am engaged for the service of my countrymen, the inhabitants of this bush; or my philosophical inquiries, devoted to the welfare of the species in general? In politics, what are laws without manners?

“A course of minutes will render the present generation as corrupt as the ancient inhabitants of other bushes, and, of consequence, as unhappy. And in philosophy, how slow is our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short! My friends would console me with the
the

the name which they say I shall leave behind me. They tell me I have lived long enough for glory and for nature. But what is fame to an ephemeron that will be no longer in existence? What will history become, when, at the eighteenth hour, the world itself will be drawn to a close, and be no longer any thing but a heap of ruins?

“For myself, after having made so many busy researches, the only real blessings that remain to me, are, the satisfaction of having spent my life with the view of being useful, and in pleasing conversation with a small number of good lady ephemeras, and now and then the captivating smiles of Madame B***, and the sweet sounds of her forte piano.”

DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN A FREEHOLDER AND HIS REPRESENTATIVE
IN PARLIAMENT.

[From the Morning Post.]

Freeholder.

THESSE are mighty bad times; you grow worse and worse. You are our parliament-man, and I wish you would endeavour to mend them.

Representative. I am very desirous to mend them.—
What would you have me do?

F. Do! why, in the first place I would have you vote for peace, and tell Mr. Pitt to play off no more of his shuffling tricks, but to set about the work sincerely.

R. Tell Mr. Pitt! If I were to desire Mr. Pitt to make peace in any other way than he pleases, Mr. Wilberforce would accuse me of wishing to behead the King.

F. Then I am certain he would accuse you very falsely.

R. But that is the style of argument now set up; and an independent member must not speak, but as it pleases

pleases the Minister, otherwise he will be accused of treason; and you must be sensible that no man likes to be accused of treason.

F. I am very sensible of that; but how the deuce can you be accused of treason?

R. By the new plan of argument. When Mr. Fox, judging by the acts and relying on the declarations of the Irish and British Government, warned Ministers of the dangerous situation of Ireland, he was accused by Mr. Wilberforce of making an inflammatory speech, tending to produce commotions in that country, and to invite the French to invade it; and Lord Dillon, following up Mr. Wilberforce's idea, has actually attributed the late attempt on Ireland to Mr. Fox's speeches. This is accusing Mr. Fox of treason; and although I think Mr. Fox spoke nothing but truth, and gave very wholesome advice, yet I have not courage to encounter a charge of treason, though for the good of my country.

F. Then if you cannot speak for peace, will you demand that the war may be conducted with ability?

R. I dare not. For, according to Mr. Wilberforce's argument, exposing the incapacity of Ministers would be encouraging the enemy to continue hostilities, and even encouraging them to make a descent on the English coast.

F. What! won't you censure Lord Spencer for allowing the French fleets to escape? Won't you tell his Lordship he may know something of old books; but he is totally unfit to direct our Admiralty?

R. Oh! treasonable! Mr. Wilberforce would charge me point blank with inviting the French again to invade Ireland, by shewing they had nothing to fear from our navy, the directors of it being either negligent, stupid, or ignorant blockheads.

F. Well: this is very hard. No redress! As you must not meddle with war or peace, surely you may endeavour to protect private property? I hold a good deal

deal of India stock, and you must know that I think Government use our Company very ill. Ministers will seize all into their own hands. They drag the Directors and bully the Proprietors into any measure they please. They lord it over our property as if it were not our own, and make us give them just whatever they choose. They are alienating the affections of our army, and they will ruin our whole concern.—Surely, you may interfere on this subject?

R. The most dangerous of all. It would be insinuated that I have designs against the commercial prosperity of the country; and Mr. Wilberforce would say I was desirous of alienating our valuable possessions in the East, by sowing discontent among the Directors and Proprietors at home, and disaffection among the Company's officers abroad.

F. My eldest son died lately in the West Indies of the yellow fever, and Tom is now on the eve of being sent off. Will you not endeavour to save the thousands of our brave countrymen, sent to conquer ruined plantations and useless islands, from a horrid and untimely grave?

R. That would be withholding the necessary forces, in order to allow the French to conquer our islands, in Mr. Wilberforce's opinion.

F. But the money sent to the Emperor without the consent of Parliament—

R. I dare not mention it. If I do, Mr. Wilberforce will say I am secretly paid by the French to disgust and alienate the Emperor from our alliance, that he may make peace with France, a measure which will enable the French to invade this country.

F. Then our enormous and accumulating debt and taxes—

R. Would you have me charged with a design of sowing discontent, and making the people insensible to the blessings of our present Administration?

F. The insupportable dearness of provisions—

R. Stop! Mr. Wilberforce will turn up his eyes, and vow it is high treason to inflame the people, by mentioning that subject.

F. Well, then, the bills—

R. A thousand treasons! Would you allow the people to speak, when they can scarcely get food?— Would you permit them to open their mouths, when they have nothing with which to fill them? Mr. Wilberforce would move my committal to the Tower for stirring up rebellion.

F. He would?

R. Yes, indeed, he would; and Lord Dillon, repeating Mr. Wilberforce's speeches, would swear it was all true, that a Jacobin, a rebel, a regicide, &c.— I should be attacked in the same manner in which Mr. Fox has been so falsely calumniated.

F. Then is it seditious to find fault with any measure of Government?

R. High treason! According to Mr. Wilberforce, it is high treason to presume to advise a *heaven-born* minister, or to dare to say the people are discontented.

F. Dare you not speak your mind in Parliament on any subject?

R. Oh yes! We debate with the utmost freedom, and may vote with the utmost independence, on Canal bills.

F. Oh Lord!

R. I am very sorry for your situation. I know the times are particularly distressing to you. Can I help a Canal bill of yours through the House, or do any other little job to serve you?

F. Oh Lord! I never till now was convinced of the necessity of a Parliamentary Reform. *(Exit.)*

THE THREE CURSES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THREE Curses, in three diff'rent ages born,
 Have held our nation up to public scorn:—
 First *War*—base Civil War—in one great flood,
 Delug'd the nation with its native blood.
 Next Superstition came, with holy air,
 Bedeck'd with relics, and pretending pray'r:
 This then became a priest-rid, pious nation,
 Till haughty Henry wrought a reformation;
 Next see a monster, arm'd with harpy claw,
 And pestilential breath, ycleped Law—
 In parchment wrapp'd he came, all scribbled o'er
 With words of dire import and horrid lore:
 Parents with children met in wordy war,
 And all men bow'd before the wrangling bar.
 The force of Vengeance could no farther go—
 To make a third, she join'd the former two.

A NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

MR. BALDWIN,

I OBSERVED lately, in some of the papers (whether in yours, or not, I do not at present remember), a kind of satirical piece, in which a Frenchman recommends to the Parisians to feed their children with *goat's milk*, to render them expert and active *dancers*, dancing being to the French the *whole duty of man*.—But, Sir, as I am one of those who consider the present generation as only apes of those which are past, I have discovered that this advice, which is given in jest, was formerly a matter of very serious experience.—Father Verani, who published three huge volumes on education and morality, in the year 1710, gravely mentions a child, who having been nursed with goat's milk, could not forbear leaping at all times, when he grew in years; and another, who, having been nursed with *sow's milk*, took always great delight in wallowing in the mire.

Now, Sir, as I consider this as very respectable authority, (for who can doubt the veracity of a man who has written three folio volumes?) I have been wondering that a scheme which promised to be very useful, could not have been extracted from the hints of Father Verani. The expense of keeping animals of all kinds is now very great; but if we can make men perform all the business of animals, how vast a saving would it be? I do not mean that it would be proper to fatten men for the markets, because I am afraid we could not easily overcome the prejudices we have against devouring one another. But, according to the plan hinted above, we might certainly find substitutes for those domestic animals, the *keep* of which is now a matter of very serious expense.

We might, for instance, by nursing a child upon mare's milk, give it, when grown up, such a portion of agility, as to supply Newmarket with a kind of two-legged *bitch of blood*, capable of running races, and deciding the bets of those wise men who carry their fortunes to that celebrated place of barter. I would try the experiment first with some of the young jockies; and if there be truth in what Father Verani has asserted, I should not have the least doubt of qualifying them in the course of a few months to win the plate. Perhaps, it might be enough, if they could supply the place of mail-coach horses, or decide a bet of fifteen miles in the hour on the Whitechapel road; but having performed that, it would be unreasonable to doubt of their full performance of all the duties of a horse. I hope it is quite needless to add the many advantages that would result from this scheme; not to point out, that as there are many who neglect the business of a useful man, it would be highly politic to bring them up to the business of a useful beast.

Having provided a cheap *stud* in this way, there could be no great difficulty in furnishing our kennels with packs of hounds, carriers, &c. who might supply
the

the place of those animals, properly so called, which are so expensive, and against which the common complaint is, that they eat the bread that should be given to children. There are hundreds of idle, blackguard children, continually running about this great town, who are burdens upon society, and a grief and affliction to their parents, because they learn nothing but pilfering and stealing, and so come to the gallows, where they are hanged like *dogs*, without any of the merit of those animals. How much better would they not be employed, in following those animals, which furnish the most delicious of our food? We might then be said to procure it *dog cheap* or by *cheap dogs*. The dreadful accidents also which happen from the bite of mad dogs, would be avoided, as we should then only keep enough to act as nurses, and the breed would not have half the occasion to run mad which they have at present.

I shall not now insist farther on this subject, as I am just about to make an experiment which will realize the doctrine. I have purchased from a friendly *Over-seer*, a couple of brats from the neighbouring work-house, whom I propose to breed up to catch rats and mice, and if I succeed, you shall hear from me. Meantime, I am, Sir, &c.

AN EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHER.

P. S. Can any of your readers inform me, whether *Rope-dancers* propagate their species?

A FAST-DAY HYMN,

TO BE SUNG BY A CHORUS OF PLACEMEN, &c.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

“O God, of thy goodness slay mine enemies, and destroy all them
that vex my soul; for I am thy servant.”

ALTHOUGH we never pray'd before,
Yet now we're bid to pray;
To thee, O Lord, we raise our voice,
On this most solemn day.

Fain would we murder all our foes;
 O grant our pious wish,
 For, lo! this day have we resolv'd
 To dine on salted fish.

Oh! 'tis a goodly sound to hear
 Of tens of thousands slain,
 While at a distance from the scene
 We safe at home remain.

To thee, the God of Love and Peace,
 We pray to whet our sword;
 Grant we may cut a thousand throats—
 All for thy holy word!

O God of Mercy, grant that those
 With us who do not think,
 May, of the bitter cup of wrath,
 Be ever doom'd to drink!

So shall we laud thy holy name,
 If thou wilt grant our wish;
 Since 't is for this we have resolv'd
 To dine on salted fish.

J. B.

 AGRICULTURE.

*Minutes of the Report of the Board of Agriculture, for
 the Year 1795.*

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE *Apostates* planted last year have thriven wonderfully; and so generally does the soil favour such productions, that the *more places* we plant them in, they thrive the better. A *hard stony soil* appears, however, to be preferable. The *bark* is valuable, and generally sells at a high price; the wood being *rotten and hollow*, is of much less repute.

Petitions and Remonstrances have been very plenty; but, from their not having been *attended to* in the earlier stages, the nation is not likely to reap so much benefit from them as was expected. Notwithstanding this neglect,

neglect, however, some of them have taken a very *firm root*, and we hope in another season will be highly productive. They will be particularly valuable, should they who have the management of the *Commons* employ more people in removing the nuisances.

Addresses have been likewise plenty enough. People desirous of making something out of nothing, have cultivated them with tolerable success; but the fruit is deficient in flavour, taste, and that spirit which used formerly to be extracted from them, and in most places the *growth* has been *forced*, by means of an extraordinary quantity of the yellow manure laid on in *slices*, and not *sprinkled generally*, as used to be the practice.

Sinecures have succeeded tolerably, although the *better sort* of people have an aversion to them. They sack up the moisture of a *large district*, merely to fatten a slip that is not worth the pains and expense. *Transplanting* is much used here; and as the *old ones* die off, it has been found very convenient to fill up the ground with a fresh plant, and lay a quantity of dung about it; any *filth* and *refuse* will answer this purpose.

The growth of *Votes* has varied considerably. In order to preserve the quantity, it has been sometimes found necessary to tie up the tender saplings with bits of *blue, green, and red tape*, which adds much to the look of a field. The common people, addicted to their old superstitions, have a way of saying that the influence of the *stars* is very considerable, and even rival the effects of the *moon*.

Trees in general. A new method of ornamenting trees has been discovered, by *lopping off* the *branches*, and leaving the *trunk* standing; but it has not been very generally approved, although in our opinion the ingenious inventor ought to have all manner of *justice* done to him. He has a very pretty farm in *Newfoundland*, where, probably, this practice may answer very well.

The various attempts made to improve the *Commons* have

have hitherto failed, chiefly from the obstinacy of the Lords of the several Manors, and indeed not a little from the *freeholders*, who are still, in many places, bigotted to their old prejudices, and are frightened at the very name of Reform, though it would ultimately be so much to their own advantage. Much of the very best seed is choked, almost as soon as it appears, by noxious weeds, particularly by the *Papaver Indicus*, or *India poppy*, and the *Garduus Scotiae*, or *Scotch thistle*. The want of *fallows*, too, prevents the ground from yielding beneficially. They sow the same grain for *seven years* together, a practice so repugnant to the rules of agriculture, that it is impossible *any good* can come of it. The crops look tolerably in the *ear*, but yield very little on *threshing*; and notwithstanding the *management* is astonishingly *expensive*, a great part looks very green, the soil being hard and stiff, and the *clods* broke with great difficulty. The *wages* of the labourers are far higher than they can possibly be thought to earn.

The fruit-trees have been chiefly employed in the manufactory of that species of cider called *Mum*, a very favourite liquor with the great farmers, but very pernicious to the bowels of the people who drink it, and who become so debilitated as not to be able to *get a little food down*. The manufacture of this article, in the opinion of the Board, will be attended with very bad effects, unless some means are seasonably applied to correct the excess of *fermentation* which takes place during the process.

Cattle.—The breed of *SWINE* continues to be much neglected. A general prejudice seems to prevail among men of fortune against them, although it is an animal so easily reared to the greatest advantage. It is not certain, that the breed upon the whole has yet decreased, although a considerable number have been *sent* abroad; but where we used to see from an hundred to an hundred and fifty thousand of them in a drove, we do

do not now see more than *forty-eight* or *forty-nine*. No person is allowed to keep more *at a time*.

(Signed)

ARTHUR OLD.

 A SONG

To the auld Scotch Tune of "John Anderson my Joe."

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

JOHN Anderson my Joe, John,
 I wonder what you mean,
 Approving of the Bills, John *,
 The Bills you ne'er had seen!—
 'T was surely very foolish, John,
 And how could you do so?
 Pray haud your tongue and say nae mair,
 John Anderson my Joe!
 The story of the Phaeton, John,
 Was but an auld wife's saw,
 And like another Phaeton, John,
 You'll surely have a fa'.
 This talking will undo you, John,
 And lack of truth much mo'—
 You've neither brains nor gift o' gab,
 John Anderson my Joe.

* The person to whom the burden of an old Scotch song is thus happily applied, was understood to have declared in the Senate, that though he had not seen the famous Treason and Sedition Bills, he approved of them very highly. In the same place he gravely gave an account of the Duke of B——'s having lent Thelwall his phaeton to serve him as a reformer. Nothing can be more sublime than this gentleman's idea of friendship. Some time after he had diminished the frequency of his convivial entertainments, one of his friends died, from whom he had expected a considerable bequest. He was disappointed. "Ay," said *John Anderson my Joe*, "I did not invite him to dinner so often as I used to do."—In this he was pretty much of Moliere's opinion: *C'est toujours le véritable Amphytrion qui donne à diner*. We understand, that, for fear of suffering any more losses from the same cause, he has of late resumed his former hospitality.

TO ALL THE BRITISH DEALERS IN BLOOD AND
SLAUGHTER WHO ARE UNDER THE RANK OF
ENSIGN*.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

Soldiers, Gentlemen, Heroes,

FOR such you are, whatever was your former situation or employment in life. He who was yesterday only the ninth part of a man, by becoming a soldier to-day, has multiplied his existence by at least three times three. Yet, hard fate! the integer of to-day is much more liable to be destroyed than the paltry fraction of yesterday! But what is that to your employers, you know? The more danger the more honour: *needs must; whom the devil drives.* If you were till now the veriest wretches in nature; if you had been just excus'd from hanging, on condition you should enter into the army, if you had your choice from a justice of peace whether you would be tried for felony, or go for a soldier, and in consequence of this obliging offer freely choose to enlist; if your ankles were still galled with the irons of the prison; if after a short confinement for perjury you had gone into court again in order to swear away an innocent man's life; in short, if you were the lowest, basest, most despicable of mankind, in your former occupation, you are now become, by a wonderful transformation, Gentlemen, and Men of Honour.

But that I may proceed with all possible method and clearness in my discourse, I shall first give you a definition of that most important and distinguished character, a *Soldier*. "A Soldier," then, "is a Yahoo, hired to kill in cold blood as many of his own species as he possibly can, who never did him any injury." From this definition necessarily flows a high sense of

*Dr. Giborne having published a book, intituled, *The Duties of Gentlemen*, this letter was to supply his omission of the Duties of *Gentlemen Soldiers*.

dignity. Your honour is your most precious possession, and of that it becomes you to be chary. You are the disposers of the world; the umpires of all differences; the defenders of the Defender of the Faith. But why do I say defenders of the Defender of the Faith? You are the Defenders of the Faith itself. It rests upon you to reinstate the empire of God, of religion, and of humanity, by the means which God and Nature (and, I may add, the King of Corsica) have put into your hands. In the name of God, then, I request you to shoot all atheists; in the bowels of Jesus Christ I beseech you to run your bayonets in the guts of those monsters that deny the Lord who bought them, and in the cause of humanity I beg of you to cut the throats of all scoundrels that live without breeches. If you follow these instructions punctually, depend upon it, you shall have your reward, either in this world, or the next. If you will promote this godly work with all your might, though your sins were deeper than scarlet, yet shall they become whiter than snow; in short, you have nothing to do but to submit your lives to the disposal of the King and his officers, and your souls to your chaplain. After having made these trifling sacrifices, your way will be perfectly smooth and pleasant. If you survive, as you have a chance at least of one in twenty, you will come back laden with laurels to your native country, and there enjoy, in full perfection, all the blessings of civil government which is the next best thing to military. If you die upon the spot, you fall a martyr to the glorious cause of God, of Christianity, of Liberty, of Property, of *subordinate orderliness*, and of *orderly subordination*. Nor need you be afraid of death, for I can assure you (*in serbo sacerdotis*, i. e. on the word of a priest), that whoever dies in this contest, shall instantly depart to Paradise, if ever thief from the gallows went thither; and for that we have so often had the word of a priest, that it would now be blasphemy to doubt it.

And now for a few hints touching your general behaviour.

1. Be fluent in your oaths and curses upon all occasions. It will shew a confidence in the goodness of your cause, and make people believe that you must be hand and glove with the Person for whom you fight, when you use his name so familiarly, and appeal to him as an old acquaintance upon the most trivial occasions.

2. The Defenders of Religion must shew that it never has any influence upon their practice. It is your duty, therefore, to be, what the canting methodistical people call, a profligate. What made the Christians victorious when they went to wrest the sepulchre of our Saviour from the idolatrous Turks, but a proper allowance of oaths and fornication? It is no sin in a holy warfare; or, if it were, it is the least of the seven deadly.

3. Keep up your spirits now and then with a cordial sup of liquor. You cannot imagine how this prescription will clear up your thoughts, and dissolve all scruples, if ever you had any, concerning the justice of the war. The liberal allowance that you receive, and the exactness with which it is paid, will amply furnish you with the means of procuring these cordials, and they will produce another good effect, they will recall your courage when it begins to ebb, and ooze, as it were, through the palms of your hands.

Far valour the stronger grows,
The stronger liquor we're drinking,
And how can we feel our woes
When we've lost the power of thinking?

4. As you are men of nice honour, and it is a proverb, that nothing is more delicate than a soldier's honour, I propose it as a case of conscience, whether you should not tilt, as well as your officers, when an affront is offered you. For instance, if another soldier should call you a jail-bird, and the truth of the fact be notorious, it appears to me that you ought to convince

vince him of his mistake, by running him through the body, or lodging a ball in his carcass. But perhaps your worthy superiors may deem this an infringement of their prerogatives. I speak therefore under correction.

5. Notwithstanding what I have said concerning the lawfulness, nay the duty, of drinking a drop of liquor now and then, I do not mean you should guzzle away all that large stock of money which is granted you by the bounty of the King and his Parliament. I would wish you to lay by a shilling or so of each day's pay; you who have wives and children, for the support of your wives and children; you who have poor relations, for the maintenance of your relations; and you who have neither, that, in your old age, if you should outlive the war, and return to your native country, you may purchase a snug annuity, and live in comfort upon the property you have acquired by valour.

I am, Soldiers, Gentlemen, and Heroes, your loving brother in Christ,
A. JOHNIAN PRIEST.

THE SHEPHERDS OF THE PYRENEES.

BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

Extracted from the little volume she has lately published, containing Anecdotes of her own Life, and of Mademoiselle Orleans, since the commencement of the Revolution.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

I TRAVELLED about twelve years ago: after having traversed part of our Southern Provinces, I arrived at that great chain of mountains which separates us from Spain. I stopped there in a delightful solitude, and hired a pretty little house, determined on passing the summer. My house was situated on the declivity of a mountain, covered with trees, plants, and verdure; it was surrounded with rocks and sources of pure and transparent water. I commanded a vast plain, intersected by canals, formed by the torrents which rushed

rushed from the summit of the mountains: I had no neighbours but labourers and shepherds: there my reveries were not disturbed by the tumultuous bustle of cities; the troublesome noise of horses, carriages, public criers, which only call up vain agitations produced by interest and pride, and the turbulent activity of frivolity, or of vice and passion; in my peaceful cottage I heard only the majestic voice of Nature; the striking and rapid fall of the cascades and torrents; the lowings of the dispersed flocks in the meadow, the rustic sound of the flageolet, the pipe, and the rural airs: the young shepherd repeats sitting on the edge of the rock, in these places where the country is so charming. I devoted the greater part of the day to walking—I explored first all the mountains that environed me. I often met the flocks; the shepherds that guarded them were all children, or young persons, the oldest of whom was not above fifteen. I remarked that these occupied the highest mountains, whilst the children not yet venturing to climb the steep and slippery rocks, remained in the pastures of easier access. So that in descending the mountains, you see the shepherds diminished in size and age, and you only find on the little hills that border the plains, young shepherds of eight or nine years old. This observation made me imagine that the flocks of the valleys had still younger guardians, or at least of the same age as those of the little hills: I questioned one of the children: “Do you ever conduct your goats down there?” I asked him, “I shall go there some day,” said he, smiling; “but before that, a considerable time will pass, and I must make many a long journey.” —“How then?” —“Why, I must go first quite to the top, and after that, I shall work with my father, and when I am sixty, I shall go down into the valley.” —“What, the shepherds of the valley are old men, then?” —“Yes, our eldest brothers are on the mountains, and our grandfathers in the plains.” As he finished these words, I left him, and descended into the

the delicious and fertile valley of Campan; at first I only perceived numerous herds of oxen, and flocks of sheep, which occupied almost all the space; but soon after I distinguished the venerable shepherds sitting or lying on little banks of the meadows; I experienced a painful sensation on seeing these old men insulated, left to themselves in solitude; I was going to contemplate the more charming picture, these mountains peopled with inhabitants so young, so active and busy, this happy residence of innocence and gaiety, where the echoes repeat nothing but songs of joy, of innocent smiles, and the sweet notes of the pipe! I quitted all that is most amiable upon earth, infancy and earliest youth; and it was with a kind of melancholy that I found myself with this multitude of old men. This meeting of the two extremes of life offered me a contrast so much the more striking, as these good fires carelessly stretched upon the grass, appeared plunged in a profound and melancholy reverie; their pensive tranquillity seemed dejection of spirits, and their meditation, sadness caused by a cruel desertion: I saw them alone, far from their children; I pitied them, and advanced slowly towards them with a mingled sentiment of compassion and respect. Walking thus, I found myself opposite to one of the old men who engaged all my attention; he had the most noble and most engaging figure; his hair, of a most dazzling whiteness, fell in silver ringlets on his venerable shoulders; candour and goodness were painted on his features; and the serenity of his brow and of his locks shewed the unshakable tranquillity of his mind: he was seated at the foot of a mountain, cut to a point in this place, and covered with moss and herbage; an enormous mass of rocks placed perpendicularly over him, projected from the top of the mountain, and formed, at an elevation of more than two hundred feet, a sort of rustic canopy which covered his venerable head from the heat of the sun. These rocks were covered with natural

tural garlands of ivy, of periwinkle and of bind-weed, the colour of the rose, which fell back from all sides in tufted bunches and unequal festoons, distributed in groups with as much elegance as profusion. At some paces from the old man, you perceived two willows inclining one to the other, mixing their flexible branches together in shadowing a fountain, which descended from the mountains; the water foaming at its source, passed from the height of the mountains, breaking impetuously over every thing which seemed to oppose its passage: but grown peaceable in its course, it proceeded in gentle windings through the grass and flowers, passed by the feet of the old man, and lost itself in soft murmurs at the bottom of the valley.

After having obtained permission of the old man to seat myself by his side, I repeated to him what the little shepherd of the mountain had just told me, and I asked him for the explanation of it. "Time out of mind," replied the old man, "the men of this country have devoted to the pastoral life the two ages that seem best fitted for it, the two extremes of life—infancy, which is just come from the hands of Nature, and old age, just ready to re-enter her bosom. Children, as you have seen, conduct the flocks on the mountains; it is there they acquire that vigour, that agility, that hardiness, which particularly distinguish the inhabitants of the mountain; they are trained to climb the rocks, to cross torrents; they are accustomed to contemplate without fear the depth of the precipices, and often run on the edge of the abyss to recover a fugitive goat. But at fifteen they quit the shepherd's life to become cultivators: at this epoch, the young man, proud of being associated to the labours of his father, abandons without regret his mountain; he joyfully resigns his crook into weaker hands; henceforth the pick-axe and the spade will more worthily employ his nervous arm; yet, before he descends into the plains, he casts a sorrowful look upon his flock, hitherto the
sole

sole object of all his cares, and he does not receive without a tender regret the last caresses of his faithful dog. Admitted into the class of labourers, we remain there till the decline of our strength; but when we can no longer labour at agriculture, we humbly resume our scrip and crook, and pass the rest of our days in these meadows." The old man was silent, a slight cloud for an instant darkened the serenity of his brow. I saw that he recalled with some regret the time when old age had forced him to devote himself for ever to a pastoral life; but he was silent, and I dared not to interrogate him more; but soon after breaking silence, "And for the remainder," resumed he, "our old age is perfectly happy; it slides away in a sweet tranquillity."—"But," interrupted I, "so long a habit of labouring must render this eternal repose tedious?"—"No," replied he; "because this repose is useful. I should be consumed with weariness if I remained unemployed in our cottages; he who does not render himself useful to others is a burden to himself; but taking care of these flocks, sitting all day under these rocks, I am as useful to my family as when I was able to till the earth and to follow the plough: this thought alone suffices to make me love my peaceable retreat. Besides, think, that when a man has, during fifty years, exercised without intermission his arms and his strength, that it is a sweet reflection to have no other duty to fulfil than that of passing his days softly reclining on the turf of the meadow."—"And in this state of inaction, do you never experience discontent?"—"How can I experience discontent surrounded by such dear objects, and which recall to my memory such dear thoughts? I have traversed all those mountains which encompass us in my earliest youth. I can discover from hence by the situation of the groups of fir-trees, and of the mass of rocks, the places I ofteneft frequented; my weakened sight will not permit me to distinguish all that your eyes discover, but my memory

memory supplies the defect; it represents faithfully what my eye cannot perceive. This kind of reverie demands a certain attention which increases the interest. My imagination transports me on the elevated hills which are lost in the clouds; impressions never to be obliterated guide me to traverse those winding routes, those steep and slippery paths, which intersect and unite them, whilst my decaying memory abandons me all at once, sometimes on the brink of a torrent, sometimes on the edge of a precipice; I stop, I shudder, and, if that instant I can recollect the road I have lost, my heart palpitates with as much joy as in the spring of my days. It is thus, without moving from my place, transported on the mountains, I see them, I run over them, and I recall all the quick emotions and all the pleasures of my youth."

As the old man ended these words, we heard at a distance and at the summit of the mountain behind us the notes of a flageolet. "Ah!" said the old man, smiling, "there's Tobie come on the rock; he is repeating the air that I love so much; it is the romance that I played so often at his age!" In saying these words the good old man marked time slowly with his head, and gaiety sparkled in his eyes. "Who is Tobie?" I asked. "He is a shepherd in his fifteenth year; he loves my grand-daughter Liza; they are of the same age; may I see them united before I die! This is the time our grand-daughter brings us some refreshment every morning. Then Tobie always brings his goats to the rocks, where he knows I repose." The old man was still speaking, when I perceived at a distance at the other end of the valley, a number of young girls who advanced neatly dressed, and were soon dispersed in the plain: at the same time the shepherds of the hills all ran together and appeared on the steep borders of the mountains that encompassed us; one party pressed forward to the extremity of the precipice, which made one shudder to see the earth that

supported

supported them shake under their feet; the others had climbed up trees in order to discover sooner the lively and amiable party that attended every day at the same hour: at this epoch of the day the flocks of the mountain were abandoned on an instant to wander at liberty; all was in movement on the hills, and in the plain; curiosity, growing love, paternal tenderness, produced a general emotion among both the young and old shepherds. The young villagers separated to seek their grandfathers in the meadow, to present their pretty osier baskets with fruits and cheeses; they ran with eagerness towards these good old men, who held out their arms to receive them; I admired the grace and light figure of these pretty peasants of the Pyrenees, who were all remarkable for the elegance and beauty of their shapes; but my heart was most interested for Lina; she was still at a hundred paces from us when her grandfather pointed her out from a group of young girls, in saying, "There is the prettiest;" and it was not paternal fondness, for indeed Lina was charming. She threw herself into the arms of the old man, who pressed her tenderly to his heart; she then quitted him to fetch her basket, which one of her companions held. In this motion Lina raised her timid eyes towards the summit of the mountain; and Tobie, on the point of the rock, received this tender look, for which he had impatiently waited since the rising of Aurora, and which sweetly recompensed him for all his day's labour. Tobie then threw down a bunch of roses, which fell a few paces from the group formed by Lina and her companions. Lina blushed, but dared not pick them up; the old man enjoyed her confusion, and the other girls laughing with a little malice, and a great deal of gaiety, cried out all together, "*It is for Lina, it is for Lina.*" At last, Lina was condemned to take the bouquet: with a trembling hand she placed it in her bosom, and, to hide her embarrassment, took refuge on the rock with her grandfather, and seated herself

self by him. I left them to enjoy the charms of a conversation full of tenderness and sweetness; and with my head full of the respectable old man, of Lina, and of Tobie, I reached my little habitation, saying, if happiness exists on earth, it is here; such are the sentiments which ought to assure us the possession.

We have seen that the life of a peasant of the Pyrenees is divided into three remarkable epochs; he is first a shepherd of the mountain, from the age of eight to fifteen; he then enters the class of the labourer, and when he arrives at old age, he becomes a shepherd of the valley. The most brilliant of these periods is when the young man is promoted to the rank of a labourer: they celebrate this with great solemnity. As soon as the shepherd of the mountain has attained his fifteenth year, his father goes and conducts him into the fields or vineyards, which he is from henceforth to cultivate: this memorable day is a day of rejoicing to the young man's family. I wished to see this rural ceremony; I spoke to my good old friend, Lina's grandfather, who informed me that Tobie in a month would quit for ever the mountain and the rock, to which his love for Lina had so often conducted him. And there is another circumstance which will add still more to the interest of this ceremony: Tobie's father, who is seventy, will on that day renounce the class of a cultivator, to enter into that of a shepherd; he will assemble his four sons of a first marriage; Tobie is a child of the second, and the youngest of his brothers is at least thirty. The day fixed for the ceremony at last arrived: I was on the plain three hours before sunset. I found all the old shepherds assembled at the foot of the mountain, where Tobie watched his flock; soon after we perceived a crowd of peasants and villagers advancing, of all ages, fantastically attired; Lina, conducted by her mother, placed herself near me, and, without doubt,

count; was not the least interested in the festival. This party preceded Tobie's father, who gravely advanced, furrounded by his four sons; the old man carried a spade, and was supported by his eldest son. Being arrived at the foot of the mountain, all the multitude separated, to let him have a free passage; but the old man stopped; and sorrowfully surveying the steep road which led to the summit of the mountain, he sighed, and after a moment's silence, "I ought," said he, "according to the general custom, to go myself and fetch my son; but I am seventy years old, and can only wait for him."—"Ah! my father," cried his children, "we will carry you." They received universal applause for this proposition; the old man smiled, and his sons, forming with their arms twined together a kind of litter, took him gently up, and began the march immediately. All the country-women remained in the plain, but I followed the old man, as I wished to be a witness of the meeting with Tobie. We walked slowly, the old man making them stop from time to time, to take breath, and to contemplate the places we were traversing, and which brought to his memory the sweet recollection of his youth; he started at hearing from all quarters the clear sounds of the bells hung at the neck of the sheep and goats, and which are only used for the flocks of the mountain; he frequently told us of particular objects that we should see; but time had often destroyed or changed what he had represented. He regarded all that was offered to our view on the road with a double interest of sentiment and of curiosity: as we advanced farther on, the expression of his countenance became more lively and animated; joy sparkled in his eyes, and he seemed to renew his life, in breathing for the last time the invigorating and pure air of the mountain. At last we arrived at the end of our journey; they set the old man on a rock; he rose, and, supporting himself on the spade which he had not quitted, he contemplated

plated with delight the immense countries that he commanded. At this instant, Tobie came, and threw himself at his father's feet; and the old man, embracing him with tenderness, "Here, my son," said he, "take this spade, which has served me half a century; may you keep it as long! To resign it myself into your hands, I have prolonged beyond the ordinary term the labour which is painful at my age; I quit to-day our fields, our vineyards, but you are going to replace me."—Saying these words, the old man gave Tobie the spade, and asked his crook in exchange. "Oh! my father," said the young man, "receive again this faithful dog, who has obeyed me seven years, and for the future will follow and defend you; he will never more usefully serve me!" At these words the old man could not refrain a few tears, which gently rolled down his venerable cheeks; he caressed the dog, his fun presented to him; the animal struggled in Tobie's arms, and seemed to express by his lamentations his fear of changing his master. We all took the road to the valley, where we found all the villagers; and the festival was ended by a rustic ball, when I had the pleasure of seeing Tobie dance with Lina. The following day I returned into the meadow, where I found my two good old friends seated by the side of one another, entertaining themselves with an account of their youth, but mostly of their children. Lina brought them punctually at the accustomed hour fruits and milk. Tobie was not there; but Lina threw her eyes on the rock: she saw with quick delight the mutual friendship of the old men; it was for her a tender preface. In short, I have since heard, that the old men enjoyed the happiness of celebrating the nuptials of Lina and Tobie, and that Lina is now one of the tenderest and happiest wives and mothers.

THE WHISTLE.

A TRUE STORY.

Written by the late Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN to his Nephew.

WHEN I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holyday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle*; and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle*.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favours, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle*.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect: *He pays indeed, says I, too much for his whistle*.

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable

fortable living, all the pleasures of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth—*Poor man*, says I, *you do indeed pay too much for your whistle.*

When I meet with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations: *Mistaken man*, says I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure: you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison: *Alas!* says I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a husband: *What a pity it is*, says I, *that she has paid so much for a whistle.*

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

EFFECTS OF THE PRESENT WAR.

WHAT has it done?

It has overthrown *some*, and shaken *all* the thrones of Europe.

It has given the lie to the conjectures and speculations of all the old *politicians* in Europe.

Experienced *Generals* have been outwitted by novices, and *impregnable* cities taken by mere dint of force.

Two or three *millions* of *men* have been killed in attempting to settle disputes, which they did not understand, and which are, after all, to be determined by four or five men who never saw a gun fired.

Sundry very great *orators* have been convicted of *speaking nonsense* for four years together.

Many

Many hundred *threatening assertions* have vanished in hopeless impotence, and the same number of *professions* have been falsified.

The *greatest plans* have been formed without the *power of execution*, and the *greatest actions* have been executed without any *plan* at all.

One eighth of our forces have been employed to keep the enemy in check *abroad*, and the other *seven eighths* to keep the people quiet at *home*.

The *supporters* of the *war* refuse their aid unless they are well paid for it, and our *volunteers* are obliged to be *handcuffed*.

Several very *worthy* men have been *alarmed* into places of great trust and *emolument*.

The constitution has been *personified* in eight or ten men who know not what it means, and who have altered it so that scarcely any person can know it.

Great Generals have become so expert in the art of retreating, as, in most cases, to *save themselves!*

The emoluments of the *church* are mistaken for *religion*, and the income of a *pensioner* is called *property*.

The reformation of *abuses* is *seditions* and *treasonable*, and nothing is *wrong* which can be proved to be *old*.

Indemnity consists in surrendering all we have taken, and *security* is synonymous with *implicit confidence* in those who have deceived us.

AN ELECTION SONG.

POOR JACK PARODIED.

[From the True Briton]

I.

Go pater 'bout *Parsons* and *Scribes*, do ye see,
OLD NICK, FOX, HORNE TOOKE, and the like;
 A brave British tar at my right hand give me,
 And I never to traitors will strike:
 Though the storms of Sedition around me may blow,
 And pour forth of venom a flood,
 I'll ne'er tack about when I meet with the foe,
 But bear down like HOWE or like HOOD.

Avast, do not think me a shy one so fast
 To fly from a Frenchified pack;
 For I know there's a hangman who's perch'd up aloft
 With a noose for the neck of OLD JACK.

II.

I heard Mr. THELWALL palaver one day,
 About sections, departments, and such;
 I boldly cried Nonsense! to all he could say,
 And bade him go look to the Dutch.
 Says I, Do ye mind me, a Felon can't swing,
 If the High a'nt obey'd by the Low;
 And many home truths in his ears did I ring,
 'Bout shelves, gallows, hemp, ropes, and tow.
 Avast, do not think me, &c.

III.

I said to some folks, for you see they grew shy,
 When TOOKE talk'd of ropes and a tree,
 As how Horses and Asses by the tails he would tie,
 And then let them strive to get free;
 The Oak Tree of England he ne'er shall unroot,
 Though he plunges and kicks like a Jade;
 Each day from that stem shall come forth a fresh shoot,
 To afford to the World a good trade;
 Avast, do not think me, &c.

IV.

D'ye mind me, a Briton should be every inch
 All as one as a part of the state;
 He should stand to his post, without offering to flinch,
 Let the danger be ever so great.
 To TOOKE in all weathers, all times, ends, and reign,
 All is joy from confusion that springs;
 As for heart, he has none, though his bellows he strain,
 And his head will be shortly the KING'S:
 Yet he swears that his objects he ne'er will forego,
 Nor from his old course turn his back,
 Though he knows there's a devil that dwells down
 below,
 To provide a hot birth for OLD JACK.

NEW TAX.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is one article of vast consumption yet untouched—I mean *wind*; why does not our able Financier tax that? Perhaps he wishes to be tender to an article that has entered so largely into the composition of all his speeches, and in which all his schemes have ended. But we are too far gone in taxation to omit one that would increase the revenue as much as most he has lately proposed; for it is an article in which every body deals more or less.

I would propose, therefore, that masters of ships take out licenses for fair winds, at ~~one~~ per voyage.

Boats on the Thames, scullers, barges, and Margate hoys, not to fail before the *wind*, unless properly qualified.

The inhabitants of St. Paul's Churchyard to be assessed for the additional wind of that place, and the exhibitions arising therefrom.

Winds to be differently rated according to their value. Winds from the north to be put under Mr. Dundas's direction.

Loud winds which are privately disposed of, to pay *ad valorem*, and all *chinks* to be regularly inspected by the officers of the Excise.

A heavy duty on the wind that blows nobody good, which, perhaps, will fall personally on Ministerial quarters.

Persons afflicted with *wind*, to take out permits enabling them to export free of duty.

The commissioners to make their assessments twice a year, that the public may not evade the tax, or shew any backwardness in contributing to the defence of social order and religion.

I would likewise propose a tax of ten per cent. upon all *windfalls*.

If these suggestions are adopted, I hope they will convince our enemies that our resources are not easily to be exhausted, and that, although we have taxed every thing we can lay our hands upon, there is still "something in the *wind*."

I am, your humble servant,

EOLUS.

P. S. I hope you will insert the above, as a *puff* for the Minister.

The inundation of Sonnets, with which we have been for the last ten years overrun, has justly made our sentimental Sonnetteers objects of ridicule. NENEHIAH HIGGINBOTTOM, in the Monthly Magazine, imitates their insipidities with good effect in the following specimen.

SONNETS,

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF "COTEMPORARY WRITERS."

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SONNET I.

PENSIVE at eve, on the hard world-I mus'd,
 And my poor heart was sad: so at the moon
 I gaz'd—and sigh'd, and sigh'd—for ah! how soon
 Eve darkens into night. Mine eye perus'd
 With tearful vacancy, the *damp* grass,
 Which wept and glitter'd in the paly rays:
 And I did pause me on my lonely way,
 And mus'd me on those wretched ones, who pass
 O'er the black heath of sorrow. But, alas!
 Most of MYSELF I thought; when it befell,
 That the sooth SPIRIT of the breezy wood
 Breath'd in mine ear—"All this is very well;
 But much of *one* thing is for *nothing* good."
 Ah! my poor heart's inexplicable swell!

NENEHIAH HIGGINBOTTOM.

GRAND EXHIBITION!

[From the Telegraph.]

SIGNIOR GULIELMO PITTACHIO,
The **SUBLIME WONDER** of the **WORLD!!**
ADVERTISES in due Form—And graciously makes
KNOWN

To the Great and Magnificent **PERSONAGES,**
WHO INFEST THIS HAPPY LAND!!!

AND ALSO

To the *Hungry* **MULTITUDE** of **SWINE,**
WHICH ARE STARVING THEREIN!!!

That he has with uncommon **Expense, Affiduity, and**
Labour, contrived

A MAGIC LANTERN,

Of such peculiar and wonderful Properties, as almost to
baffle Description!

Its Lustre is charmingly obscure, and may be styled,
in Opposition to the Remark of one Mr. **MILTON,**
Not DARKNESS, but rather LIGHT INVISIBLE.

Nothing is clear, nothing is prominent, nothing is
precise, yet a strange Succession of interesting *Shad-*
ows pass before the ravished Eyes of the Spectators,
In a most Costly and Unmeaning Manner.

The Exhibition is divided into Three Parts—Arranged
as follows :

PART I.

The **CONQUEST** of **QUIBERON!**

The Slaughter exquisitely finished—and the Dying
Emigrants capitably coloured.

The like was never seen by Man, or recorded by History.

—N. B. The Signior particularly values himself
upon this exquisite Display.

A full Length Portrait of a KING, in his
Royal Robes,

Urging, as it were, a Continuation of a *Just* and
Necessary War.

Never was any *THING* prettier seen upon Earth.

His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES,

(In the Character of *Fortunatus,*)

Endeavouring in vain to empty his *inexhaustible* Purse.

The *Chiara-obscura* is allowed to be inimitable.

JOHN BULL wrestling with the **DEVIL**,

and the Devil too strong for him.

This is comical in the extreme, and enough to make a

Bishop split his Sides with laughing—*Ha! ha! ha!*

A PEN'ORTH of BREAD for SIXPENCE!

Or, the **BAKERS** in the **DUMPS**.

The Lantern shews this with wonderful Effect. . .

Quantity and Equality; or, England and France contrasted!

At the Conclusion of the First Part, *Gulielmo Pittachio*

himself will drink *Four Bottles of Burgundy* to the

Health of the *British Nation*.

After which, he will entertain the Company with a
humorous Account of

The **ART** of **RAISING MILLIONS!**

*By any Man, who knows how to ride on HORSEBACK
upon an ASS!!!*

PART II.

The Magic Lantern will now display in full Beauty,

The Gallant EARL of MOIRA preparing to embark
for **NO WHERE!!!**

An exact Representation of that brave, courteous, and
adventurous Knight,

SIR SIDNEY SMITH—EXPECTED at

WEYMOUTH.

The Colours of the *Expectation* are absolutely as
natural as the Life.

The **BRITISH CONSTITUTION** in one entire
BLAZE—of GLORY.

The whole World cannot produce any thing finer than
this, unless it should happen to be full of Flaws,
which is sometimes the Case.

The

The British Parliament in all its Purity.

The Colours are liable to *Corruption*;—yet they are likely to be lasting.

The *Flexibility* of the Figure is admirably expressed.

N. B. *The Majority are for Sale.*

A fine Representation of a Battle,

The Fencible Cavalry charging the starving Poor who demand Bread.

The Magic Lantern will shew

The Slaughter of the Women

In a fine Point of View.

At the End of the Second Part, the Sublime Signior will entertain the Company with some of his most capital Slight-of-hand Performances, which, from their unrivalled Cleverness, may be deemed

A National Honour.

He will then Sing, with that enchanting Pathos so peculiar to Himself,

“ War, alas! is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If France there is no chance of winning,
Think your places worth enjoying!!!”

PART III.

An animating View of MONSIEUR,
late COMTE d'ARTOIS,

Marching to Paris with TWELVE HUNDRED Men.

This may be deemed an almost incredible optical
Delusion.

An interesting Representation of

Didone abbandonata,

Or an amiable Princess neglected and despised;
with the Triumph of

MY GRANDMOTHER,

And a Bird's-eye View of

The Pavilion at Brighton.

This beautiful scenic Exhibition may be truly said to
call forth all the finer Feelings of the Heart.

WONDERFUL EXHIBITION!

The *Pop-gun* Plot,
 Or the System of Terror revived.
 Displaying in lively Colours,
 The intemperate Passions of the self-called Great
 WEYMOUTH,
With a Royal Card Party in the back Ground—
 A true Picture of the Times.
 A melancholy View of the Loss of
Our West India Islands,
 With a *distant* Prospect of their being retaken.
 This is a most affecting Display of *Signior Pittachio's*
 Powers, and forcibly demands the Approbation of
A generous and enlightened Public.
 At the Conclusion, *Signior Gulielmo* will astonish his
 Auditors by a new and sweet Song, called,
 “*Twenty seven Millions More!!!*”
 N. B. Immediately after the Meeting of Parliament
Signior Pittachio pledges himself to bring forward
 his original Puppets with superior Eclat, and to re-
 commence his Capital Deceptions.

VIVANT REX ET REGINA.

 WONDERFUL EXHIBITION!

[From the Courier.]

SIGNIOR GULIELMO PITTACHIO,
 The **SUBLIME WONDER** of the **WORLD!!!**
Condescends to inform the Public at large, and his
 Friends in particular, that immediately after Christ-
 mas he will open his Grand Hall of Exhibitions at
 Westminster, with a grand Display of his
ASTONISHING and MAGNIFICENT DECEPTIONS;
 Which have been approved by all the crowned
 Heads in the Universe, and which are unparalleled in
 the History of Mankind.

First—The Signior will bring forward
 A Magical **ALARM-BELL,**

At

At the Ringing of which, all the Company shall become Mad or Foolish.

Secondly—He will produce his justly celebrated **CURIOUS SPY GLASSES**, which distort and misrepresent all Objects that are looked at through them, and occasion in the Company **A SUDDEN AND SOCIAL DISMAY**; such as has never before been witnessed in this Country.

Thirdly—By means of an **ENCHANTED DRUM**, he will set all the Company a **FIGHTING**, for the avowed Purpose of preserving

ORDER AND TRANQUILLITY.

During the Battle, Signior Pittachio will convey their **MONEY OUT** of their **POCKETS** in a new and entertaining Manner.

Fourthly—He will produce a most extraordinary Effect in the Optics of the Spectators, by means of some Gold Dust, so that they shall not be able to distinguish Colours; but shall call (at the Signior's Command) **BLACK WHITE**, and **WHITE BLACK**, to the Edification of all Beholders.

Fifthly—He will make some marvellous Experiments upon his own

MEMORY,

By forgetting the most material Incidents of his Life, with an almost incredible Precision.—N. B. To remove Doubts, these Experiments upon **MEMORY** will be made upon **OATH**.

Sixthly—By his Oratorical Efforts, he will, in the Course of a few Minutes, persuade the greater Part of his Audience to salute him *a posteriori*, then to give him three Cheers, and nominate him

THE HEAVEN-BORN CONJUROR;

With various Slight-of-hand Performances and whimsical Exuberances, too tedious to mention.

In the Course of the Entertainment the Sublime Pittachio will exhibit

**UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED AUTOMATA,
OR MOVING PUPPETS,**

Who will rise up, sit down, say Yes, or No, receive Money, rake among the Cinders, or do any Dirty Work he may think proper to put them to.—
N. B. This is a most fascinating Trick.

Afterwards Signior Gulielmo Pittachio will discover to the Company the unrivalled Treasures of his PRIVATE CABINET, formed on a mere mechanical Principle, without Hinges, Joints, Dovetail, or Glue.

The Whole to conclude with a Dramatic Piece, in
One Act, called

The Humbug; or, John Bull a Jack Ass;

In which Signior Pittachio (not having yet engaged any female Performers) will indulge the Company with a Solo on the Viol *d'Amour*.

N. B. The Hall is commodious, but the Company will be kept as much in the DARK as possible, to give greater Effect to

The DECEPTIONS.

Signior Pittachio is extremely sorry to inform the Public, that owing to some unaccountable Mismanagement in the Persons he employed, he has been disappointed of several capital Performers whom he had hoped to have brought forward, for the Purpose of exhibiting various Feats of Activity on the TIGHT ROPE; this Part of the ENTERTAINMENT therefore MUST be deferred.

To supply this Deficiency, Signior Pittachio will close his Wonderful Performances by exhibiting his own Person on

The TIGHT ROPE,

For the BENEFIT of the SWINISH MULTITUDE.

VIVANT REX ET REGINA.

OSRIC THE LION!

A ROMANCE.

SWIFT roll the Rhine's billows, and water the plains,
 Where Falkenstein's castle's majestic remains
 Their moss-cover'd turrets still rear;
 Oft loves the gaunt wolf 'midst the ruins to prowl,
 What time from the battlements pours the lone owl
 Her plaints in the passenger's ear.

No longer resound through the vaults of yon hall
 The song of the minstrel, and mirth of the ball;
 Those pleasures for ever are fled;
 There now dwells the bat with her light-fluunting brood;
 There ravens and vultures now clamour for food,
 And all is dark, silent, and dread!

Ha! dost thou not see, by the moon's trembling light
 Directing his steps, where advances a Knight,
 His eye big with vengeance and fate?
 'T is Osric the Lion, his nephew who leads,
 And swift up the crackling old staircase proceeds,
 Gains the hall, and quick closes the gate.

Now round him young Carloman casting his eyes,
 Surveys the sad scene with dismay and surprise,
 And fear steals the rose from his cheeks;
 His spirits forsake him, his courage is flown;
 The hand of Sir Osric he clasps in his own,
 And while his voice falters thus speaks:

"Dear Uncle," he murmurs, "why linger we here?
 'T is late, and these chambers are damp and are drear,
 Keen blows through the ruins the blast!
 Oh! let us away, and our journey pursue;
 Fair Blumenberg's castle will rise on the view,
 Soon as Falkenstein forest is past.

"Why roll thus your eyeballs? why glare they so wild?
 Oh! chide not my weakness, nor frown, that a child
 Should view these apartments with dread;
 For know, that full oft have I heard from my nurse,
 There still on this castle has rested a curse
 Since innocent blood here was shed!

"She said, too, bad spirits, and ghosts all in white,
 Here use to resort at the dead time of night,

Nor vanish till breaking of day ;
 And still at their coming is heard the deep tone
 Of a bell—loud and awful—Hark ! hark ! 't was a groan !
 Good Uncle, oh ! let us away !”

“ Peace, serpent !” thus Osric the Lion replies,
 While rage and malignity gloom in his eyes ;
 “ Thy journey and life here must close :
 Thy castle's proud turrets no more shalt thou see ;
 No more betwixt Blumenberg's lordship and me
 Shalt thou stand, and my greatæcs oppose.

“ My brother lies breathless on Palestine's plains,
 And thou once remov'd, to his noble domains
 My right can no rival deny :
 Then, stripling, prepare on my dagger to bleed !
 No succour is near, and thy fate is decreed,
 Commend thee to Jesus, and die !”

Thus saying, he seizes the boy by the arm,
 Whose grief rends the vaulted hall's roof, while alarm
 His heart of all fortitude robs :
 His limbs sink beneath him ; distracted with fears,
 He falls at his Uncle's feet, bathes them with tears,
 And—“ Spare me ! Oh ! spare me !” he sobs.

But, ah ! 't is in vain that he strives to appease
 The miscreant ; in vain does he cling round his knees,
 And sue in soft accents for life :
 Unmov'd by his sorrow, unmov'd by his prayer,
 Fierce Osric had twisted his hand in his hair ;
 And aims at his bosom a knife,

But ere the steel blushes with blood, strange to tell !
 Self-struck, does the tongue of the hollow-ton'd bell
 The presence of midnight declare :
 And while with amazement his hair bristles high,
 Hears Osric a voice, loud and terrible, cry,
 In found heart-appalling—“ Forbear !”

Straight curses and shrieks through the chambers resound,
 With hellish mirth mingled ; the walls shake around ;
 The groaning roof threatens to fall ;
 Loud bellows the thunder ; blue lightnings still flash ;
 The casements, they clatter ; chains rattle ; doors clash ;
 And flames spread their waves through the hall.

The

The clamour increases, the portals expand ;
 O'er the pavement's black marble now rushes a band
 Of Dæmons all dropping with gore,
 In vilage so grim, and so monstrous in height,
 That Carloman screams as they burst on his sight,
 And sinks without sense on the floor.

Not so his fell Uncle : he sees that the throng
 Impels, loudly shrieking, a female along,
 And well the sad spectre he knows :
 The Dæmons with curses her steps onward urge,
 Her shoulders with whips, form'd of serpents, they scourge,
 And fast from her wounds the blood flows.

" Oh ! welcome," she cried, and her voice spoke despair ;
 " Oh ! welcome, Sir Osric, the torments to share,
 Of which thou hast made me the prey :
 Twelve years have I languish'd thy coming to see ;
 Ulrida, who perish'd dishonour'd by thee,
 Now calls thee to anguish away !

" My ruin completed, thy love became hate,
 Thy hand gave the draught which consign'd me to fate ;
 Nor thought I death lurk'd in the bowl ;
 Unfitted for dying, in guilt, and in pride,
 Unblest, unabsolv'd, unrepenting, I died,
 And dæmons straight seiz'd on my soul !

" Thou com'st, and with transports I feel my breast swell !
 Full long have I suffer'd the torments of hell,
 And now shall its pleasures be mine !
 See, see, how the fiends are athirst for thy blood !
 Twelve years has my panting heart furnish'd their food ;
 Come, wretch, let them feast upon thine !"

She said, and the Dæmons their prey flock'd around ;
 They dash'd him with horrible yell on the ground,
 And blood down his limbs trickled fast :
 His eyes from their sockets with fury they tore ;
 They fed on his entrails all reeking with gore,
 And his heart was Ulrida's repast.

But now the gray cock told the coming of day ;
 The fiends with their victim straight vanish'd away,
 And Carloman's heart throbb'd again :
 With terror recalling the deeds of the night,
 He rose, and from Falkenstein speeding his flight,
 Soon reach'd his paternal domain.

Since then all with horror the ruins behold;
 No shepherd, though stray'd be a lamb from his fold,
 No mother, though lost be her child,
 The fugitive dares in these chambers to seek,
 Where fiends nightly revel, and guilty ghosts shriek,
 In accents most fearful and wild!

Oh! shun them, ye Pilgrims! though late be the hour,
 Though loud howl the tempest, and fast fall the shower,
 From Falkenstein Castle be gone!
 There still their sad banquet Hell's denizens share;
 There Osric the Lion still raves in despair;
 Breathe a prayer for his foul, and pass on!

 EXHIBITION EXTRAORDINARY.

*Catalogue of Pictures, Statues, Busts, Bronzes, &c. To
 which are annexed some critical observations.*

(Continued from Page 239.)

 SECOND DAY'S SALE.

Mr. BISHOP, Rochester.

35. *A HIGH Priest.* The arrogance of the countenance well conceived, but vulgarly expressed.
36. *The Massacre on Bartholomew's Day at Paris.* Painted *con amore*; the carnage delightfully finished.
37. *A Battle Piece.* Shews a true spirit of heroism, as though the artist really enjoyed the scene of rapine and destruction.
38. *Piety.* Caricature—ridiculously diverting.
39. *A Tyrant.* A bold sketch, but coarse, harsh, and disgusting.
40. *Dives with Lazarus at his Gate.* The former is encouraging the dogs to tear the latter to pieces: the desired effect has been wonderfully well produced.
41. *A strong Gale;* with a fairer Sea in perspective, discovers great judgment; the *perspective* has been well considered.

Mr. LUFFBORE, Bedford Square.

42. *The Capture of Dunkirk.* The very worst piece

in the exhibition; a most disastrous *Morceau* truly; it has neither plan, nor outline, nor execution; the masses are too confused, and the shadows much too heavy.

43. *Portrait of a great Law Character in his Robes and Wig.* A hard, but rich composition. The Wig wonderful.

44. *The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.* This is a luxuriant performance; the extreme avidity of the crowd is very naturally given: the principal figures, however, evidently require *fore-shortening*.

45. *A Privy Counsellor examining a State Prisoner's* A study, in black chalk; the visage ferocious.

46. *Janus.* A cast in bronze, equal to any thing.
Mr. AIRCASTLE, Berkshire.

47. *Portrait of Judge Jefferys,* supposed to be a striking likeness.

48. *Clemency.* A feeble exertion.

49. *Getting into a Scrape.* A burlesque drawing, the expression vulgar.

50. *The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.* Naturally done; but the subject is hackneyed.

51. *Humanity.* A deception, most curiously contrived.

Mr. MADFORD, Lincoln's Inn.

52. *The Ass in the Lion's Skin.* In this picture, the brutal stupidity of the Ass is happily blended with the savage ferocity of the Lion, but at the same time the whole is totally destitute of effect.

53. *Portrait of Jack Ketch.* Painted from memory. A good picture.

Mr. SCOTBY, New Cavendish Square.

54. *A Cannibal.* There is a nature in this production which is very captivating.

55. *The Assembly of Surgeons,* who, in the time of Louis XV. held a meeting to invent torments for the wretched Maniac *Damien.* The general conception of this piece is perfect; the figures are mostly portraits of great living characters.

56. *A Black.* A correct representation.
Mr. STANDUP, Mansfield Street.
57. *The Good Samaritan.* An interesting picture; the subject well treated, and the lights beautifully disposed.
58. *A Patriot.* Finely characterized; this master has uncommon merit; there is a charming singularity in his style.
59. *Scenes in France.* Faithfully delineated.
60. *An honest Man the noblest Work of God.* This painting possesses a dignified originality which is rarely to be found in the best modern productions.

THIRD DAY'S SALE.

Mr. CUNNING, Inner Temple.

61. *Plan for a Royal Palace,* to be erected at Paris. A spirited design, but impossible to be executed.
62. *A Magpie.* A copy from nature.
63. *Rosincrantz,* from Hamlet. A feeble composition.

Mr. JENKINS, Conduit Street.

64. *Guilkenstern.* An unmeaning picture.
65. *The Mouse Orator proposing to tie a Bell on the Cat's Neck.* Here may be discovered some originality of conception, but the want of method must strike the commonest observer.
66. *Folly with a Cap and Bells.* An excellent sketch.
67. *A Puppy barking at the Moon.* Done with precision.

Mr. FITZ-OSBORN, Leeds.

68. *Portrait of a Gentleman,* in water-colours. A trivial performance.
69. *A Poet's Poet.* Uncommonly correct.
70. *An Ass between two Bundles of Hay.* In this picture, doubt, wavering, appetite, and dulness, are finely marked, but the tints are generally feeble and confused.

Mr.

Mr. FREDERICK, Riccadilly.

71. *The Retreat of the Ten Thousand.* A miserable daubing; an evident want of conduct in the composition.

72. *A General on Horsback, the Army engaged afar off.* There is a strong expression of wisdom and courage, in the face; the back ground, however, is too dismal.

73. *Tournay Races.* A faithful representation taken on the spot, in 1794. The enemy are seen forcing an out-post at a distance. This may be considered as a valuable historical piece.

74. *Mars and Bacchus*—happily imagined: the execution is certainly astonishing.

Mr. EARL, Grosvenor Square.

75. *An Old Satyr.* A more disgusting picture was never painted.

76. *A Red-hair'd Wench.* A fine piece; it is, nevertheless, deficient in chastity of colouring.

77. *Tiberius in his Retirement*—too indecent for exhibition.

Mr. REEVESBY, Strand.

78. *A Spy.* Meanness, Treachery, and Baseness, are strongly characterized in this picture; but the varnish is abominable.

79. *A Dirty Dog.* The cur is most naturally painted, but he is rather too filthy.

80. *The Captain of a Banditti.* It apparently wants spirit.

81. *A Beast—a Non-descript.* A more odious monster was never produced by nature; the colouring in a proper style.

Mr. FITZ-BUCHAN, Sergeant's Inn.

82. *A Counsellor pleading for the Oppressed.* This is one of the most animated productions of modern times. It expresses, in a striking manner, Honour, Honesty, Eloquence, Spirit, Patriotism, and Humanity. The colouring is beautiful.

Mr.

Mr. HORNBY, Wimbledon Common.

83. *Execution of a Letter de Cachet.* The shocking display of the savageries of Tyranny. This picture appeals to the feelings of every individual.

84. *A Dungeon in the Bastille, containing an English Prisoner.* The horrible gloom of the scene, and the sufferings of the *Captive Briton*, are forcibly delineated. The whole composition denotes the experience of a *Profession*.

85. *The Representatives of Hell.* This well-colored *Tableau* abounds with fertility of imagination and truth of character.

Mr. NORTON, Barbary.

86. *The Corsican Fairy.* A happy similitude.

87. *A Secretary of State, in Miniature.* This elegant little *Bijou* does not appear likely to last long.

88. *Portrait of King Theodore.* Ridiculously despicable.

89. *Sancho Panza, Governor of Barataria.* The archness, the penetration, and the simplicity of the celebrated Esquire are not at all discernible.

FOURTH DAY'S SALE—WITHOUT RESERVE.

Mr. SMITHSON, Abroad.

90. *A Frigate on a Cruise.* Totally without effect.

91. *Animal Magnetism.* An inexplicable medley of nonsense.

92. *A Courtier.* Aristocratic importance is here capitally displayed.

93. *Burning of a Fleet.* A miserable performance; nor is the character of the British sailors well preserved.

Mr. MESURER, Walbrook.

94. *The City Cavalry charging an old Apple-woman.* True Military Courage is in this picture most happily displayed. The laughing and hissing groups in the back ground are very entertaining.

95. *A Lord Mayor in his Chair of Gold.* This figure denotes

denotes the most abject servility; the respectable and impartial magistrate looks like a mere *Treasury Receiver*. In truth, if it were not for the *chain*, which is very visible, the representation would have been totally unintelligible.

96. *The Commitment of two English Jacobins for reading a Paper in an Eating-house.* Abominably done; the French Emigrant *Witness* is in every respect disgusting.

97. *Inhumanity.* Cruelly bad.

Mr. JAMES SAUNDERS, Fish Street Hill.

98. *A Kicked Alderman.* A droll conceit. The hinder parts of the Magistrate are all dirtied by the operation: it is a spirited sketch.

99. *A Reptile.* It is difficult to say to what genus this creature can belong; though it is evidently a minute copy from nature.

Mr. CLARENSEN, Peterham.

100. *Neptune asleep in the River Jordan.* There certainly is no want of *keeping* here, but the sea-god is laughable; the prominence of the boisterous deity also absolutely destroys the charming and natural effect of the Jordan.

101. *The Paradise of Negro Slaves.* A more daring outrage on common feeling, common sense, and common justice, was never before presented to the public.

102. *Royal Tiger-cub.* Very correctly drawn.

103. *A Chip of the Old Block.* A most excellent caricature.

Mr. JOHN FIDDLESTICK, Surry.

104. *The Resurrection.* A ridiculous affectation of something great.

105. *A Corpse.* The colours very *dead* indeed. It is much to be wished that Painters would employ their talents on *living subjects*. The public has absolutely been fatiated of late by the too frequent representations of *dead ones*.

106. *Balaam's Ass.* The surprise of Balaam on hearing

bearing an Ass's speak, is ludicrously expressed; the slavish apathy of the beast is astonishingly exact.

107. *A Time-server.* Mean and pitiful, but the design natural enough.

Mr. MUMFORD, Bromley.

108. *A Baboon—Miniature.* Inexpressibly despicable.

109. *Privilege.* A Burlesque Sketch. This is indeed a scandalous degradation of the art.

Mr. STEPHEN, Westminster.

110. *A Nubble Lud.*

111. *A Lanned Friend.*

112. *An Uneruble Gentleman.*

} Ridiculous conceits!

113. *A Right Uneruble Gentleman with a Riband on his Shoulder.* Childishly pompous, and seriously contemptible.

114. *A Pyramid in Freestone.* Supposed by many to be a type of the British Constitution. This celebrated piece of sculpture, for want of care, has been very much injured; it shews decay in all its parts, particularly in the *Base*, which is absolutely rotten; unless it receive an immediate and substantial repair, it must inevitably moulder into dust.

115. *The Mines of Peru.* In this extraordinary composition there are upwards of five hundred figures, and most of them seem to have worked the mine with much advantage to themselves, as they are evidently laughing at, and insulting the proprietors.

116. *Conspirators.* A dastardly set of miscreants, the majority of whom are so ably characterized, that the most common observer may almost swear they are equal to any outrage upon society, and that they would even sell their souls for a mess of porridge.

117. *A Dog-kennel.* An exact delineation.

118. *A War of Asses.* Shockingly ridiculous.

119. *The Temple of Jargon.* The figure of *Nonsense* in the chair, is well enough; that of *Humbug* also is not amiss; but *Loquacity* has no meaning, and
Selfishness,

Selfishness, Pride, and Ignorance occupy the whole of the fore-ground.

120. *An Assembly of Beasts.* Mules, apes, tigers, and boars—"Now this is worshipful society:" if the animals they are supposed to represent are like them, they must be *Beasts* indeed.

121. *An Hydra*—formidably ferocious.

122. *The Inside of the House of Peers.* The hollow-ness of the chamber is well drawn; the groups are abominable, and the lights all false.

123. *Statue of a Despot.* The marble is costly, but the head miserable.

FIFTH DAY'S SALE.

Mr. ENGLISH, Little Britain.

124. *A Political Suicide.* The horror in this picture is admirably expressed.

125. *A Blind Beggar.* A melancholy piece indeed.

126. *A Bully*—highly characteristic.

127. *Head-dresses for the present Year.* N. B. To be sold by private contract, if powdered, at one guinea each.

128. *Adoration of the Devil.* Fanaticism and brutal ignorance were never more forcibly displayed.

129. *A Miser robbing himself.* This comical piece discovers great originality.

130. *Nobody.* The head appears swelled to an unnatural size, while the legs and arms are withered.

131. *A Sirloin of Beef.* This master is very capital in all culinary exertion: the famished figures, however, that are eyeing the beef at a distance, are rather more affecting than humorous.

132. *A Cock on his own Dunghill.* It should have been a game bird.

133. *A Bull in Chains.* The creature has no spirits, but is evidently broken-hearted.

134. *A Rich Man wallowing in Luxury, Riot, and Dissipation.* A remarkably correct painting.

135. *A Poor Man Struggling with Cold, and Hunger, and Despair.* In every respect equal to the foregoing.

136. *An Idol of Gold.* A rich and capital cast. It is well worthy the attention of the city of London, as it would cut a figure in Guildhall; it might, however, be set up with effect in any part of England.

137. *The Plunder of the East.* In red Indian ink; a most disgraceful performance.

138. *A Massacre of Negroes.* The slaughter and sufferings of these unfortunate human beings is horribly expressed.

139. *A Sea Fight.* Mr. English has an uncommon excellence in this line; indeed he would do well to confine himself to it entirely; yet even here the figures seem too much pressed, as it were, into the canvass; on which account, the freedom, if not the spirit of the composition, is in a great measure destroyed.

MR. WELCH, Pall Mall.

140. *Alfred sharing his Load with the Pilgrim.* There is certainly a mistake in the classing of this picture, as it cannot be by this master; it is not at all in his manner.

141. *Eliogabalus.* A lively representation. The selfishness, foppery, and prodigality of the young Emperor, are strongly marked.

142. *Narcissus.* A *Chef-d'œuvre.*

143. *A Musquetade Hero.* Vulgarly conspicuous.

144. *Neglected Genius.* These pictures have been

145. *Starving Merit.* flurred over without the

slightest attention.

146. *The Altar of Hymn.* Mr. Welch has here adopted a totally new style. The public will judge how far he is likely to be successful in it. In all the works of this painter there is a wild unmeaning extravagance, a negligence of character, and a total want of discrimination. Whatever may be the *poetry of the subject*, his colours are always equally glaring.

Mr.

Mr. WILKINS, Dublin.

147. *The Departure of Regulus from Rome.* This most interesting tableau is finished in a grand style. The countenance of Regulus is finely animated by a sense of conscious rectitude. The despairing multitude bewailing the loss of their valued friend, has a solemn and unparalleled effect. Here is nothing vain, flattering, or artificial, but all is spirited, dignified, and affecting.

Mr. SPRATT, Bayham.

148. *A Baby.* A more idiotic, ricketty child, was never painted.

149. *Phædon.* The most abominable picture that ever came from the hand of a master. *The reins are drawn so tight, they look as if they would break; the driver seems totally ignorant of what track he should pursue, and only occupied to keep steady in his place!* If there is any merit in the composition, it may be found in the spirited indignation and ungovernable fury of the horses, which appear heartily to despise the whip that is set over them. The candid connoisseur will readily allow that Jupiter cannot too soon hurl his thunderbolt, and dash the booby from his car.

150. *An Insulted Nation.* The design is daringly original, but the artist is totally unequal to the task of harmonizing the groups.

151. *An Ass in a Bandbox.* Below criticism.

Mr. CABINET, Whitehall.

152. *Boys flying a Kite.* The wind high, the string broke, and the Kite going to the Devil. The boys seem very much frightened, and very foolish indeed: the whole is laughable enough.

153. *Children whipping and tormenting Swine.* There is an attempt at spirit in this design, which is really odious. The poor pigs are strongly caricatured, and certainly with injustice; for though they may be deemed very vulgar animals to look upon, they nevertheless furnish

furnish the tables of the rich and powerful with their most luxuriant and best dishes.

183. *Plans for Barracks.* Infamously executed.

184. *Model of a New Bastile to be erected in England.* Done in *Plaster of Paris.* A most abominable piece of architecture.

185. *Baiting a Bull.* This patient and generous animal is here most disgustingly represented. His horns are sawed off, his hoofs broken, his eyes blinded, and his tongue cut out, and yet *the dogs are worrying him.* The painter himself who could conceive such a design must surely be a monster.

186. *A Rich Man's Feast.* Soup, fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, and pastry, with all sorts of wines, painted in a luxuriant style.

187. *A Poor Man's Feast.* Bread and small beer. Lamentable.

SIXTH DAY'S SALE.

Mr. CHUMBELLY, Malpas.

188. *A very Fine Gentleman.* A coarse and incorrect sketch.

189. *Pharaoh in all his Glory.* A fortunate exertion.

Mr. LE BLANC, Lincoln's Inn.

190. *A Treasury Runner.* Uncommonly well coloured.

191. *Mungo.* The countenance of this black slave is strongly expressive of meanness, impudence, and malice.

Mr. HEDGECOMB, Portugal Street.

192. *A Dancing Dog—Miniature.* Certainly too despicable to be exhibited.

Mr. HARDEN, Old Sarum.

193. *Two Freeholders.* A scandalous representation.

194. *Fathering another Man's BASTARD.* There is more genuine burlesque in this picture than in any one exhibited. The shameless insensibility of the adept, and

and the sly impudence of the *real parent*, are most excellently contrasted.

195. *A Toad-eater*. A nasty display of sycophantic beastliness.

Mr. HOODLY, Westminster.

196. *A Pirate stealing Ships*. This performance is extraordinarily disgraceful.

197. *A bot-headed Democrat*. A satirical drawing, vilely done.

Mr. HOWELAND, Torbay.

198. *A Gallant Admiral*. Boldly executed, and with spirit.

Mr. MORPETH, Carlisle.

199. *Lord Foppington*. A vastly pretty picture. The drapery has been critically considered; not a fold misplaced; yet the colours are weak and changeable. His *greens* are absolutely turned to *blues*. This, however, to the common observer, may be deemed of little consequence, but to the feelings of the painter himself it is of infinite importance.

Mr. VILLARS, Isle of Jersey.

200. *Ateon*. A miserable design, tamely executed.

Mr. GRIFFIN, Walden.

201. *Sir Peter Pride*, from *Barnaby Rattle*. This piece is too highly coloured a great deal; it is far beyond nature.

202. *A Lion in his Den*. The beast appears quite old, but is very ferocious.

Mr. FOXLEY, Westminster.

203. *A Philanthropist*. The character of the figure expresses mildness, patriotism, benevolence, and mercy.

204. *Hope*. A very promising picture. Should this master keep steady to his *profession*, every thing may be expected from him in future; for his style is extremely natural, his general design pure, and his manner wonderfully engaging. If this excellent painter has a defect, it is that he too much considers the opinion of *artists*, and does not always sufficiently

attend to the gratification of the million: but this is owing to his habits, not to his heart.

Mr. GREENFIELD, Constitution Hill.

205. *A Wild Ass.* The stupidity of the animal is well preserved, though he is in the very act of braying.

206. *An Hyana.* This creature, which can never be properly tamed, is here represented with all its natural savageness.

207. *A British Loyalist.* A stained drawing. The man looks more like a Turkish janissary than an Englishman constitutionally attached to his country and his king.

Mr. PRETTYFACE, Lincoln.

208. *A Monk educating a young Devil.* The monk seems to be instilling his hellish principles into his pupil with great energy, and the imp is evidently an apt scholar. The general result of this artist's labour has been wonderfully successful.

Mr. FREEMAN, Paris.

209. *A Panther—non vult panthera domari.* There is an animation and grandeur in this picture that is astonishing.

Mr. WHISTLEFARCE, Old Palace Yard.

210. *Peace presenting an Olive-branch.* A half-concealed dagger is visible under her vest. What allegory this picture was meant to convey, it is difficult to ascertain; but probably the painter designed to inculcate that the surest method to destroy an enemy, is by wearing the mask of friendship and good-will. This figure of Peace, therefore, represents Murder in disguise. The moral is as infamous as the design.

211. *Limancipation of Negro Slaves.* A transparent painting, evidently done to produce a mere temporary effect, and prettily coloured, *ad captandum vulgus*; but the piece has not been laboured with that steady perseverance and care which are necessary to ensure an artist's reputation.

212. *A Methodist imploring Heaven to enslave Mankind.* Piety is in this piece most ludicrously burlesqued.

213. *Shepherds singing Psalms.* The poor sheep do not seem to have been in any manner attended to, as they are apparently dying of the rot. The following lines of Milton may, perhaps, be applicable to this picture :

“ Of other care they little reck’ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shepherd’s feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn’d aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman’s art belongs!
What recks it them? What heed they? They are sped,
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing fed.”

214. *A Weathercock in a Whirlwind.* It is here impossible to form any idea what the artist means.

SEVENTH DAY’S SALE.

Mr. GRAME, Montrose.

215. *Master Shallow.* A very lively representation of this well-known dramatic character.

216. *Sincerity.* A feeble attempt in very weak water-colours.

Mr. BELGROVE, Grosvenor Place.

217. *A Jackdaw.* Incomparably well painted.

218. *A Peacock.* Looks very proud and foolish.

Mr. BLACKFORD, Hinton.

219. *A Gentleman at Coventry.* The back ground infamous.

Mr. RICHARD HELSEY, Upper Harley Street.

220. *A grand Inquisitor.* This picture is in the obsolete style of *Cimaboe*, who flourished just before the revival of the arts. There is a monkish gloom about it that disgusts; besides, it wants that strength of

light which so eminently distinguishes our best modern productions.

221. *Burning of Heretics*, being a representation of an *auto-da-fe*—designed with some spirit, but this master is not equal to the execution.

222. *Turks forcing Christian Slaves to go to Mosque*. This is a whimsical performance. The Turks are violating every law of the *Koran*, are drinking wine, and indulging themselves in all the beastliness of vice, while the poor Christian slaves (who appear to have more need of food than prayer) are stripped, and scourged, and compelled to cry *Alla! Alla!*

223. *Devotion*. This artist conceives that the pure character of holiness may be expressed by lengthening out the visage, and turning up the whites of the eyes.

224. *Models of Churches*, built in the dark ages. This style of architecture is much too Gothic, *sombre*, and ill-proportioned, to be again adopted at the conclusion of the eighteenth century.

Mr. WARTON, Beverly.

225. *Shearing a Hog, great Cry and little Wool*. Contemptible. This artist 'does' not seem to have made up his mind to his *profession*:

226. *A Snail*. The drawing in of the horns of this reptile is very naturally delineated; but the subject scarce deserves criticism.

227. *Will o' the Wisp*. The *illusive* lustre not amiss.

Mr. BANNASTER, Liverpool.

228. *Ancient Pistol*. There is nothing of the *ancient* discernible in this picture, but the somewhat boastful expression of the mouth; for the figure clearly denotes manly fortitude and generous intrepidity.

229. *A Good Fellow*. Cheerfulness, conviviality, liberality, and spirit, pleasingly characterized.

230. *African Slaves*. Here this master fails; it is seriously to be lamented that he does not relinquish such subjects, as they tend to injure his reputation.

Mr.

Mr. SURLÖW, Norwood.

231. *A Bear with a sore Head.* The grumbling of the beast is finely given: the observer may almost fancy he hears him growl.

232. *Adam turned out of Paradise.* Though Adam has left Paradise, it does not appear that he was sent away naked; for he seems to be well clothed and well fed. The fine expression which distinguishes a state of innocence is gone; nor is it possible now to suppose him saying, "*When I forget Paradise, may Heaven forget me!*" The figure is coarse and brutal.

233. *A Canterbury Tale.* A most disgraceful performance.

Mr. NUGENT, Temple.

234. *A Back Staircase.* A dark piece of business altogether.

235. *Pomposity.* Inimitably ridiculous.

236. *An Irish Dust.* This artist may claim all the merit of the originality of this design. The execution is wonderful; for a finer dust never has been kicked up any where.

Mr. PEPPER, Hastings.

237. *Statue of Demosthenes* in black marble. The expression of the countenance is uncommonly mean; but this perhaps may be owing, in some degree, to the nose being defective. The spirit of the orator is totally wanting, and, indeed, he seems now to be learning to speak with stones in his mouth. The head is very bad indeed.

238. *A tame Jackal.* The docile character of this animal is well expressed. It appears capable of fetching and carrying, and playing all the tricks of a dog; yet the savageness of its nature is still discernible.

Mr. WHITEBREDE, Bedford.

239. *The Horrors of War.* A very animated composition. This master has great excellence in his designs, and possesses considerable ability.

Mr. LENOX, Richmond.

240. *Plans of various Fortifications.* Very foolish plans. The painter knows nothing of the art which he means to illustrate.

241. *Uncle Toby riding his Hobby-horse.* The hobby-horse is tolerably well hit off; but the character of Uncle Toby is not at all preserved. Instead of simplicity, philanthropy, courage, gentleness, and honour, this figure evidently shews meanness, avarice, selfishness, arrogance, and cruelty.

242. *The Garden of Reform.* This landscape, which certainly does more credit to the artist's talents than any one he has ever produced, is left unfinished; and he now declares his utter detestation of the subject. He is, nevertheless, so tenacious of his original design, that he has absolutely thrown an honest man into prison, for merely taking a copy of the drawing.

243. *An Extortioner selling Coals to the Poor.* The unfeeling rapacity of the extortioner is strongly marked. An immense multitude are paying him a guinea each. The number of the crowd gives a disgraceful effect to the whole composition. They apparently,

"Computed by their pecks of coals,
Amount to twenty thousand souls!"

244. *A Nobleman on a King's Birthday.* The Nobleman seems to be highly gratified by a piece of blue ribband, which he wears across his shoulder. Yet the countenance is expressive of careless contempt, as though he were saying, "*What care I for a King's Birthday!*" This artist wants consistency of style.

CANTOS

ON THE REPRESENTATION OF VORTIGERN.

CANTO I.

THE iron chest,
I trust,
Is laid to rest,
And rust;

And

And in it Vortigern
Might find a worthy urn,
Where soul, and body too (now dead and damn'd),
May both be *flew'd*, and *boil'd*, and *stuff'd*, and *cramm'd*;

Thence never more to budge,
Or *bellos* forth *again* his *old-trank* fudge;
Patch-work most vile, of shreds and remnants made,
From *Richard's* regal robe, and *Macbeth's* belted plaid.

This play was call'd a *tragedy*, so deep,
That no one hearing it could choose but *weep*;
But *tragi-comedy* 't was deem'd, I ween,

When Phillimore,
Like a great boar

Rolling on earth, with his *huge snout*, was seen,
And *tragi-comedy* turn'd to *broad farce*,
As soon as *Father Benton* *flew'd* his ——.
At sight of *this* all present cried with laughter,
And never could compose their muscles after.
Some thought it serious, some a jest, and some
Swore 't was a *bad burlesque* on *Thomas Thumb*.

Thus in a *mortal merry way*
Ended this play,

Of which no more must *now* be said,
Because we should not speak ill of the *dead*.

But that 's no reason for not giving
All praise and merit due unto the *living*.

Whitfield led on, and fill'd the post of danger,
Of pioneering for the *bastard stranger*;
When, lo! his *honest mem'ry* did refuse
To be the herald of a *spurious muse*;
Therefore, to *speak the prologue to the play*
(Which *in like cases*, is the *usual way*),
His tender conscience *wisely* did decline,
Because he had *forgotten every line*.

And great his indignation was, and great his rage,
When fore'd to read it from the prompter's page.

Then follow'd *Bensley*, who began to *pray*,
Hoping his *orisons* might save the play;
But finding all hope vain, like a *wise wight*,
He went to bed, and with'd the house good night,
And in his sleep *chose rather to be slain*,
Than in the second act to wake again!

CANTO II.

Kemble next grac'd the stage, who well, I ween,
May fairly boast

To be *himself an host*

Upon the tragic scene;

Nor on his *manly form*, before that night,

Had *royal robes e'er awkward sat, or tight.*

"*Hyperion's locks—the front of Jove,*" and so on,

To do him justice, we should go on.

But *this* one needed not to tell,

Because all know it passing well.

Upon the stage, and off, Tom King, the world can tell,

Hath often play'd *the fool*, and always well;

Nor e'er before had prov'd to be *himself*

So damn'd a fool, and such a senseless elf,

As thus to risk his talents and his fame,

And prostitute the sanction of his name,

To foist a part upon the partial town,

Which Merry Andrews would have blus'd to own.

Kemble, the young, in well-feign'd earnest spoke

What he himself consider'd as a joke,

Grave as a judge, till past his *sixtieth* year,

When symptoms of a smile 'gan to appear,

And when he *suck Probofcis* Phillimore,

He "set" himself and "audience in a roar;"

No cause for wonder was there, as I ween

A merrier murder ne'er before was seen.

Jordan, like Bensley, with great pathos pray'd,

And look'd, and sigh'd, and sung like any love-sick maid;

And, truth to say,

Full much the play

Did stand in need of all such *sing-song aid.*

But yet (*howe'er array'd in blank verse tears*),

When Jordan in the tragic field appears,

'T is still *Thalia*, in *Melpom's* sad part;

And, though she does not go quite to the heart,

She comes so devilish near it, that our eyes

At once confess our feeling and surprise.

But all the town can tell,

When cobblers are abroad, how Nell

Forces pit, box, and galleries to adore her,
Storms John Bull's heart, and carries all before her.
 Then, Jordan, be advis'd, nor e'er again
 Walk in your tragic sister's weeping train,
 And, 'stead of *wining* in a tragic court,
 "Ecce!"—*get drunk with conjurers*—"that's your sort!"

CANTO III.

Your beauty, Powell, and majestic mien,
 Full well besit the person of a queen;
 And you did *look your sufferings so well,*
 Fell critics ceas'd a while their damning yell,
 In silence on thy lovely form to gaze,
 And mute attention was the best of praise;
Calm'd was the troubled pit—the galleries too
All clamour ceas'd, except—applauding you.
 Next speak we of the furious brothers two,
 Tall Barrymore, and taller Caulfield, who,
 With duty, *and their damn'd long legs,* did come
 To Scotland, at a *hop, step, jump,* from Rome;
 Prepar'd alike to murder—or to wed—
 To kill a king—or *seek a* ————
 Miller perform'd with so much *winning art,*
 And Benfon play'd so well his *pimping part,*
 That I defy all *Drury's bawdy Lane,*
 Ay, and all *Covent Garden's lewd domain,*
 And ev'ry *tavern, brothel, bagnio, stew,*
 (Each, in their way), to find a *fitter two;*
 And if *Dad Hengist,* and the *Saxon Miss,*
 Be not both satisfied with *praise like this,*
 They must the most unreasonable be
 Of all old panders he,—of pretty harlots *she!*
 Of *portly* British Barons there were plenty,
 Not fewer, I believe, than twenty;
 Right *beefy* Barons all—*good men and round,*
 Whose *solid worth* (*wholesale, or by the pound*)
 Would, in *no scale,* I think, be wanting *found;*
 And if *together* weigh'd against a team,
Waggon, broad wheels, and all, would kick the beam;
 Unless, by chance, a copy of the play
 Should in the bottom of said waggon lay!

Before the critics' front row of the pit,
 Methought, Jack Bannister did *chuckling sit*
 Chin deep i' th' orchestra, and seem'd to say,

" *If laughing be the order of the day,*
 " *Damn me, I think, I should be in the play.*" }
 }
 }
 }
 }
 }

And now we'll (con amore) speak,
 Though last, not least, of little cherub Leak,
 With laughing eyes, and rosy-dimpling cheek.

With lips (although the simile's not new)

" *Like ripest cherries moist with dew;*"

And teeth more passing white,

More dazzling to the sight,

Than spotless snowdrops newly born,

Bright glittering in the eye of radiant morn,

Whenever and wherever she appears,

Her sweet simplicity and youthful years,

Her looks, her manner, and becoming fears,

Enchant all hearts, and charm all eyes and ears;

Her voice, far sweeter than all things on earth,

Except the breath itself that gives it birth!

STARVING STATE OF FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN IN PARIS*.

[From the Telegraph.]

SIR,

I HAVE often expressed my surprize at the ignorance betrayed in the London newspapers, when they pretend to give accounts of the state of affairs here. You may

* This article was written in ridicule of a number of paragraphs, which appeared in the Sun, True Briton, &c. and of which the following will serve as a specimen.

Monday.—"The people of Paris are almost eating their last crust; they are extremely clamorous at the shops of the bakers, grocers, &c. and nothing but the fear of the guillotine could possibly restrain them."

Tuesday.—"The popularity of Robespierre, and the rest of the cursed Convention, is daily declining; the people are now beginning to see how much they are imposed upon by these tyrants."

Wednesday.—"Such is the weak state of the French armies, and the increasing force of the allies, that hardly any circumstance which can arise will prevent the latter being at Paris before the end of the campaign."

Thursday.

may be assured, my dear Sir, that we are far from being in the flourishing situation they are pleased to represent. For six weeks past, Paris has been one undivided and uninterrupted scene of famine, which exceeds any thing of the kind ever heard of; and if Paris has been so, you may form a judgment of the unhappy state of the other parts of the kingdom.

It has, in particular, been said, that our bread was made of chopped straw or hay. Alas! nothing of that kind have I been able to procure; the best bread now to be had is made of rotten beams of wood, rasped fine, and mixed with soap-lather. This is 200 livres per pound, and very scarce at that price. As to butcher's meat, before it disappeared totally, a pound of beef sold for an assignat of 500 livres, and I saw a diamond ring of great value given in exchange for a calf's pluck. About the same time 200 livres were given for a small loin of lamb, and some chopped horse-hair, of which they made mint sauce.

Occasional variations, but very slight ones, will take place; but the following are, I believe, the average prices of our present markets, if I may call them so. Dog's flesh, fifty livres a pound; cat's ditto, eighty livres; a good sized rat, thirty livres; a brace of mice, thirty livres; a seaman's biscuit fresh, 100 livres; ditto, with

Thursday.—"It is now positively said, that the royalists in La Vendée are shewing themselves with increasing formidability. A body of 10,000 republicans was cut to pieces by them a few days ago, and 10,000 more are said to have joined the standard of royalty."

Friday.—"A report is current, which is generally credited, as it comes from the most respectable authority, that Robespierre was assassinated in his bed, at fifteen minutes and a half past five on Monday morning last; that the other members of the Convention were afterwards massacred—the people mounted the white cockade, proclaimed the Dauphin King, and a counter-revolution was completely effected."

Saturday.—"We are extremely sorry to say that the late accounts, so confidently told, of the successes of the royalists in La Vendée—the assassination of Robespierre—and the bringing about a counter-revolution, are at present rather premature.—We hope, however, in the course of a few days to have it in our power to present the public with a full confirmation of these important events."

worms, fifty livres ; milk per pint, forty livres ; the few cows that yield it, are obliged to have a guard of 200 soldiers each for their protection ; wine, the smallest sort, 300 livres a bottle. Poultry has long disappeared, but a crow fetches fifty livres ; and a parrot, killed by accident, a few days ago, was sold for double that price.

L'ALLEGRO.
A PARODY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

OFF, blubb'ring Melancholy !
Of the blue devils and book-learning born,
In dusty schools forlorn,
Amongst black gowns, square caps, 'and books unjolly,
Hunt out some college cell,
Where muzzing quizzes utter monkish schemes—
And the old Proctor dreams :
There, in thy smutty walls, o'er-run with dock,
As ragged as thy smock,
With rusty fusty fellows ever dwell.

But come, thou baggage fat and free,
By Gentles called Festivity,
And by us rolling kiddies—Fun,
Whom Mother Shipton, one by one,
With two Wapping wenches more,
To skipping Harlequino-bore.

Or whether, as some deeper say,
Jack Pudding, on a holyday,
Along with Jenny Diver romping,
As he met her once a pumping,
There, on heaps of dirt and mortar,
And cinders wash'd in cabbage water,
Fill'd her with thee—a strapping lassie,
So spunky, brazen, bold, and faucy.

Hip! here, jade ! and bring with thee
Jokes and snigg'ring Jollity,
Christmas gambols, waggish tricks,
Winks, wry faces, licks, and kicks,

Such

Such as fall from Moggy's knuckles,
 And love to live about her buckles ;
 Spunk, that hobbling watchmen boxes,
 And Horselaugh hugging both his doxies ;
 Come, and kick it as you go—
 On the stumping hornpipe toe ;
 And in thy right hand haul with thee
 The mountain brim—French Liberty ;
 And, if I give thee puffing due,
 Fun, admit me of thy crew—
 To pig with her, and pig with thee,
 In everlasting frolics free ;
 To hear the sweep begin his beat,
 And, squalling, startle the dull street,
 From his watch-box in the alley,
 Till the watch at six doth fall ;
 Then to go, in spite of sleep,
 And at the window cry—" Sweep, sweep !"
 Through the street-door, or the area,
 Or, in the country, through the dairy ;
 While the dustman, with his din,
 Bawls, and rings, to be let in ;
 And, at the fore, or the back door,
 Slowly plods his jades before ;
 Oft hearing the sow-gelder's horn
 Harshly rouse the snoring morn,
 From the side of some large square,
 Through the long street grunting far.
 Sometimes walking I'll be seen
 By Tower-hill, or Moorfields green,
 Right against old Bedlam gate,
 Where the mock King begins his state—
 Crown'd with straw and rob'd with rags,
 Cover'd o'er with jags and tags,
 While the Keeper, near at hand,
 Bullies those that leave their stand ;
 And milkmaids' screams go through your ears,
 And grinders sharpen rusty sheers,
 And ev'ry crier squalls his cry,
 Under each window he goes by.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new gambols,
 While round and round this town it rambles :

Sloppy streets and foggy day,
 Where the blund'ring folks do stray;
 Pavements, on whose greasy flags
 Swearing coachmen flog their nags;
 Barbers jostled 'gainst your side,
 Narrow streets and gutters wide.

Grub-street garrets now it sees,
 To the Muse open, and the breeze;
 Where, perhaps, some scribbler hungers—
 The hack of neighbouring newsmongers.
 Hard by a tinker's furnace smokes,
 From betwixt two pastry-cooks,
 Where dingy Dick and Peggy met,
 Are at their scurvy dinner set—
 Of cow-heel and such cellar messes,
 Which the splay-footed Rachael dresses;
 And then with haste her mate she leaves,
 And, with the boy, the bellows heaves;
 Or, if 't is late, and shop be shut,
 Scrubs, at the pump, her face from smut.

Sometimes, all for fights agog,
 To t' other end of town I jog,
 When St. James's bells ring round,
 And the royal fiddles found;
 When ev'ry lord and lady's bum
 Jigs it in the drawing-room,
 And young and old dance down the tune,
 In honour of—the fourth of June;
 Till candles fail, and eyes are sore—
 Then hie we home to talk it o'er,
 With stories told of many a treat—
 How Lady Swab the sweetmeats eat!
 She was pinch'd—and something worse,
 And she was fobb'd, and lost her purse!
 Tell how the drudging ——— sweat,
 To bake his custards duly set,
 When in one night, ere clock went seven,
 His 'prentice-lad had robb'd the oven
 Of more than twenty hands had put in,
 Then lies him down—the little glutton!
 Stretch'd slumb'ring 'fore the fire, they tell ye,
 And bakes the custards in his belly;

Then

Then crop-sick, down the stairs he flings—
Before his master's bell yet rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By hoofs and wheels soon lull'd asleep.

But the city takes me then,
And the hums of busy men,
Where throngs of trainband Captains bold
In times of peace, fierce meetings hold,
With stores of stock-jobbers, whose lies
Work change of stocks and bankruptcies :
While bulls and bears alike contend
To get that cash they dare not spend.
Then let Aldermen appear,
In scarlet robe with chandelier,
And city feasts and gluttony,
With balls upon the Lord Mayor's day ;
Sights that young 'prentices remember
Sleeping and waking all November.

Then to the Playhouses anon,
If Quick or Bannister be on,
Or drollest Parsons, child of Drury,
Bawls out his damns with comic fury.
And ever against hum-drum cares,
Sing me some of Dibdin's airs ;
Married to his own queer wit,
Such as my shaking tides may split,
In notes, with many a jolly bout,
Near Beaufort's Buildings oft roar'd out,
With wagging curls, and smirks so cunning,
His rig on many a booby running,
Exposing all the ways and phizzes
Of " Wags, and Oddities, and Quizzes ;"
That Shuter's self might heave his head
From drunken snoozes, on a bed
Of pot-house benches sprawl'd, and hear
Such laughing songs as won the ear
Of all the town, his slip to cover,
Whene'er he met 'em half-feas o'er.
Freaks like these if thou canst give,
Fun, with thee I wish to live.

LETTER FROM A LADY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

ALTHOUGH the various paragraphs respecting me which have appeared in the papers, may have prejudiced the public against my character, I hope you will do me the justice to insert this letter, the object of which is to entreat that the public will candidly suspend their judgment until I have had a fair trial, which I have not yet obtained.

I hope it will appear, Sir, that when all the circumstances of my unhappy affair are laid before the public, they will see that I have been undone by a variety of seductions which a female can hardly withstand, especially a *lone* woman like me, who lost my best protectors *many years ago*. I hope it will appear that I was betrayed in an evil, an unguarded hour, by the flattering tongue of my dear William (*dear* indeed has he been to me), and that, owing to no fault of mine, I have lost my reputation in the eyes of a censorious world. But it is not true that I did not make resistance, and my marriage, as it was called, was nothing less than a downright rape. As to my *own* property, the dear perfidious man knew he might command it when he pleased; but to meddle with the property of others entrusted to my care, and leave me nothing but a parcel of *rags* to give them, was truly cruel.

And why, you will say, did I trust him? Alas! you know not what a good young man he was when I first got acquainted with him. Lord! it would have done you good to hear him talk about reformation and *economy*. I thought, to be sure, I might trust him with untold gold, and so did thousands at that time; but somehow he got into bad company, and you know what evil communications will do. However, he concealed even this from me a long while, and I never scrupled to accommodate him when I could, till a few years ago, he took it in his head to quarrel with a neighbour
of

of his, because his house happened to take fire by the neglect of his servants, and nothing would please my spark but that his neighbour should keep the house burning till he put it out. Nay, such a notion had he of being an extinguisher, that he even set fire to his own house, and nothing could convince him he was wrong till the fire had got to such a head that I don't believe he will be able to save an article; and I suppose he is not insured, for no person can find his *policy*. What is worse, he got into such a passion with some people who attempted to quench the flames, that he actually committed them to the watch-house, from which, after a great many words, they were released, nothing being proved against them.

It was about this time that he began to behave with more freedom to me than was decent, and was perpetually in want of money, which I offered to let him have if he could let me have proper security. And what do you think he did? He at one time brought a dozen or two of *wine*, and then a parcel of *powdered wigs*, and last of all a cargo of *dogs*, which he valued, he said, at three shillings apiece. It was now I began to distrust him; but oh, Sir! never let frail woman confide in one who has deceived her. Importunity followed upon importunity—careless upon careless—till one fatal day—a Sunday—a day on which I never used to have company—he seized on my strong box, and threatened what he would do if I did not comply. My guardians were out of the way, and—let my blushes speak the rest.

The story was soon blown—the fruits of our connexion were too apparent—but I am now suing for a divorce, though at present my principal witnesses are *abroad*. Till that be obtained, I expect to be treated with the delicacy due to my sex and my frailty; and am, Sir, yours, &c.

THE LADY IN THREADNEEDLE STREET.

THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER.

TUNE—*Black Joke.*

Darby Sheridan's (an Irish Chairman) Account of the Dinner given by a Great Man at the Shakespear, where every Man paid for himself.

[From the True Briton.]

BLOOD and 'ouns! my dear Pat! it ne'er cost me so dear,
As October the 10th at the Head of Shakespear;
'T was a black joke for my pocket so light.
Like O'Rourke's noble feast it will ne'er be forgot,
Though Fox gave the dinner, each man paid his shot;
And what's very odd, and you'll scarce think it true,
I believ'e 't was ourselves that paid his reck'ning too.
There were stay-makers plenty who wrought with Tom
Paine,
And some young men from *Woolwich*, not long from the
chain;

With their black legs and stockings so white.

And there was the Captain that writes for the news,
They lately can't tell what's become of his muse—
But this we all know, that, wherever she's fled,
She's strolling about, or she's begging her bread,
With her dull jokes and bladderum skite.

And then there was Sherry, my own near a-kin,
I'll soon get a pension, if he could get in,
With his sly joke and fancy so bright.

I'm sure we should thank him with hearts and with souls,
Says he, looking at me, "Success to the *Poles*;"—
On which I got up and attempted to speak,
But they laugh'd till their sides were just ready to break.
Then Fox gave a toast about bloodshed and scaffolds;
What a pity he always don't win when he raffles!
His black beard it is my delight.

He talk'd a long time 'bout an *iron rod*,
And drank *long life* to one Sidney that's under the sod—
And as soon as they emptied their glasses to Sidney,
They bumper'd John Hampden, one of the same kidney.
Some clapp'd, some huzza'd—in the midst of the din,
As the devil would have it, the reck'ning came in,
'T was a black joke that made some people white.

For

For money the group were *sans culottes* enough,
That's to say, they look'd *blue* with their bottoms in *buff*—
I threw down my cash, when I found myself sham'd,
But to dine there again, if I do I 'll be d—d.

With my tol tol, tol de ré dol.

MISERIES OF KINGSHIP.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING lately seen an extract on the miseries of Kingship, from Maphæus's additional Canto to the *Æneid*, by one of your contemporaries, who, I dare say, thought he had found a *mare's nest* of recondite literature, I send you the whole passage, with the translation, which I hope you will think, with me, conveys the true spirit of the original.

Tunc sic illacrymans Rex alto corde Latinus
Verba dabat: quantas humana negotia motus,
Alternasque vices miscent! quo turbine fertur
Vita hominum! O fragilis damnhosa superbia sceptri!
O furor, O nimium dominandi innata cupido.
Mortales quo cæca vehis! quo gloria tantis
Inflatos transfers animos quæsitæ periculis!
Quot tecum insidias, quot mortes, quanta malorum
Magnum tormenta geris! quot tela, quor enses
Ante oculos (si cernis) habes! heu dulce venenum
Et mundi lethalis honos! heu tristia regni
Munera, quæ haud parvo consistunt, and grandia rerum
Pondera, quæ nunquam placidam permittit pacem,
Nec requiem conferre queant! heu fortis acerbæ
Et misera regale decus; magnoque timori
Suppositos regum casus pacique negatos!

X.

I latinus then, with leaking eyes,
Proceeded thus to sermonize:
"What clouds of ills, with whirlwinds furly,
Make human life an husfly-burly!
One while we're rais'd to highest pitch,
Now headlong thrown into a ditch!"

O d—n

O d—n a sceptre! he who takes it,
 A million to a farthing breaks it!
 O happy Love-rule, murd'rous hag,
 Whither dost thou blind mortals drag?
 'T is thou to battle egest kings,
 As well as louts to wrestling rings;
 What slaughters, blood, and wounds, and quarrels,
 These heroes undertake for laurels!
 Fantastick plant, that's chiefly found
 To flourish in romantic ground;
 In short, this glory, that men greet,
 Is but a vapour and a cheat.
 Nor need folks envy us, God knows,
 Our drums, and trumpets, and fine clothes;
 We 've cause sufficient to abhor 'em,
 We pay so curst dearly for 'em.
 Abroad we must not walk alone,
 Or else we 're pinn'd within the throne;
 While our state nurses guard us there,
 As children in the cacking chair,
 And fill our head with ghosts and sprites,
 That will not let us sleep a-nights.
 Such is our envy'd royal lot,
 The blessed bargains Kings have got!"

ON OBSERVING TWO OF THE KING'S HORSES
 DEGRADED TO THE LOW OCCUPATION
 OF DRAWING A HACKNEY COACH*.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

FROM the age of old Adam the horse has been made
 The painter's delight and the poet's bright theme;
 Each faculty prais'd, and extoll'd to the skies—
 From his hoofs to his haunches, his ears and his eyes,
 By sculptors in granite and marble array'd.
 And with heroes recorded by fame.

E'en

* The circumstance alluded to in the present article was by many persons converted into a charge of want of feeling against the most illustrious personage in the kingdom. We are happy to have several anecdotes to relate of an opposite tendency. His M—— observing one day, while hunting the stag, that a nobleman was absent, who generally

E'en kings to the horse have their patronage granted,
 And trophies erected to spread his renown,
 From the horse that the hero of Macedon bore
 (Bucephalus, Xanthus, and multitudes more)
 To Caligula's horse, that the emperor wanted
 To make *commandant* of the town!

Now, doom'd in his age to perpetual toil,
 No Caligula comes to provision his rack;
 But, from fringes of gold, and from trappings of state,
 And the pride of parading round Buckingham Gate,
 See Bucephalus doom'd, for a *shilling a mile*,
 To end his career in a hack!

S. P. H.

 REAL ANECDOTE OF A QUAKER.

AN honest country Quaker, who was lately driving his calf to Manchester market, put a flaming cockade upon one side of its head, and being met on the road by a friend, who inquired of him what he was driving before him, the Quaker replied, in his plain country dialect, "Doesn't thou see, friend, what I am driving before me? A young recruit, to be sure." Upon which the other demanded of him, where he was going with him? "Why, where dost thou think I am going with him?" answered the Quaker, "but to the butcher's slaughter-house."

rally distinguished himself upon such occasions, eagerly asked what was become of him. He was told that his absence was attributable to the want of his horses, which the derangement of his finances had compelled him to sell.—"Oh!" answered the K—, "tell him he must come: no hunt without H—; no hunt without H—." The next hunting day, the nobleman, to whom this had been reported, appeared on a borrowed steed; but was prevented from again having recourse to his friends, by a present of one thousand pounds given him by his M— to buy a horse. To another nobleman in distress, his M— is said to have presented a sum of three times that amount. An instance of his feeling may also be drawn from the commiseration he expresses for the first city magistrate, when relating the circumstances of his first visit to St. Paul's. "It was a very bad day—a very bad indeed. And there was the poor dear Lord Mayor on one of my cast horses, with the rain pouring down upon his fine cloak and wig. I was grieved for him—grieved for him—very much grieved indeed."

MARAT.

MARAT.

POLITICAL ECLOGUE,

WITH VARIATIONS, IMITATIONS, AND NOTES CRITICAL
AND EXPLANATORY.

THE ARGUMENT.

ROSE and BURGESS, two celebrated directors of the Ministerial Journals, and occasionally given to writing in them, meet, and lament the death of MARAT. The one regrets the mischief which their cause may sustain by his untimely loss; the other, consoling himself with the memory of the good he has already done it, decrees him immortal honours.

ROSE.

KNIIGHT of the Catgut! oily chief of men!
Friend of my fame, and partner of my pen!
Since well we know thy paragraphic skill,
Try if thy voice for once can match thy quill.
Wake the sad strain; attend a patriot's hearse
With trisful numbers and lugubrious verse:
Apt is the time, illustrious is the theme,
Nor thou the meanell of the Muses' team,

IMITATIONS.

Verse 1 and 2.] Knight of the Catgut, &c.—Partner of my Pen!
Cur non Mopsse, boni quoniam convenimus anibo, &c.

NOTES.

Verse 1.] *Knight of the Catgut! oily chief of men!*

This introductory address from the Secretary to his poetical comrade is highly interesting; and principally so because it brings the reader acquainted at once with the various avocations of that very distinguished character. The musician, the pickle-rhan, and the paragraph-writer, burst upon us at one and the same moment! We trust that the doubts which have arisen with respect to the original pursuits of the Under-Secretary, will be now entirely done away by this decisive testimony of his friend and companion.

Oily chief of men.] A very poetical phrase for an eminent oilman! The expression is Greek. Mr. ROSE seems on this occasion to have had in his eye the *'Αναξ ἄνδρω* of Homer. Some, indeed, have attributed the whole of these two lines to LORD BELGRAVE.

For oft I've heard enraptur'd swineherds tell
Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY sings not half so well.

10

BURGESS.

MAWBEY, base loon! dare he with me contend?
What will not next these sow-gelders pretend?
Now, now 't is plain, rank envy fir'd his breast,
Me with mock fondness when he thus address:
"Rash youth! in vain to lucklefs rhyme betray'd,
Leave not the pickle for the tuneful trade,
Lo, ambush'd critics haunt the doubtful way;
Not thy own acid half so sharp as they!
But bounteous *Europe* spreads for thee her stores,
Her olives *Spain*, *Westphalia* sends her boars;
Oxford, that mark'd thy reason's earliest dawn—
Oxford—'t is all she can! shall send her brawn."
With artful counsel thus my ears he crams,
I smok'd his drift—but would not smoke his hams.

15

20

ROSE.

Ver. 10.] SIR JOSEPH MAWBEY.

Montibus in nostris solus tibi certet Amyntas.

Ver. 11 and 12.] MAWBEY, base loon!

Quid si idem certet Phœbum superare canendo?

Ver. 15 to 18.] RASH YOUTH, &c.—Not thy own acid, &c.

*Cautius ut seruo velles te credere marti:**Acres esse viros! Metuensque moneret*

Æneid. Lib. XI.

NOTES.

Ver. 15.] *Rash youth!*—

Our author by no means conceives himself confined by his subject to the DAPHNIS, although he has imitated that work in the construction of his Poem. Accordingly we may observe, that in this place he makes a sudden transition to the beautiful verses of VIRGIL on the death of PALLAS, in the eleventh Æneid:

*Non hæc o Palla! delevas promissa parenti**Cautius, &c. &c.*Ver. 24.] *I smok'd his drift, but would not smoke his hams.*

The jealousy of Sir JOSEPH, who must have been blind indeed not to have seen a growing rival in the Under-Secretary, is here admirably depicted: as is also the little trait of self-interest with which it is mixed. Fastidious critics may object to this entire line, on account of the pun which it contains; but we rely upon the superior good taste of the Under-Secretary for the preservation of it in all the subsequent editions he

ROSE.

Sweeter than SALISBURY'S face with smiles o'erspread, 25
 Or gales that blow from CAWTHORNE'S addled head,
 Or ended speech of ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE,
 Or BEAUCHAMP'S dinner paid for half a crown,
 Or QUEENSBERRY'S leer on damsels yet unripe,
 Is thine, compar'd with MAWBREY'S squeaking pipe. 30

he may print of this incomparable Eclogue; and to confirm him in the virtuous resolution here recommended, we beg he will consider that punning is sanctioned by some of the highest authorities of antiquity. CICERO himself was no inconsiderable punster in his time; witness his famous line

O, Fortunatam, natam, me consule Roman!

And with regard to the safety of this amusement (which, considering the Under-Secretary's favourite occupation, is by no means an object to be despised), we have the word of JUVENAL:

Nec unquam

Sanguine caudicis maduerunt rostra fusilli. SAT. X.

The hand, or ears, were never lost, of those
 Who dealt in doggrel, or who punn'd in prose. DRYDEN.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 25.] Sweeter than SALISBURY'S face.
*Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olive
 Puniceis humilis quantum salunca rosetis
 Judicio nostro tantum tibi cedit Amyntas.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 26.] CAWTHORNE'S addled head.
 In the MS. this verse appears to have been written thus:

CAWTHORNE'S {
 lumber head,
 logger head,
 feathery head,
 bothering head,
 addled head.

NOTES.

Ver. 28.] Or BEAUCHAMP'S dinner.

Why BEAUCHAMP? does not all the world know that his name is no longer BEAUCHAMP but YARMOUTH? Was it for this that he quitted his friends after nine long, long years of tedious opposition? Was it for this he was drawn by six white horses into *Mayence*? Is it for this he receives four thousand pounds per ann. to be drawn out again by said white horses? to be called BEAUCHAMP! Methinks we hear him in his own mild accents exclaim—"Oh fie, Mr. ROSE!"

BURGESS.

No more :—but listen to the rueful rhyme,
 For *MARAT* bleeds, and by a woman's crime !
 Soon as through *Paris* the sad tale was spread
 That number'd *Marat* with the mighty dead,
 Forth rush'd the sea-nymphs from their filthy cells, 35
 With frantic fury and terrific yells.
 His breathless corpse they bathe in tears of brine,
 Sharp tears, and genuine, as from juice of mine !
 Quick to our shore the direful sound is blown,
 And Treasury-scribblers echo moan for moan. 40
Marat is dead—ah ! what avail our lies ?
 Stopt is their teeming source when *Marat* dies.
 Ne'er at his name, loud bellow'd forth by *Pitt*,
 Their peaceful fields contented boors shall quit,
 For smoking ruins leave their smoking board, 45
 Or pant to change the sickle for the sword.
 Phrenzy no more shall rave of *Sans Culottes*,
 With air-drawn daggers brandish'd at our throa,
 Of lisping infants at a gulp devour'd,
 Or *Paris* virgins more than once deflower'd. 50
 Loud his sad death, ye kindred tigers, roar !
 Loud his sad death, confederate kings, deplore !
 Mark—at his call the tyrant hordes advance,
 Led by grim Anarchy to plunder *France*,
 They fix the chains his mur'd'rous hands prepar'd, 55
 They hang the wretches whom his knife had spar'd ;
 Crime urges crime,—for blood shall blood be spilt,—
 A nation's mischief is a nation's guilt.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 31.] No more.

Sed tu desine plura, puer.

Ver. 32 to 38.] Soon as through *Paris*.

*Extinctum nymphae crudeli funere Daphnim
 Flebant : vos coryli testes, et flumina nymphis ;
 Cum complexa sui corpus miserabile nati
 Atque Deos, atque astra vocat crudelia mater.*

Ver. 51 to 54.] Loud his sad death, ye kindred tigers, roar !

*Daphni ! tuam Pænos etiam ingenuisse leones
 Interitum montesque feri sylvæque loquuntur,
 Daphnis et Armemios curru subjungere tigres
 Insuper.*

Mourn, scribblers, mourn your occupation lost
 'Twixt murder'd Marat and imprison'd Frost; 60
 Your useless inkhorns on his tomb reverse,
 And your split goose-quills scatter round his hearth.
 Pile o'er his dust, ye Treasury pamphleteers,
 From pillories sav'd, a hecatomb of ears;
 With embryo paragraphs, a shapeless heap, 65
 Which Chalmers rescu'd from eternal sleep;
 With Alfred's Letters struggling into books,
 Redeem'd from grocers, and defrauded cooks;
 Swell the sad offering to his deathless praise,
 —So Marat bids—and I will lend my lays. 70

ROSE.

Burgefs! the accents of thy potent prose,
 More than thy metre scarce invite to doze;
 Now stretch thy ears—I see thou hast them yet,—
 For Marat lov'd my song, and prais'd my wit.
 Hung between heaven and hell there lies a space, 75
 —Unbrech'd philofophy can tell the place,—

IMITATIONS.

- Ver. 59 to 70.] Mourn, scribblers, mourn.
*Spargite humum foliis, inducite fontibus umbras,
 Pastores: mandat fieri tibi talia Daphnis.
 Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen!*
- Ver. 71.] Burgefs! the accents.
*Tate tuum carmen nobis, divine poetæ,
 Quale sopor fessis in gramine.*
- Ver. 74.] For Marat lov'd my song.
Amavit nos quoque Daphnis.
- Ver. 75 to 80.] Hung between heaven and hell.—
 High on a throne, great Marat, &c.
*Candidi insuetum miratur limen Olympi,
 Sub pedibusque videt nubes & sidera Daphnis.*

NOTES.

Ver. 66.] Chalmers rescu'd from eternal sleep.

Chalmers, a writer in the service of Administration, and supposed to be joint author with Mr. Rose of a certain pamphlet, written not long ago, and circulated by orders from the Treasury, highly and personally injurious to three illustrious personages, and several of the most distinguished noblemen and gentlemen in the country.

Ver. 67.] Alfred's Letters.

A dull, tedious, insipid collection of Essays, first published in a newspaper (we forget which), belonging to Administration: so uncommonly stupid, that many people suppose the Under-Secretary, to have written them himself.

Hid from the sun, impervious to his ray,
 Where metaphysic light supplies a doubtful day.
 There rebel *Cbaos* her last post maintains,
 Save a snug niche reserv'd in Mitford's brains.
 High on a throne, great Marat, snatch'd from death,
 Surveys from thence his precious works beneath ; 80
 Sees his own fire in holy York confess'd,
 And his own venom glow in Sheffield's breast ;
 Sees cream-fac'd Stanley turn on Fox his heels,
 And Loughborough gently touch—and take the seals.
 He sees gaunt Richmond, not unus'd to fright, 85
 Raise in Tower-ditch ten batteries of a night ;
 Where, watch'd by geese, he braves presumptuous *Gauls*,
 Scar'd by bold Berkeley's cackle from her walls.
 O, bend propitious, while my song proclaims
 Annual the feast to thee with annual games ! 90
 Far to the west a *Vandal* city lies,
 Whence caitiff science, whipt and banish'd, flies,
 Where high-church reason bids a loyal mob
 Preach, pillage, argue, burn, convince, and rob ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 87, 88.] Originally these two lines stood thus :
 With garrisons of geese he mounts her walls,
 With Berkeley's cackle scares presumptuous *Gauls*.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 89, 90.] O bend propitious !
Sis bonus o felixque tuis !

NOTES.

Ver. 76.] *Unbreec'h'd philosophy.*

The poet, doubtless, in this expression, has his eye upon that immortal personage, Anacharsis Cloots, or the Orator of the Human Race, who ends one of his speeches to the National Assembly of France, with declaring—" *Mon cœur est tout François, et mon ame est Sans Culottes.*"

Ver. 88.] *Bold Berkeley's cackle.*

This orator, whether to gratify any private pique of his own, or to pay his court to the Duke of Richmond, we know not, has lately given himself the air in the House of Commons of saying impertinent things to Mr. Fox. In particular, he distinguished himself last session, by an attempt to fix upon Mr. Fox some connexion or corresponding interest with the French General Dumourier. It failed, indeed, although nothing could be better intended ; and this noble commander, as we may remember, was obliged to apologize for his misbehaviour. We are supremely glad to hear that he is now employed on a service so admirably suited to his talents as that which is alluded to in this and the preceding line.

There flame thy altars, there thy shrine we raise, 95
 While vestal *poissardes* guard the sacred blaze.
 Thence sinile benignant on our harmless sports,
 Nor scorn the pastimes of anointed courts.
 First in their ranks thy civic sons appear,
 Reeves in the van, and Impey in the rear; 100
 Spies, affidavits, dungeons, whips, and axes,
 Sure war, su e want, sure death, and suter taxes,
 March in their train; next Watson, hapless elf!
 Shark-bitten once, but now a shark himself.
 To the true homage by his leg he vows, 105
 So shall it never join its brother boughs,
 Ne'er to the sun its leafy pride shall spread,
 When once by artist smooth'd to match his head!
 Here, a lank troop with Porchester advance;
 There Tommy Tyrwhitt crowns the festive dance. 110

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 95.] There flame thy altars.

— *En quatuor aras—*

Ver. 106.] So shall it never join its brother boughs.

Ναὶ μὰ τὸδε Σκῆπτρον, τὸ μὲν ἔ ποτε φύλλα καὶ ὄχρε

Φύσαι, ἐπειδὴ πρῶτα τομὴν ἐν ὄρεσσι λίλοιπεν,

Ὁ δ' ἀναθλήσει· περὶ γὰρ ρά ἰχθυὸς ἔλψε

Φύλλα ἴε καὶ Φλοῖον νῦν αὐτὴ μιν υἱὸς Ἀχαιοῦ

Ἐν παλάμῃς Φορτίσι δικαστῆλοι, &c. &c. — *Hom. II. Alphe.*

Now by this sacred sceptre, hear me swear,
 Which never more shall leaves or blossom bear,

Which sever'd from the trunk—

On the bare mountains left its parent tree;

This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove

An ensign of the delegates of Jove.

POPE.

Ver. 110.] There Tommy.

Saltantes satyros imitabitur Alphefbæus.

NOTES.

Ver. 104.] Next Watson, hapless elf!

Shark-bitten once, but now a shark himself.

Brook Watson's adventure with a shark is too well known to require any particular statement of it in this place. Some incredulous persons, indeed, have imagined the whole story of our worthy alderman's competition with this voracious monster, to be allegorical. On the authority of the *Rolliad*, however, we beg leave to maintain the contrary; and we further take this opportunity of congratulating the public on his late appointment to the lucrative post of commissary to the British forces, a situation in which we make no doubt, but that the worthy, independent *ci-devant* member for the city of London, will soon contrive to be even with his old enemy, the shark, and ready to attack him in his own way!

Nor absent he—well skill'd in tripping tricks,
 Carlisle! the blooming beau of—forty-six,
 A smart debater, and a pretty vote,
 Graceful to turn a sentence, or a coat,
 Great judge of reasons, greater still of lace, 115
 Great of the colours that become his face;
 Exact to seasons, and to fashion true,
 He chang'd his friends to change his riband's hue.
 Such are thy triumphs! such thy envied boast!
 O, may these offerings sooth thy grinning ghost! 120
 Till hungry subalterns with Richmond dine,
 Till Beaufoy's brewage shall be quaff for wine,
 Till Shuckborough's visage shall be less uncouth,
 Till Lincoln's *Bishop* shall be trapp'd in truth,

NOTES.

Ver. 109.] *Here a lank troop with Porcheftet advance.*

Another misnomer! Who does not know that Earl of Caernarvon is the name by which this most illustrious *Jacobin Alarmist* is hailed by his admiring fellow-citizens? It is said, that when he was only Baron Porchester, he went to dine with the Society of *Friends of the People*, associated for the Reform of Parliament, and approving highly of the objects those gentlemen proposed to themselves by their association, only expressed an apprehension, that they would stop at half-measures, and not go far enough to satisfy men so sincere in the cause as himself. The secret of his anxiety is now come out. If the association had taken his advice, probably he would have been a marquis, or an archbishop—Who knows?

Ver. 110.] Tommy Tyrwhitt. An eminent seceder from the Whig Club. There were many others who could not bear to sit in the same company with those determined Jacobins the Duke of Portland, Earl Fitzwilliam, &c. &c.

Ver. 112.] Carlisle. This nobleman cannot be accused of a vulgar preference to "solid pudding," over "empty praise," after his very wife remark on the Duke of Devonshire's blue riband; which he affirmed, with no small exultation, was *the only substantial thing* the Whigs had obtained for themselves by the Marquis of Rockingham's administration in 1782.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 112.] Originally thus:

From Fox to Pitt the change was green to blue,
 And the whole difference in his riband's hue.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 119 to 128.] Such are thy triumphs—
 Till hungry subalterns.

Hæc tibi semper erint—

Dum juga montis aper, &c.

Semper bonæ, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

Till self-conceit in Pybus shall be cur'd, 125
 Till Hardinge's jokes shall be awake endur'd,
 Or brainless Rollo's weight of scull surpass'd,
 Thy praise, thy honours, and thy name shall last!

BURGESS.

What gifts, sweet Rose, are to thy numbers due?
 O, smooth in song, as in thy budgets true! 130
 What mortal meed shall match these heavenly strains?
 Take—take this *German* sausage for thy pains.
 But soft—my Herriott whispers at the door;
 Marat farewell! for I can sing no more—
 The printer's devil chides my long delay, 135
 Scarce have I writ one useful fib to-day;
 Rest thou in death, for I my press must mind,
 Dust be to dust, and lead to lead consign'd!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 129.] What gifts, sweet Rose!
Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?

NOTES.

Ver. 129.] *What gifts—are to thy numbers due?*
 Another pun!—

At first we were rather at a loss to account for our poet's frequent recourse to this species of wit; but there is now every reason to think he does it to compliment his new correspondent Sir Richard Hill, Bart. whose various poetical compositions dispersed about his pleasure-grounds at *Hawkstone*, such as witty inscriptions on a pair of crossed whale-bones, pathetic lamentations on half-devoured rabbits, and above all, that elegant address to *Neptune's Whim* (by which name the facetious member for *Shropshire* has been pleased to distinguish a certain very useful building on his premises), have lately made a distinguished appearance in the Under-Secretary's favourite newspaper. Such indeed is the charming simplicity of this last little poem, that we should consider ourselves highly to blame did we withhold it from our readers.

“Neptune! thy province is to swim,
 Not to regard this little whim;
 Art thou with water discontent,
 That thou hast chang'd thy element?”

We request the learned will favour us with their comments on these, as well as the rest of the worthy Baronet's stanzas.

Ver. 133.] Herriott—an obscure paragraph-writer.

THE GIPSY'S SONG *.

COME, cross my hand! my art surpasses
All that did ever mortal know :

Come, maidens, come! my magic glasses
Your future husbands' form can shew.

For 't is to me the power is given,
Unclos'd the book of fate to see;
To read the fix'd resolves of Heaven,
And dive into futurity.

I guide the pale moon's silver waggon;
The winds in magic bonds I hold;
I charm to sleep the crimson dragon,
Who loves to watch o'er buried gold.

Fenc'd round with spells, unhurt I venture,
Their sabbath strange where witches keep;
Fearless the forcerer's circle enter,
And woundless tread on snakes asleep.

Lo! here are charms of mighty power!
This makes secure an husband's truth;
And this, compos'd at midnight hour,
Will force to love the coldest youth.

If any maid too much has granted,
Her loss this fi'tre will repair;
This blooms a cheek where red is wanted,
And this will make a brown girl fair.

Then silent hear, while I discover
What I in fortune's mirror view;
And each, when many a year is over,
Shall own the gipsy's saying true.

 MOCK WISDOM.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

SIR,
BEING lately at a very excellent dinner, where I
regaled most luxuriously on a delicious dish of
mock turtle, I happened to sit next to a gentleman,

* Though this article passed to the present collection through the medium of a newspaper, it is understood to have been taken first from Mr. Lewis's novel, *The Monk*.

whom

whom I soon discovered to be a member of that *literary body* called pedants: this description of a scholar is one who by means of loud vociferation, a decisive tone of voice, a small portion of knowledge, a *copia verborum* of hard words, and a few other requisites, obtains in *most companies* the fascinating power of attraction;—and I observed, that this gentleman not only arrogated to himself a respectable importance on the score of his erudition, but that he impressed his audience with the same opinion with himself, that *he really was a learned man.*

The mock turtle and the pedant divided our attention; and the silent respect paid to the latter, was only occasionally interrupted when a passing *gout* of exquisite relish forced a panegyric on the former. These two objects, thus entering the lists of competition, introduced to my mind ideas of similarity between them; the pedant I considered as exhibiting a dish of mock wisdom, as the calf's head did a dish of mock turtle; and as the culinary art had so managed the deception of the one that its perfection was allowed to be nearly, if not quite equal, to real turtle, so had the literary arts managed the deception of the other, as to make the mock wisdom appear an excellent substitute for genuine sense and learning. The observations produced the following receipt:

A RECEIPT FOR MOCK WISDOM.

Take a few grains of sense, *strain* them through as many dictionaries as you can collect together, taking care to select none but the lightest particles of *matter* contained in your books; a very few scraps of the learned sciences are, however, indispensable, as they must give an *apparent solidity* to the whole; be careful to collect all your ingredients in very small quantities—a little history, a little painting, a little music, a few fragments of poetry; take as many Latin sentences and as many hard words as you can find; jumble these
all

all well together, and throw them loosely into your head. If they are properly mixed, the whole will froth up and float on the surface of the brain.

PHARMACOPŒIA POLITICA.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

WHILE taking my political *whet* at Batson's yesterday morning, the waiter picked up a small MS. book, and asked me if I had dropt it—"Let me look at it, William," said I. I found it contained a great many recipes in cookery and physick; and I am persuaded belongs to Dr. HUMDRUM, an eminent practitioner in diseases and politics. The following three recipes I have made free with for the benefit of the public at large; and I flatter myself that the Doctor will not take it amiss that I have sent them to your paper.

REMEDY FOR WAR.

Take of *Ministers of State*, a large handful;
Contractors, and
Pensioners, as many of each as can be found.
 Place them in the front of the battle.

SPECIFIC AGAINST THE PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF
 SPECIAL JURIES.

Take of *Freeholders*, and
Merchants, a complete list;
 Range them ALPHABETICALLY.
 A page or two of this may be taken at any time with perfect safety.

FOR BAD VERDICTS.

Take of *Fox's Bill* quantum suff.
Common Sense,
Impartiality—equal parts;
 Sprinkle the whole with a Juryman's oath.
 To be taken on going into Court.—*Probatum est*.
 Of the efficacy of these remedies it is impossible for
 me

me to speak, because I never knew a case in which they were applied; but as the ingredients are simple, I should suppose that the experiment might be made with some probability of success.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
PETER PRY.

JOHNSONIANA;

NOT IN BOSWELL.

DR. Johnson invented a style of his own, as the best vehicle for strong opinions and oracular decisions. And though the framer of an artificial language is seldom exact at all times, yet Johnson scarcely ever stepped out of the full period, or betrayed himself by mixing familiar expressions with gigantic phraseology; and if at any time he so far forgot himself, as to speak like any body else, he soon corrected the mistake by translating it into his own language; as in the following instance: In one company he had praised the Rehearfal vehemently; in another, somebody ventured to do the same, leaning, perhaps, on his authority; upon which the Doctor called out, "Hold, Sir!—the Rehearfal has not salt enough to keep;" when instantly recollecting himself, he went on.—"I say, Sir, the Rehearfal has not saline particles enough interspersed in it to preserve it from putrefaction."

Mrs. B— desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion on a new work of hers; adding, that, if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other irons in the fire, and, in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else; upon which the Doctor, having turned over the work, said, "Then, Madam, I would advise you to put this where your irons are."

THE GOITRE*.

A FABLE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

READER! you've seen perchance (for every sight
 John Bull's devout attention draws);
 You've seen, with equal wonder and delight,
 The monstrous Crows—

Now, if you feel your vigorous fancy able
 To give a mere unform'd excrescence,
 Existence personal and essence,
 See how a *Wen* can figure in a fable.

A *Goitre* in an Alpine valley bred,
 In shape and size full rival to the head,
 Esteem'd among the belles of Syon
 The prettiest lump of flesh was e'er set eye on,
 Made vain, as we may well suppose,
 With admiration, like a noddy

Puff'd with self-consequence and folly, chose
 To stand in competition with the body.
 And thus he argued—"In the general plan,
 That forms the commonwealth of man,

We may presume that every single part,
 In bulk, and growth, and distribution,
 Was made by never-erring art,
 Best suited to the human constitution.

'T were then enough for me to found pretensions
 On my long standing, place, and large dimensions;
 But be it known, that if I please,
 I can bring better claims than these.

And first my *privileges*. When the head,
 Fatigu'd with thinking or with raking,
 Lies on the pillow, pale and dead,
 Ready to split with aching;

When the heart flutters, and with direful rumble
 The colic'd bowels grumble;

When limbs are on the rack,
 And grinding pains run through the long back;

* Most people will remember the three persons with goitres or wens in the neck, brought over a few years since from the Swiss mountains, and exhibited to wondering John Bull, under the appellation of Monstrous Crows, wild-born human beings.

I loll upon the breast,
 In ease and rest,
 With nought to do, but put my juices
 To all their proper uses :
 And thus I fatten, grow, and thrive,
 While they, poor souls! scarce keep themselves alive.
 Now for my *services*. I need not tell ye,
 How once the members quarrell'd with the belly :
 And still the restive rascals, led
 By the rebellious head,
 Are prone to riot.
 'T is then my task to keep them quiet,
 By draining off superfluous humours,
 Suppressing ferments and plethoric tumours,
 And by the wholesome system of starvation,
 Maintaining peace and due subordination :
 And thus I keep the balance even,
 And fit the body-politic for heaven.
 These things consider'd, reason must agree,
 That peace and preference are due to me ;
 Yet, for the gen'ral welfare, I'm content
 To make a close and firm alliance,
 That we may all live easy and content,
 And bid our foes defiance."

While thus, Sir Goitre, swaggering and vapouring,
 Led his poor passive partner such a life,
 Comes a *French Surgeon*, flourishing and capering,
 Who, whipping out his knife,
 Made an incision to the quick,
 Like boys about a stick,
 And presently proceeded to dissever
 The ill-match'd pair for ever and for ever.

Here Goitre lay, a wither'd lifeless lump,
 While the disburden'd body vig'rous grew and plump.
 Most states abound in hangers on and tumours,
 From petty warts to wens of monstrous size,
 That suck the blood, and waste the precious humours,
 Yet call themselves *supporters* and *allies*.

THE END.



The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry, no matter how small, should be recorded to ensure the integrity of the financial data. This includes not only sales and purchases but also expenses and income. The text suggests that a systematic approach to record-keeping is essential for identifying trends and making informed decisions.

In the second section, the author addresses the challenges of managing cash flow. It is noted that many businesses struggle with timing their payments and receipts. The text provides practical advice on how to forecast cash requirements and negotiate better terms with suppliers and customers. It also mentions the importance of having a contingency plan in case of unexpected financial shortfalls.

The third part of the document focuses on the role of technology in modern accounting. It highlights how software solutions can streamline the recording and analysis of financial data. The text discusses various types of accounting software and their benefits, such as automation of repetitive tasks and improved accuracy. It also touches upon the security of digital records and the importance of regular backups.

Finally, the document concludes with a section on the ethical responsibilities of accountants. It stresses that beyond the technical aspects of the profession, accountants have a duty to act with integrity and transparency. This includes providing clear and honest information to clients and stakeholders, and adhering to professional standards and regulations.